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THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY.

A PASSAGE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS, ILLUSTRATED BY A VIEW OF METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.

THE MYSTERIES of political history, occasioned by the imperfect presentation of the facts which are the essential causes of great public movements and events, are always numerous, not only in the annals of the past, but in the contemporaneous records of the present. The journals of the day furnish little more than the actual results; of the secret causes and agencies they give little information. In European history, this more valuable instruction is generally given in the "secret memoirs" of the various courts, and in the private correspondence of statesmen, princes, courtiers and intriguers. In the American Republic, this field is to be occupied by facts from sources less accessible. It is a department which may yet be filled. For the present, a single chapter may suffice, on one branch of the subject.

THE MACHINERY OF ELECTION FRAUDS in the city of New York, is a matter so important to the fate and history of the republican system, and yet so remote from the knowledge of even the most intelligent politicians, as to be worthy of special and elaborate notice in an "AMERICAN Review," on whose pages may be sought, in other times, portions of the history of the age, as evidences of the success or failure of this first experiment in practical democracy—actual popular self-government. That such frauds exist has long been notorious. No New York politician would risk his reputation for veracity and intelligence so far as to deny it. But of the details, the system, the extent of these operations, much remains to be communicated, even to those best informed and most active in the political movements of the last few years. The subject, however, is one not easily investigated. The success of these frauds was of course insured only by profound secrecy, and by subordination and obedience among the inferior agents, excluding each from a knowledge of any more than his own

guilty part. Those who alone know all, or enough to show the extent and character of the operation, are so prominent in position and in the profits of the iniquity, as to be above the reach of ordinary inducements to betray the facts of which they themselves were the chief authors.

The investigation is, therefore, beset with difficulties, tending to produce despair of success on the part of any who, believing the general fact, seek the particulars and the proofs. It requires singular gifts,—courage, energy and pertinacity, of a peculiar order, sustained by enthusiastic devotion to the cause of truth and justice, and by the hope and prospect of results mighty beyond prudent expectation. It demands, also, an exclusive appropriation of time, study, patience, observation and reflection, and forces the encounter of many annoyances and dangers, incurred by the necessary association with abandoned and desperate men, in whose experience the truth is contained. MONEY, too, as well as costly time and labor, is wanted, in amount beyond ordinary means, for uses which are

essential to the main purpose. Other requirements, all that can be imagined, are included in the conditions of success or even progress.

Guarded by these difficulties against the perils of inquiry and detection, the authors of these frauds have hardened in confidence, cool determination and impunity. After an election, the defeated partisans soon forget the inquiry into causes; and it is impossible to arouse them to the painful labor of searching for the mode and means of their own irretrievable calamity. The fruitless contest once fully past, disappointment vents itself in vain curses; and wrath soon evaporates in threats as idle as the wind. The combination of force kept up in hope of success, vanishes in defeat; and the recently associated agents of the defeated party meet again only as strangers, until a new movement inspires new hope in another contest—while the victorious leaders of faction divide the spoils, with a security which can tolerate no feeling towards their baffled foes but indifference or contempt.

The great and manifold difficulties thus shown, as besetting such an investigation, have, in this instance, been met, by the possession of the means and qualifications enumerated, to an extent which can be better demonstrated by the results attained than by preliminary statements, which might seem prematurely boastful or egotistical. It is enough now to say, that the unremitting labor of many months has been given to this task, in total exclusion of all other interests and occupations; and the facts are therefore presented, from the outset, with a confidence in the full mastery of the whole subject and its necessary proofs, which will be shared by all, as the development progresses.

THE TIME selected for this revelation is peculiarly adapted to the accomplishment of its best purposes, and to the acquirement of the public confidence in its truth, and its independence of personal or temporary advantages. The great contest on which so many public and private interests depended, and which bore so many away from the control of moral principle by its powerful excitements—is now closed; and its momentous, irreversible result has been registered. Not even a local object now remains to be promoted, either in the shape of a Charter Election, with its corporation patronage in view of the contestants, or a State election, with its higher gifts and dignities, with its guber-

natorial and Congressional honors and its influence on the National mind. The period between this and any future important action by popular suffrage will be so long, that no "effect" or temporary excitement could be produced, and no successful perversion or permanent misrepresentation of facts hoped for. Whatever may be put forth seeming to any worthy of denial, confutation or condemnation, the date and circumstances "leave ample room and verge enough" to enlighten and correct public opinion, and vindicate all claiming a hearing or redress, before the judgment of the people has been pronounced in its only effective form—THE BALLOT.

Equally is discarded every pretense of impressing the public mind anywhere with the sense of implied injustice done to any individual candidate or party or cause, by a decision wrongfully obtained or erroneously recorded. For the vindication either of the man or the people, such a demonstration would be valueless. Both are already placed on higher grounds. The character and principles of those who by their votes maintained the right, are enough, and are well enough known by all Christendom, to vindicate them beyond suspicion—and to maintain them in as much honor as ever accrued to wronged patriotism.

This investigation, its purposes, its possible consequences, have no designed relation to the advantage or prospects of any person. It is no appeal, no writ of error against the judgment of that tribunal which, right or wrong, renders the last and highest of human decisions. The whole inquiry is simply a *post-mortem* examination, with the purpose of ascertaining the cause of death and the manner and instrument of the crime, for the instruction and security of all who shall come after, that those who distrust the people's sense and despair of justice from the public judgment, may derive encouragement from these evidences of a fraud in the mere means of declaring and manifesting that judgment.

As a contribution to the history of man, it will be valuable; and its worst developments will but elevate the character of the great whole, while they display the abominations of a few. Men of this and other countries, enslaved or free, will be the wiser for this unfolding of truths. All that was desired by the patriotic, the wise, the good, as to the MORAL SIGNIFICANCE of the late great trial of principles

and men, will be obtained in the fruits of this inquiry; and it will place in history a lesson of renewed hope and fortitude to republican faith. With these facts established, the friends of liberty may yet rely on the just judgment of a free people, as to the best exercise of their power.

THE CAUSE, THE MANNER AND THE INSTRUMENT of the result cannot be credibly made known, until the nature of these agencies is developed, by an exhibition of the character of a peculiar and hitherto undescribed portion of the population of "THE GREAT CITY." The resources of political crime are found in the social elements and combinations of the metropolitan community. The seat of actual power in this true democracy has long been the subject of a problem, yet unsolved. With the source of new principles and dogmas, *origination* of purposes, this question has nothing to do. But to ascertain the means of their accomplishment by the ballot, is an object at once momentous in interest and practicable in effect.

Within a circle of three miles' radius, on and around the Island of Manhattan, may now be found nearly half a million of people. Very few of these know anything of the characters, pursuits or relations of their fellow-citizens. Society is here completely divided into classes, arranged generally according to occupations, separated from each other by distinctions of property, of employment, of association and habit. BUSINESS is the one great word which fully expresses the main object and leading idea of the community. It characterizes the mass, and gives the city all its greatness, fame, wealth and power. Absorbed in the pursuit of gain, the vast majority of the people are ever sedulously practicing the familiar precept, that "every man should mind his own business, and let others mind theirs." The comparatively few who are devoted to pleasure and fashion exclusively, to mere expenditure without acquisition, constitute no distinct class here, and give character to no class in society. As far as wealth furnishes title to distinction, and justifies high claims to rank and influence, it is from resources increasing by thrift, not stationary by free use, or diminishing by extravagance. The richest here are still laboriously accumulating new riches by active "business." No withdrawal from the pursuits in which their property was obtained could add to their dignity or share of public respect,

any more than it could to their happiness. The few idlers who "live upon their means" are but tolerated, not honored, among their more active associates, who rejoice in daily augmentation of affluence.

From the jurist, the professor, the divine, the banker, and the lord of a square mile of buildings, or of a score of floating palaces, to the industrious day laborer, whose hand hews or places the materials of the structures of wealth and pride, all conditions of men are here alike in purpose, and regard none as ranking above them because exempt from the wish or need of gain. Such are the mass of society—such in simplicity and unity of purpose, in patient, hopeful industry, in devotion to business, and in harmony of feeling and action. They are a very large majority of the permanent residents of the city, and, by natural right, and true democratic republican principle, should rule it and direct its power and influence in the government of the State and Union. But it happens that though they are many, THEY ARE NOT ALL.

There is a class remote in aim and character from these, alien from their sympathies, and indifferent or hostile to their prosperity,—disdaining their objects and pursuits, or despairing of success in them. Though the beneficent influences of protective republican legislation thus far make them few, they are formidable by their very smallness of number, and their consequent monopoly of the mighty resources of lawless adventure, fraud, violence and crime. In every great city, gathers a throng of men, desperate from various causes, of which want is the predominant one. With some, it is want of the absolute necessities of life; with many, it is merely the want of the abundant means of the gratification of vicious impulses and extravagant fancies. Most of them have, at one time or another, made attempts to acquire a livelihood or a fortune by honest, regular means, but failing of success, either by error or calamity, have concluded that those who secure comfort or wealth by lawful pursuits, do it only by knavery, carefully disguised in external respectability. The unhappiness induced by misfortune, takes the form of a peculiar misanthropy. They declare and believe that no man is truly honest, and that those who are reputed virtuous and high-principled, only seem so. This contempt of others, and others' pursuits, relieves their pangs of discontent, envy, or despair, by raising

their self-respect, as they compare themselves with the distorted images of society which they have formed. Having decided that "there is no virtue extant," they resolve that they are better than others in pretending to none—that they are peculiarly honorable, because they frankly and truly avow their dishonesty.

The principles thus formed, suggest and direct a life of adventure, recklessness, frequent dishonesty, vicious indulgence, and unlawful art. They become gamblers, gambling-house keepers, writers and publishers of obscene and licentious books and papers, sham-brokers, "Tombs-lawyers," "straw-bail" men, "skinners," "touchers," professional perjurers, police decoy-ducks and "stool-pigeons," receivers of stolen goods, sharpers, impostors, prize-fighters, mock-auctioneers, watch-stuffers, pocket-book droppers, brothel-owners and bullies, cock-fighters, dog-stealers, street beggars, and so on through innumerable grades and inventions of roguery, down to counterfeiters, pickpockets, incendiaries, highway robbers, and burglars. The English language, originally too poor to express all these abominations, has been enriched by the addition of new terms, coined or compounded to represent the novelties of crime in the American metropolis.

All these designated occupations, and more, not here specified, exist in New York, though unknown, even by name, to a large portion of the population. Various as are these forms of villany, they all harmonize in principle and purpose. The actors in these crimes, strong in the consciousness of their numbers and common sympathies, constitute a distinct community, with rules and resources which make them formidable in every relation to the commonwealth, but especially in their power and influence in party politics. To understand their agencies in these movements, it must be noted that there are ranks and classes among them, distinguished from each other by the ordinary varieties of pursuits, associations, means, intelligence, manners, dress, and style of living. Though of one accord in principle, all seeking their own good by the injury of others, they vary in the means of accomplishing their radically evil purposes. The better portion of them (the better because pretending to less of worldly honor) seek their bare livelihood in avowed violation of the law of the land, which has its own means of efficient vindication. The worst

and most dangerous portion neither steal nor murder "within the statute." Their crimes are moral, not technical. They take, without rendering an equivalent, their thousands, while the common thief but pilfers in units. The vulgar criminal walks in rags, while they shine in costly apparel and jewelry. The mere pick-pocket meets swift and just retribution, and finds a felon's punishment and infamy, and a felon's dishonored grave; but they triumph in wholesale crime, and flaunt their splendid livery of guilt among the noblest and proudest of the great republic. They even sit on the very throne of justice, and dispense its dread revenge on their meaner and more unfortunate associates, who are doomed to evince the terrors of an imperfect law by the sufferings of the prison, the manacle or the gallows. The children of misfortune, who alone are reached by vindictive human justice, are but the creatures, the tools of the children of extravagance and pride, whose more dangerous vices constitute the patronage and countenance of vulgar crime.

The whole class, thus characterized, numbers thousands of citizens of New York—all **VOTERS**. It has hardly occurred, as yet, to those curious in moral and political statistics, to enumerate this *unregistered* portion of society. Their numbers, their names, their occupations, have no place in the "business directory" of New York, though their political and social action is felt everywhere. At the head of this great league and community of wickedness, and especially directing the action of the whole in politics, is a body of men commonly known by the term "sporting characters," constituting the aristocracy of roguery. This higher class of adventurers are often found partially disguised under the nominal profession of honorable callings, such as those of brokers, lawyers, occasionally merchants and shopkeepers; and some of them are proprietors, where they have managed their various unlawful gains with prudence. But all are gamblers, and derive their real profits from the resources of that infamous pursuit. In dress, manners, equipage, and all the externals of life, they are ambitious and ostentatious, often seeking to intrude themselves among the respectable classes of society. They keep fine horses, famous for speed and performances on the "Avenues" and the "Island," driving them in elegantly modeled light vehicles, and compete with

wealthy country gentlemen and sportsmen in the breed of their dogs, in the finish of their guns, and the various apparatus of the sports of the field. Their tastes, amusements, occupations and characters, differ little from those of the profligate, gambling, sporting aristocracy of Britain, the members of the fashionable clubs of the West End of the British metropolis, constituting a large portion of the nobility and gentry, who, placed by hereditary wealth and distinction above the necessity of useful occupation, devote their lives to a laborious competition with coachmen, jockeys, dog-fanciers, blacklegs, prize-fighters, huntsmen and gamekeepers. Proud of this association of character and identity of pursuit, the American "sporting aristocracy" look down upon the honorable portion of their fellow-citizens engaged in the successful, though laborious occupations of the professions, trades, arts and commerce, with very much the same feeling as do the profligate lordlings across the water on the substantial merchants and mechanics of the city of London, and with quite as much real cause for their assumed superiority in the scale of being.

In the gambling houses of Park-Place, Vesey street, Broadway, &c., on all the great race-courses, often at the fashionable watering-places and summer resorts, at the concourse of political adventurers around the great seats of legislation, these characters are to be found exercising their gifts, and gratifying their fancies for pleasure or display—entraping their victims, the heirs of great estates, or weak men, suddenly raised by speculation or other accident, to the possession of wealth. But these occupations, parades and pastimes, are secondary to their main business, and merely serve to fill the intervals of a more important series of engagements. To these gambling gentry, the great game is POLITICS. In its splendid combination of chances and boundless facilities for cheating, imposture and trickery, they see a worthy field for the exercise of their peculiar arts; and they enter it with a cool confidence in their own possession of the needful qualifications for success in it, which places them beyond the competition of those less versed and experienced in corrupt human nature, less familiar with the agencies of fraud and crime, or less unscrupulous about their employment for such purposes.

The larger portion of this class of men, hardened and chilled by their manner of life—with native sympathies and generous impulses destroyed, and with passions schooled into conformity to the most effectual means of their own gratification—regard the ordinary contests of political parties with as little interest in the pending issues, as they would feel in the ultimate prosperity of any corporation in whose stock they might speculate for a time, merely to transfer it to some incautious purchaser who might be induced to take it at more than its true value. Such, in the abstract, would always be their view of partisan strifes, holding themselves supremely indifferent to any circumstance but the chance of securing large gains by heavy odds in their favor on the results. BETTING ON ELECTIONS is with them a study, or trade, or craft, the most important branch of their regular business; and the mode of securing gain to themselves is the same as in those manipulations of cards and dice which to the dupe only are games of chance, while to the practiced cheat they truly are games of SKILL. Thus they play in politics, where the ballot is the die, and the voter is the card. They play at THIS game also with "loaded dice" and "MARKED cards." And whenever they enter into the business of elections with money staked upon the result, they proceed with as much confidence in the production of the majorities on which their winnings depend, as they do in their gambling-houses, where all the *supposed* chances of the faro-table, the roulette, the *rouge et noir*, the dice-box, the cut, the shuffle and the deal, are converted, by their knavish arts, and secret marks, and mechanical contrivances, into positive certainties of fraudulent gain.

The recent developments of Mr. Green, the reformed gambler, in his various public lectures and communications on this subject, have made these illustrations sufficiently intelligible, and furnish abundant evidence of the universal dishonesty of the whole gamester-craft and profession.

Yet these men are not so artificial and impartial as to be totally without opinions and preferences in politics. The political bias of the whole class is instinctive towards that party which seeks power by patronizing crime, encouraging and defending lawlessness, violence and fraud, and which abuses the possession of power to reward, patronize and promote the

evil agencies which secure its success,—the party which appeals continually to the envy and prejudice of the poor against the rich,—which wars against the interests of “business men,” and against that policy of credit and protection by which are secured the rewards of enterprise, honesty, thrift and industry. Did every man in that community of crime act according to the principles and instincts of his caste, there would not be an exception to the universal application of the rule by which their associations in party politics are determined. But there are among them some, who, though identified with them in disregard of public opinion and the moral sense of respectable society, in irregular and adventurous lives and in depraved and sensual tastes, have yet some remains of an originally better nature about them, some dash of the heroic in their perverted spirit, some sentiment of true manly honor among those artificial notions of it which they share with desperadoes and outlaws. There are a few such, who, however degraded in principle and darkened in moral perception, refuse to follow the bent of their order in politics, and who, though indifferent on ordinary party questions, do occasionally act with those that seek to honor the honorable, and discard fraud and falsehood from their schemes and policy.

Though there is not one in a hundred of “the sporting class” who can claim this exemption, yet it should be regarded in a statement designed as this is to be exact in every particular. There are not known to be ten—it is hardly possible that there are twenty—of the gambling fraternity who differ from their associates in their political sentiments; and these are consequently excluded from familiarity with the details of their political action.

There are also many hangers-on, occasional associates, dupes or pupils of the tribe, sons of respectable or wealthy people, falsely ambitious and dashing young “business men,” who frequent gambling-houses and similar dens of roguery and vice, but have neither experience, sense nor desperation to make them anything more than “honorary” members of the order, or to admit them to the mysteries of the craft. There are many thriving merchants, brokers, professional men, shipmasters and others of various respectable pursuits, including some from the country, occasionally here mingling with

these licentious banditti,—ambitious and even vain of association with them, but alien from their sympathies, and elevated above them in opportunities of gain without the plea of necessity for lawless adventure and infamous occupation. Totally independent of all these *volunteers*, both in counsel and action, are the class before described. Occasional but rare personal sympathies of character and habit render permanent their connection with these incidental associates; but, in general, these are but their subjects and victims.

The characteristics of these different social classes embody the hidden elements of political principle and power—the secret of American political history. In the class of the adventurous, the vicious, the desperate, the lawless, the criminal—is found a unity of feeling and purpose, which pervades the whole in their moral association, without reference to accidental and often temporary and transient differences in rank, situation, and means of comfort, pleasure or display. Through all these widely-variant grades of villany,—from the aristocratic gambler and faro-banker in Park Place or Vesey street, down to the copper-tossing ragged vagrant of Corlaer’s Hook, the occasional inmate of Blackwell’s Island and the brothel-bully and “toucher” of the Five Points or West Broadway, there extends a wondrous social sympathy, a conscious harmony of purpose and electric unity of action, not more fearful in aspect than woful in experiment to the honest, industrious, peaceful portion of society. Strong in this Masonic fellowship and secret mutual aid in violation of the public laws and morals, they fear not to attempt any crime, however startling to the popular apprehension, and however audacious in its defiance of municipal agencies of justice. The murder of the wretched Corlies on the most frequented corner of Broadway at the most stirring hour of the evening, only two years ago, was not effected without the deliberate premeditation and coöperation of a large body of this very class of men, who did not hesitate afterwards publicly to avow their approval of the crime and their resolution to screen the perpetrators at all hazards. Similar impunity has been enjoyed in other cases even more shocking to the public mind. Who does not know of the horrible case of the murder of Mary Rogers? Her fate was and is NO MYSTERY to some. The author of that hideous, horrible, unnatural butchery of a young

and beautiful female was known then to some officers of justice, and is known now. Hundreds of criminals of that and minor grades are sheltered by the same awful combination of criminal agencies, and are discharged from actual arrest and imprisonment, often without form of trial, by collusions of judicial as well as executive agents in league with the secret community of blood and fraud. They stand to one purpose, and stand by each other in its accomplishment.

With such traits, connections and powers, this class become, in political movements, the lords of the land, the controllers of government, the arbiters of the commonwealth's destiny. That they can be such is evident—that they have been and are such, will soon be shown.

"BUSINESS MEN" continually assure active politicians who solicit their co-operation, that they "have no time to attend to politics," that they "can take no part in it, because it injures business." Those who have been herein described hear this and rejoice; on this current declaration they base their action. They have time for it, and they attend to it for the business men. It will not injure *their* business.

Thus have the industrial and intellectual orders of this community prostrated themselves and their country before the mammon of unrighteousness. Thus have they forgotten and disowned their most sacred rights and duties, and left them to the off-scouring and scum of civilized society. Thus by them "the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away in the midst of the battle." Thus, the interests of the people, unfortunately entrusted to the enterprising and respectable portion of the community, were by them betrayed in the hour of the commonwealth's greatest need, the crisis of peace or war, of order or lawlessness, of the protection or abandonment of the interests of the governed by the government. YES! that very class—the self-righteous, self-wise, who most frequently exclaim against the imagined evils of universal suffrage, who so often lament the admission of the poor, the uneducated, the foreign-born, the vicious, and the criminal, to the elective franchise, and who would be glad to see that franchise restricted to themselves,—they, and "nobody else," have proved themselves unworthy of a freeman's birthright, and incapable of their share of the responsibilities of a republican government. The poor man always

votes. The prosperous man basely and indolently neglects this great duty in multiplied instances; and even when he pretends to perform it, often makes it of no good effect, by a variable and equivocating ballot, thrown sometimes for one set of principles and sometimes for another.

Noting these facts and their practical bearing, with an acuteness cultivated by long experience, the adventurous and dissolute establish and defend their position in politics by an unanswerable reference to them. "Why permit the policy of the government to be directed for the benefit or protection of those who will neither act for themselves in politics nor second or support those who act and labor for them? Rich and prosperous men, and those devoted to the pursuit of regular traffic, are almost universally selfish, narrow-minded, ungrateful, uncharitable. By the possession of these very traits they acquire their wealth or competence. They are glad to have the less fortunate work for them *gratis*. They never pay for service rendered, except in cases where the law can compel them. In buying and selling, in employing and paying the laborer, it is their rule to 'take every advantage,' to get as much more for their merchandise and money than its real value as possible, by misrepresentation, exaction, or the necessities of those who deal with them or labor for them. Men do not grow rich or remain so by generosity, truthfulness, patriotism, or high-minded consideration of the good of others and the common benefit of society. We, however, denounced by them as immoral and dishonest, and excluded from 'good society,' are free from many of 'the vices of trade,' though in our way we may often be less careful to keep 'within the statute.' We may cheat the world and violate the law of the land, but we never cheat one another as they do, and we never break our own laws nor disregard our rules and pledges of honor among ourselves. We esteem ourselves better gentlemen and better men. The higher classes, the privileged orders, the would-be aristocracy of wealth, would wheedle us and use us the day before election, and spurn us the day after."

This is the common sentiment of this desperado class, and is often repeated in language almost identical with this. With these bitter things in their hearts and on their tongues, they take their position and movement in politics, assuming the pow-

er abandoned to them by those whose injury and humiliation they seek. In their war on what is sometimes regarded as the patrician order, they are joined and often led by many who, like the betrayers of liberty in Rome, descend from their originally higher associations to obtain power by pandering to the prejudices of the ignorant, base, and vicious. The very language which Publius Clodius and Julius Cæsar, and Marcus Antonius addressed to the populace of Rome, and the artful appeals to envy and prejudice, by which they defeated CICERO, CATO, BRUTUS and CASSIUS, are here faithfully translated day after day, and repeated year after year—with the same effect,—by those who, in republican America renew the woful experience of republican Rome, and with literal exactness represent the purposes of those who then and thus secured, at the same instant, the triumph and the death of democracy, converting the people's power to the people's ruin. This striking analogy is not confined to the leaders of these movements, their arts of deceit, their language, and their purposes. THE MATERIALS, the INSTRUMENTS, with which the American Clodii work are identical in character and origin with those possessed by their Roman prototypes, who, in the name of "the largest liberty to all men," and with the pretense of "enlarging the area of freedom" by conquest and fraud, enslaved the people, cheated them of their liberties, and deluged half the world with innocent blood.

The Rome which Julius Cæsar ruled numbered not within its walls more human beings than are found on the shores of the great estuaries which surround the Rome of the New World. It had not a tithe of the wealth of New York, even when enriched by the spoils of the conquered Orient. Had that American intellect and enterprise which has here concentrated its mighty energies in the peaceful pursuits of commerce, trade, and useful art, but been directed by other influences in the path of war, by this time the Atlantic republic might have ruled by the sword, that half of the world which it now pervades with its traffic, its inventions in art, its moral influence, and its Christian charities. To the characteristics of its origin does it owe the difference of its destiny. The song of the angels when they descended to announce to men the advent of God incarnate, at the period of the census of the Roman empire in the acme of the second imperial Cæsar's

triumph and power, was "Peace on earth, good will to men." However imperfectly embodied here the spirit of that revelation, no man can reasonably doubt that its influences have been felt, not only in the foundation of the American commonwealth, but in the general direction of the wonderful power which it has here developed in the enterprises of peace. Yet, as has already been shown, the vices of peace have grown and flourished in this nominally Christian community, with a luxuriance equaling, probably surpassing, the vilest forms of depravity under the full influences of ancient heathenism. In the disregard of human life, and the insecurity of the rights of property, in the contempt of a solemn oath, in falsehood, deceit, and hypocrisy, and in numerous other immoralities, republican heathen Rome never gave examples of so abominable a character as New York. The dissolute classes with whom Catiline, Clodius and Antony associated, and whose support they secured in their political movements, in their conspiracies and riots, are reproduced with aggravated characteristics, in the dens of vice and crime which are found throughout this and several other American cities. The vivid pictures of those licentious and dangerous portions of the population of Rome and of their haunts, which are given by Sallust and Cicero, will strongly impress the considerate American reader with the sense of the dangers of like effects from like causes here.

THE MODE and MEANS of the political action of these connected orders of crime in New York City, remain to be detailed. The present law of the State of New York regulating elections furnishes the basis and directs the manner of fraud. In 1840, the Legislature passed an Act relating to the Elections and the Elective Franchise, limited in operation to this city alone, by which the annual State Election in November was confined to one day instead of three, and the various Wards were divided into election-districts, each containing not more than five hundred voters, all being registered as qualified citizens at a fixed period before each election. The public registration of electors in such small sections furnished abundant safeguards against fraud, by giving opportunity and time for a rigid investigation of the legality of every vote by all political parties. The reduction of the time from three days to one, served under the registry also to diminish

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greatly the facilities for illegal voting. The actual registration was, however, the vital characteristic of the law, and was essential to the purity of the ballot. Without it, the multiplication of the places of voting could only increase the means and opportunities of fraud. In 1842, the registration was abolished by act of Legislature; but the provision creating small election-districts was retained, or re-enacted, and subsequently extended to the whole State. The one-day clause was also continued and made general; but this, while in one respect it seemed to hinder fraud by preventing the transfer of illegal voters from one section to another at great distance, did, on the other hand, withdraw many checks by inducing the suspension of all inquiry into such crimes except on a single day. It is a well-known fact, that no party organization can maintain any vigilance, or make any successful inquisition into election-frauds, for the mere purpose of vengeance or of asserting the law. The moment the polls are closed, attention is totally absorbed in curiosity as to the result; and when that is known, all interest in politics ceases. The victorious party do not care for the frauds which their adversaries have committed unsuccessfully against them; and the defeated cannot be rallied to an inquiry so difficult and disagreeable. If the election continued three days, vigilance would be maintained throughout to the last. Nearly all the lawful votes would be deposited on the first day, which would of course keep the whole force of each party in the field, active and watchful. During the remainder of the time, when non-resident voters would naturally make their attempts at repeated voting, every effort would be made to impress them with a sense of the danger, by arrests and imprisonments, a few instances of which at the beginning would be enough to deter all volunteer cheating. The anxiety and interest prevailing to the final close of the polls would secure an unintermitted watchfulness which could not be frustrated except by violence and riot. Without a registration of voters, therefore, it would be better to allow three days for every important election, and to have the balloting places as few and as distant from each other as possible.

Thus when the registration was abolished, the multiplied election districts were retained. WHY? The answer will be easily furnished from the statements

following. But upon the very face of these modifications of originally honest legislation, is evident the fact that they made the facilities of fraud boundless, and gave to perjury perfect impunity, by rendering detection impossible.

THE FIRST division of the various forms of fraud, requiring notice in this memorial, is what may be denominated the irregular, SPONTANEOUS illegal voting, always occurring among the vicious, corrupt, and reckless of every party, and sometimes done by thoughtless men, ignorant of the moral character of the offense, and unacquainted with the penalty affixed by the statute which punishes not only the successful act, but even the attempt to deposit an unauthorized ballot. In this way, young men less than twenty-one years of age are often induced to offer their votes. Foreigners not yet naturalized, after having merely received a certificate that they have registered notice of their intention to become citizens at the end of five years, are frequently assured by individuals that they have already acquired a right to vote, and are brought up to the polls, informed on the highest legal authority, that they cannot be compelled to produce their naturalization papers, but may, without showing them, demand the oath of citizenship, and thus are made to commit unintentional perjury. Many American citizens who have not yet acquired a legal residence in the State (one year) or in the County (six months) in times of high excitement, are so far carried away from the recollection of the law and of moral principle, as to vote, either with or without urging—sometimes under oath, but generally only when they pass unsuspected and unchallenged. Legal voters, also who have deposited their ballots at the proper place, and are afterwards wandering about at random, from one district to another, sometimes will, of their own unaided suggestion, offer their votes at various polls, and if successful either with or without the oath, will consider the act as a mere joke, a smart thing of no heinously wicked character, and not perilous as to legal penalties. In all these forms of unadvised fraud, the recklessness and moral obtuseness created by the free use of intoxicating liquors at the time, is frequently an incitement and cause extensively mischievous.

These, and other varieties of illegal voting are such as arise simply from

individual impulse and action, without system, direction, instruction or pecuniary motive, and without the aid and security of any combination to prevent detection or punishment. They are, therefore, to be carefully distinguished from those which are the product of associated action, preconcerted arrangement, general plan, and partisan organization. They are practiced almost everywhere, but even in the city are quite insignificant in amount, and seldom effect any change in the grand result. Here they probably seldom exceed a few hundreds or a thousand, including all parties. They are also easily prevented by care, determination, and fidelity in the inspectors and challengers. Though of itself an evil of abstract importance, and giving painful evidence of corruption and want of principle, requiring remedy, yet this voluntary unsystematic crime vanishes from deliberate notice when presented by the side of the stupendous system of crime elsewhere displayed.

THE SECOND division of frauds on the ballot includes the whole scheme of unlawful action on the elective power, by party organization or by general direction or plan of any description. In this portion of the subject, however, occurs an essential distinction, and a classification, practical in its character, historical in designation. This is—the distinction between the OLD PLAN and the NEW PLAN of fraud,—which are the terms familiarly applied to them in the secret councils of their authors and agents.

THE OLD PLAN consists of a variety of measures regularly put in operation at every important election before the passage of the Registry law—checked and partially suspended during the brief continuance of that Act, and resumed with great extensions, upon its repeal. Many of the contrivances are of very early origin and long-tried experiment, the date of their invention indeed being at this period a matter of merely traditional knowledge, having come down from “a time to which the memory of” politicians “runneth not contrary.”

The first measure adopted under this plan is to bring to the polls every man in the city at the time, who can be induced to vote their ticket, without possessing the legal qualifications of residence, citizenship, age, &c. All the legal voters of that party invariably present themselves with their ballots on election-day, without any necessity for effort to bring

out their legitimate force. The second is to bring in persons from other counties and States, for the express purpose of giving illegal votes at a particular election, returning to their own homes immediately afterwards. The third is the fraudulent naturalization of foreigners under the instigation and management of a regularly constituted Committee or Association of the party, by whose contrivance many foreigners, ignorant of the requirements of the law and sometimes even of the language of the country, are brought into the courts and are made to testify and swear—they know not what, in a great number of instances—all fees and charges being paid by those who direct the fraud. To bring to the polls all who can be induced to vote under oath upon a mere certificate of having given notice of intentions to be naturalized at the future completion of the legal five years' residence, is another form of this measure. The fourth measure is to procure and hire persons to go from one election district to another and deposit their illegal ballots as many times as possible in the course of the day, “swearing them in” whenever challenged. The great number of voting-places established in the city under the new law, (SEVENTY-NINE in all,) has rendered totally unnecessary an expedient used when there was but one in each Ward, (amounting to only SEVENTEEN in the whole city,) when systematic disguises were adopted and men were sedulously trained to assume with a variety of dresses, a corresponding change of look, voice, action, walk and manner, to enable them to vote many different times in one day at the same place, without risk of detection or suspicion. The retention of the increased number of the election districts, when the vital clauses of the Registry law were repealed, was therefore a great saving of expense, labor and care on the part of those who managed this business. Disguises are still sometimes assumed, but generally rather from taste than from any necessity in order to avoid risk.

These measures, it will be observed, were all directed to the increase of the vote of the party directing them. Another important measure, productive often of very great effect on the result, was the diminution of the vote of the opposing party by various means. Whenever they had the power of locating the polls, they studiously placed them, in every possible instance, in the most disagreeable and

inaccessible situations, where the vicinity furnished the greatest facilities for riot and disturbance, and for creating annoyances which were likely to disgust the more respectable or aged voters so far as to keep many of them away from the ballot-boxes. Organized bands of notorious ruffians and pugilists were also, in many districts, employed by them to obstruct the polls, to create tumults, to alarm the timid and bully the peaceable, and often to molest, insult and assault unoffending voters of opposite sentiments. By these and many other annoyances, many hundreds of lawful votes were often kept out of the ballot-boxes.

By all these agencies of fraud, imposition and violence, an enormous difference in the vote was uniformly created; and in the great majority of instances, this was done with success, through a long course of years, completely reversing the veritable decision of the people at many elections, and rendering futile and null the whole principle of the republican system,—the actual majority being subjugated and governed by a minority composed of the most ignorant, vicious and desperate portion of society, constituting the basest tyranny ever known to the civilized world. The registry law, though presenting many obstacles to the successful and easy operation of this system of iniquity, still was far from an absolute prevention of the evil. **THAT LAW COULD NOT EXECUTE ITSELF.** It only created the means and the necessity of action against fraud—action not merely on the part of the authorized agents of the law, but also on the part of good citizens generally. Without the continual exercise of determined vigilance and energy by hundreds of active, experienced politicians, the register of electors was continually liable to be loaded with thousands of spurious names, and with those of obscure non-residents who could crowd their pretended places of abode in the populous filthy sections of the city on the eve of an election, and disappear as soon as their appointed work was done. There was hardly one variety of fraud that could not still be freely perpetrated under that law, unless the most rigid inspection and purgation of the list was constantly secured by organized action. It was but an accession to the preëxisting resources of the voluntary system of prevention. This was often neglected during the existence of the registration. The stringent arrangements for watching and

guarding the polls which should have been still enforced, were relaxed; and the old system of fraud, acquiring new and ingenious modifications by the exercise of invention to evade the statute, was enlarged and strengthened in consequence.

Of all these statements, a most intelligible proof, a vivid illustration and a practical exemplification can be summarily exhibited, by a reference to the statistics of the second charter election which was held here after the repeal of the Registry Law.

In April, 1843, the annual contest for the local government of the City of New York was renewed, with no more than ordinary interest and activity. The party then in possession of the actual power of the Corporation, though not of the Mayoralty, presented as their candidate for the chief office, "a man of the people," an intelligent, well-informed, upright, prosperous mechanic, then representing the city in the State legislature, and previously nominated by his party for high and responsible offices, and an incumbent of several of them. The mechanical class, or a portion of them, made a special effort to elect him, as a representative of their peculiar political claims and interests. The opposing candidate, at that time the incumbent, had the unanimous support of his own party, and was also favored by many who were wholly indifferent to politics, and by a few actually pretending to be of the other party, on the ground of supposed qualifications as a vigorous and vigilant magistrate; though he was a specially odious and obnoxious politician, a most unscrupulous and desperate partisan, recklessly abusing power and perverting justice for factious ends, and neglecting duty when the enforcement of the law would have secured the just protection of those whose rights were above all party claims.

Between these two candidates and those severally associated with them, the contest might have been a close one, if limited to the lawful votes of those who came to the polls. The abandonment of duty by a large portion of one party, from dissatisfaction with their position in national politics, and the open desertion of another portion to the enemy, was partly compensated by the rally of the mechanical orders around their own peculiar accepted candidate. But the variation of losses and gains left both parties unusually near an equipoise. Not sufficiently informed as to the effect and

extent of certain feelings between various classes and employments, suddenly invoked from a quarter whence such calls were unusual, the party of organized fraud brought all their resources of crime to bear on that contest, and with results startling and even appalling to the most hardened among their experienced directors of imposition. The repeal of the Registry Law, retaining the multiplication of election districts (79 instead of 17) had given facility to long smothered devices of fraud, and security to new forms of crime, beyond the conception of many who had grown old and respectable in these violations of the laws of God and man. The sudden removal of all obstacles to fraud had given an impulse to villany which the masters of that art could not appreciate. Fraud and perjury acquired in a few hours an impetus which, unchecked by the pretense of opposition, could not be restrained or moderated even by friendly interference.

The plans of those who ordered the movements of the party on that horrid day, were undoubtedly limited to the expected exigency. The entire force of their opponents might be reasonably estimated (after all subtractions for national and local schisms,) at about 20,000. In this case, mere success, not ostentation of supposed force, was the object; and a majority of 1,000 was considered sufficient for all practical purposes, if so distributed among the several Wards as to secure the command of both Boards of the Common Council. Surplus majorities are no part of their policy. The expense is a matter of some consideration; and a small majority is wisely deemed better in general than one which arouses suspicion and indignant denunciation of fraud.

In this particular case, the result outran these prudential considerations, partly from an over-estimate of the opposing force, and partly from the ease and security with which the subordinate agents found themselves gliding along in their movements of fraud. Few or no obstacles were presented. Challengers were few, or unfaithful and negligent, or were overawed and silenced by displays of violence. In the fifth district of the Sixteenth Ward, and in the second district of the Twelfth Ward, organized and paid bands of rioters, made brutal and bloody assaults upon peaceable voters, and afterwards upon the police when they attempted to preserve order. Many un-

offending persons were seriously wounded, and two almost murdered. The Common Council, discrediting warnings previously given, had made no efficient provision for maintaining the peace of the city and preventing fraud. The result was an apparent majority of 6,000, obtained by these means—including more than 7,000 deliberate false oaths. The darkest day that ever rose on Gomorrah never set on so much heaven-daring crime against God and man, as made up the dread account of this Christian city within those few hours.

The fact was conceded by those who committed it—by a few with boasting,—by some with jesting, but by many with confessed alarm. There was no triumph—no shouting for the victory—no parade of trophies. The processions, ensigns, peals of ordnance, with which that party were invariably wont to announce their sense of their success, were omitted in silence. A subdued and fearful tone pervaded all the organs of the victors; and the wrath of the vanquished was deprecated as though the power of reversing the result were yet theirs. A public investigation and exposure would have justified a revolution in defence of the rights of the electoral body against a minority coming into power by means so subversive of republican government. Individual inquiry was made, and facts were ascertained, exceeding previous suspicion. Apathy, jealousy, and viler motives prevented the co-operation necessary to complete success. The whole mass of the beaten party returned to their usual indifference to politics, in a few hours after the result of the election was announced—caring nothing for the particulars of the mode in which their defeat was effected. But there were a faithful, watchful few, who shuddered at the products of their search into those causes and means—whose foreboding hearts felt in those discoveries the awful portents of similar results in another and more eventful strife, when the destiny of the nation, the age, the world, should depend on the ballot of this one city. Unaided, derided, and abandoned by those who had the knowledge of the crime and the power of detecting it—unable to sympathize with the guilty indifference and contempt which thus abetted the treason, they could only reserve and store the facts obtained, for the prevention of the same outrages in coming contests, momentous and universal in interest.

The republican of the ages of classic heathenism, in horror of such crimes against that universal sanction of human testimony and law, the solemn adjuration of the powers invisible and eternal, perverted by hideous conspiracy to the destruction of the sacred safeguards of liberty and justice, would have imprecated on the perjured betrayers of his country, the wrath of its tutelary deities, and would, by the sable offering and mystic rite, have evoked the INFERNAL JOVE, avenger of violated oaths, with the merciless Eumenides, and all the Stygian train. The Christian freeman,

helplessly beholding the dreadful prodigies of modern crime, could but stand still, and wait in faith to see the judgments of the people's Eternal King and Divine Protector, who "will not hold him guiltless THAT TAKETH HIS NAME IN VAIN;" commending the perjurers and their silent, indolent, indifferent abettors—alike and together, to the slow but certain justice of GOD THE AVENGER.

[The details of the New Plan of fraud, and its operations and effects in the Elections of 1844, will be given in the next number of the American Review.]

A LETTER TO MADELINE.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Pure as a passion felt for stars;
Deep as a thought to seraphs known;
Yet sad as bird confined to bars,
Oh, Madeline! my love hath grown—
Taking a mild and solemn tone.
Yes,—still by thee my soul is stirred
With music; from the Past it swells,
Sweet as a wave's low murmur heard
In some old sea-remembering shells.

The misty mountains tower aloft;
Thine infant feet their summits trod;
And in yon quiet vallies oft
Thy little fingers from the sod
Plucked jewels which a pitying God
Scattered around in leaf and flower,
As if to tell each sorrowing shore,
That He who walked through Eden's bower,
Was yet the dim earth hovering o'er.

And yonder sings the silver stream—
Dancing adown the listening hill,
That wears its mantle from the beam,
And learns its music from the rill:
'Tis murmuring o'er its legends still.
While musing lonely by the scene—
My spirit dark with grief's eclipse—
I took new heart—for Madeline
That rill had hallowed with her psalms!

Though black with Winter's shadow lies
 The land, and black with wo my soul;
 Though round me here from men and skies
 Clouds ghost-like stalk or shadowy roll,
 And *such* appears the Pilgrim's goal!—
 Let but a scene which thou didst know,
 A moment meet my saddened view,
 And instantly it wears a glow
 Unpressed by thee it never knew:—

Skies smile with unaccustomed spheres,
 Lit by thy memory into birth—
 And fade away the doubts and fears
 That palled may heart: the very earth,
 So dark before, trembles with mirth;
 While through her everlasting plains
 The rivers broad triumphing roll,
 As if they warmed her swelling veins,
 And thought she owned a living soul.

Thus hourly do I feel a chain,
 Whose links are wreathed with flowers and light,
 Is doomed for ever to remain
 Between the world and me:—Thy plight,
 The beautiful star-gush of a night,
 Whose dusk wings rustle sadly round—
 Thy love—a pure flame lit about,
 Which must in Nature's Vase* be found,
 To bring its loviest colors out.

* The vase was of pure alabaster, whose best figures only appeared when a lamp was kindled inside.—*Eastern Travels*.

THIERS' CONSULATE AND EMPIRE.*

While these things were in progress at Genoa, the efforts of the First Consul to bring relief, and at the same time to annihilate the Austrian power in Italy, were incessant. With admirable foresight he had provided at every point what was necessary to ensure the successful issue of the bold and singular enterprise he had conceived. It will be recollected that the forces of the Imperialists were now spread over the plains of Piedmont, having the line of the Swiss Alps in their rear, and being cut off from communication with the army on the Danube by the operations of Moreau, already explained. The Alps, extending eastward from Mont Cénis, are traversed by several passes, the easiest and most beaten of which, is that which crosses the latter mountain, and which débouches on the city of Turin, the capital of Piedmont. Next to this is the defile of the Little St. Bernard, and after it the pass of the Great St. Bernard, which descends upon Aosta. These are succeeded by the passes of St. Gothard and the Simplon. The plan of operations arranged by Napoleon, was to conduct the main body of his army into Italy by the Great St. Bernard, the detachment drawn from the army of the Rhine being left for the passes of St. Gothard and the Simplon, while a smaller body, forming the extreme right, should cross by Mont Cénis, and the Little St. Bernard. The chief difficulty of the enterprise, was, of course, to be encountered on the Great St. Bernard, under Napoleon himself. On the sixth of May, in the morning, before daybreak, Napoleon left Paris, taking with him his aide-camp, Duroc, and his Secretary, Monsieur de Bourienne. On the 13th he arrived at Lausanne, where he met General Marescot, of the Engineers, who had been employed to reconnoitre the passes of the Alps, and who gave his opinion in favor of that of the Great St. Bernard, but pronounced the undertaking to be one which offered most formidable difficulties. "Difficult it may be," replied Bonaparte, "but is it possible?" "I believe," replied the General, "that with the

most extraordinary efforts it may be possible." "Then," said the First Consul, "Let us go on."

Immense stores of provisions had been sent by the Lake of Geneva to Villeneuve and thence to the foot of the pass. Considerable chests of specie were also sent forward as the best means of securing the coöperation of the population of the mountains; by these means, all the cars of the country, all the mules, and all the peasants were collected round the foot of the pass, allured by the promise of high payment. Bread, biscuit, forage, wine and brandy, with an immense stock of live cattle, were collected at the little village of St. Pierre, being the highest point of the mountain to which wheel carriages would run. A company of mechanics was established to dismount the pieces of artillery, to divide the gun carriages into numbered fragments of sufficient size and weight to be transported on the backs of mules. The guns themselves, too ponderous for this mode of transport, were embedded in large beams of timber and dragged by men, each gun requiring a hundred men. A sum of money had been sent to the monastery, near the summit of the mountain, to provide rations and wine, to be delivered to the men on their arrival at that point. An hospital was established at St. Pierre for the relief of those who might suffer by accident or sickness in the ascent. The corresponding point on the Italian side, where in the descent wheel carriages could first be used, is the village of St. Remy. Here similar preparations were made. A troop of mechanics were provided ready to remount the guns, reconstruct the carriages and wagons, and restore the materiel of the army to its usual condition.

Matters being thus prepared, the First Consul established himself in a convent of Bernardine monks at Martigny, intending to remain on the Swiss side of the Alps to correspond as long as possible with the government at Paris and to expedite the movement across the mountain in person. Berthier was sent to the

Italian side to receive and organize the army and its materiel as it should arrive. Lannes, in the night between the 14th and 15th May, commenced the ascent with six regiments; they started immediately after midnight, in order to complete their march before that hour at which the heat of the sun melting the snow, causes destructive avalanches to fall on the traveller who passes these frightful gorges. It was calculated that eight hours would be necessary to reach the summit and two to descend to St. Remy. They might expect, therefore, to accomplish this before noon; the soldiers, though laden each with sufficient biscuit for several days besides a quantity of cartridge and the usual amount of arms and clothing, faced the difficulties of the road with alacrity; they scaled these craggy paths chanting their national airs among the precipices, and pondering on the victories which awaited them in the fertile and sunny plains of Italy. They were sustained by a noble foresight of the deathless glory with which their future achievements would surround them. The most difficult and dangerous task was reserved for the cavalry, each soldier was obliged to walk before his horse, leading it by the bridle. In the ascent this was easy, but in the descent the path being too narrow to allow the soldier to walk beside the horse; and, being so rugged as to produce frequent stumbling, the soldier, with his horse, was often liable to be precipitated headlong into the abyss below. Some horses and a few riders perished in this way. Towards morning they arrived at the Monastery, where each soldier received a ration of bread, cheese, and wine, after which they continued their route, and arrived without serious accident, at St. Rémy.

In this manner, a division of the army each day crossed the mountain. The artillery and baggage were, for a time, dragged or carried by the aid of mules; but these means of transport were soon exhausted, the mules began to fail, and their drivers were worn out with fatigue; a price as high as a thousand francs was offered to the neighboring peasants, for dragging a gun from St. Pierre to St. Rémy. One hundred men were required for one cannon, one day to bring it up, and another to let it down. Several hundred peasants presented themselves, and under the direction of the engineers transported a few pieces; but, not even

the allurements of money could induce them to maintain this work—they quickly disappeared; and although officers were sent out, lavishing money to induce their return, it was in vain. It became necessary to ask the soldiers of the several divisions, to drag their own artillery. The money which the peasants would no longer earn, was offered them as a stimulus, but they refused it to a man,—exclaiming, that it was a point of honor for all troops to save their cannon. Parties of a hundred men accordingly dragged them in turn; the bands struck up lively tunes to cheer their labors, and in the most difficult passes they were animated still more effectively by the trumpeters sounding the charge. Strange and unwonted spectacle, to behold amidst the snows and clouds of the Alpine summits glittering bands of armed men, breaking into the solitudes of the St. Bernard—and the distant chamois on the mountains above startled by apparitions so strange, bounding away to the regions of desolation, and pausing in its course on each successive summit of the inaccessible cliffs, to gaze on the columns which wound round their feet; at length this unparalleled enterprise was successfully accomplished, and the army was collected and organized at the foot of the Alps, overhanging the plain of Piedmont. Bonaparte now determined on joining it in person. On the 20th of May, before daylight, accompanied by Duroc and Bourienne, he started on his journey. The arts, says Monsieur Thiers, have represented him bounding across the snowy Alps, on a fiery charger; but here is the truth unvarnished,—he ascended Mount St. Bernard mounted on a mule, obtained at the Convent, at Martigny, dressed in the grey surtout coat which he always wore, and conducted by a guide of the country. The high enterprise which lay before him did not detach his thoughts from the objects with which he was immediately surrounded. He discoursed with the officers whom he met here and there on the road. But his especial pleasure seemed to be to draw from the young peasant, who conducted his mule, the story of his life, and the narrative of his troubles, embarrassments, and hopes. This young peasant, ignorant of the distinguished person to whom he spoke, related with ingenuous simplicity, the events of his life; and, above all, enlarged upon the grief he suffered at the want of a little

money, which prevented him from wedding one of the maidens of the valley to whom he had been long attached. When Bonaparte had arrived at the monastery on the summit of the mountain, at the moment of dismissing his guide, he gave him a note, addressed to the administrator of the army, who had remained at the foot of the defile, which afterwards proved to be an order for what enabled him to unite himself to the object of his love, and to live in competence for the remainder of his life. This mountaineer died recently in his own country, proprietor of the field which had been given him by the conqueror of Europe.

Having rested for a few minutes with the Monks, and made them a suitable acknowledgment for their benevolent care of his soldiers, he made the descent rapidly, according to the custom, by letting himself slide down the snow, and arrived the same evening at Etroubles.

After having successfully accomplished the passage of the Alps, and at a moment when the rich plains of Italy seemed to stretch before them, the army encountered an unexpected obstacle, which seemed, for a moment to render all their previous toils abortive, and even menaced to defeat the objects of the expedition. At Bard, the road passing through the village, and the only one apparently by which the army could issue from the defile, was commanded by a fort, erected on an eminence above the town. This fort was deemed impregnable, or nearly so, and the garrison manifested a fixed determination to resist. The guns, pointed directly on the road, rendered it impossible for the troops to pass without utter destruction. This brought the army to a stand until Bonaparte arrived. An attack was made on the fort without success. Finally, the Albaredo mountains, which formed one side of the defile, was examined, and a difficult and dangerous path was discovered, presenting obstacles as formidable as those of the great St. Bernard itself, by which, however, it was possible that the army might cross without passing through the town or under the guns of the fort. But it was not practicable to transport by this route the artillery and baggage. What then was to be done? Berthier, in the utmost alarm at this unforeseen obstacle, instantly counter-ordered all the columns as they successively came up; and suspended the march of the troops along

the entire line, in order to prevent them from involving themselves farther should it be necessary after all to retreat. An instant panic spread to the rear, while courier after courier was despatched to the First Consul to inform him of this untoward state of things.

Such was the condition of the enterprise when Bonaparte arrived at Bard. It was immediately decided that the army should cross the Albaredo as they had crossed the St. Bernard. The infantry defiled, man by man, and the cavalry walked, leading their horses. The Austrian commandant of the fort, seeing the columns thus march past, without the power of obstructing them, sent a message to De Mélas, informing him that he had seen a whole army pass without the power of preventing them, but pledged his head that they should arrive without a single piece of cannon. The invention of the French engineers, however, did not fail them in this emergency. It was first attempted to pass the cannon under the obscurity of night. This was defeated, however, by the commandant of the fort, aroused by the noise of the carriages, throwing a shower of artificial light, so that the objects passing along the road were as plainly visible as in broad day-light. He was thus enabled to sweep the road with a continual shower of destructive missiles. Out of thirteen gunners, who had run the risk of taking the first piece forward, seven were killed or wounded. This bold attempt was consequently abandoned. It was now arranged, that after nightfall the road should be strewn with straw and litter. Tow was fastened round the wheels of the cannon, and packed between all the looser parts, to prevent the resonance of those huge metallic masses on their carriages. The horses were taken out, and the artillery men, with their own hands, dragged these muffled guns and carriages under the very walls of the batteries, along the street of Bard. This device succeeded perfectly. The horses, which were sent round by the mountain, found the pieces ready beyond the town and fort, and being re-yoked, the army proceeded on its march.

Thus, within the short period of thirteen days, was the loftiest mountain range on the European continent traversed successfully by the French army, with its artillery, baggage, and complete materiel. While the main body, consisting of 40,000 men, crossed the Great St.

Bernard under Bonaparte, other lesser divisions were effecting the passage at other points, and ready to pour down on the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont. A division of 5000 had crossed the lesser St. Bernard; another of 4000, under general Thurreau, issued from the defiles of Mont Cénis upon Turin; a third detachment passed the Simplon, and descended on Milan; and finally, 15,000 men, detached from the army of the Rhine, under general Moncey, were coming down from the St. Gothard. These divisions being re-united, would form a combined army 60,000 strong. Master of all the passes of the Alps, Bonaparte had a choice of retreats, in case of defeat, while his adversary was hemmed in between the attacking army and a hostile frontier, leaving, moreover, the army of the Maritime Alps in his rear. Defeat, in his situation, was therefore irretrievable ruin.

The plan of operations traced by Bonaparte, now required that he should gain possession of the country which would be in his rear when he should attack Mélas, and also that he should gain time to concentrate his forces which were scattered along the line of the Alps, which, as has been said, they crossed at different points, and in separate divisions. For this purpose, he decided on advancing into Lombardy, taking possession of Milan, and dispersing the scattered forces of Mélas, which occupied the principal places in that part of the country. Bonaparte, therefore, moved upon the Ticino, on the banks of which he arrived on the 31st of May, where the Austrians were defeated, and finally the French entered Milan on the 2d of June, where they were welcomed by the acclamations of the people.

Since the recovery of Upper Italy by the Austrians, all who were known to favor liberal forms of government had become objects of persecution, and the French, and especially the so much talked of army of reserve, formed a fruitful subject of ridicule. It was even circulated among the people, that general Bonaparte, so well known in Italy, had died in Egypt; that, like another Pharaoh, he had been drowned in the Red Sea, and that the person whose name was then figuring in Paris was one of his brothers. The astonishment of the Italians can therefore be imagined, when it was suddenly announced that an army had crossed the Alps with Bonaparte at its head, that

the Austrians were flying before it, and that it was in full march on Milan. On the 2d June, the whole population of that city poured forth to meet it, saluting the illustrious chief, whom they had so often seen within their walls, and hailing him as their saviour. On entering Milan, Bonaparte liberated all prisoners confined for their political opinions, and established a provisional administration, composed of the most respectable men of the city, stipulating, however, that those Italians who had taken the opposite side, during the sway of the Austrians, should not be molested.

The main body of the Austrians, under De Mélas, was meanwhile dispersed through the country between the upper Po, its tributaries, and the range of the Apennines and Maritime Alps, with the army under Suchet in their rear. Bonaparte now, without further delay, proceeded to dispose his forces so as to intercept, at every point, the escape of the Imperialists towards Lombardy. His movements might have been more rapid, had it been possible for him to have attacked the enemy before the surrender of Genoa, so as to have averted that event. This, however, having proved to be impracticable, he now determined to adopt that course which might appear best calculated to ensure the final success of the campaign.

The points upon which the Austrian general had decided on concentrating the main body of his forces, were Alexandria and Piacenza, and accordingly the several divisions marched, those from Turin and its neighborhood on the former place, and those from Genoa on the latter. Bonaparte, on the other hand, marching his army from Milan towards the same points. Lannes had instructions to pass the Po at Belgiojoso, a little above the point where the Ticino discharges itself into that river; Murat advanced to Piacenza, and Duhesme to Cremona. These divisions presented themselves at these several points on the 6th of June.

Being unable to leave Milan until the 9th, Bonaparte, foreseeing every thing and providing for all contingencies, wrote to Berthier, Lannes and Murat, the following instructions: — "Concentrate yourselves," said he, "at Stradella. On the 8th or 9th, at the latest, you will have upon your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians, coming from Genoa. Meet them and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies the less on our

hands on the day of the decisive battle which we are to expect with the entire army of M. de Mélas." In strict accordance with this prediction, the Imperialists presented themselves to Lannes on the morning of the 9th June, and on that day was fought the memorable Battle of Montebello, which, at a later period, gave to the family of that gallant soldier the title they now enjoy.

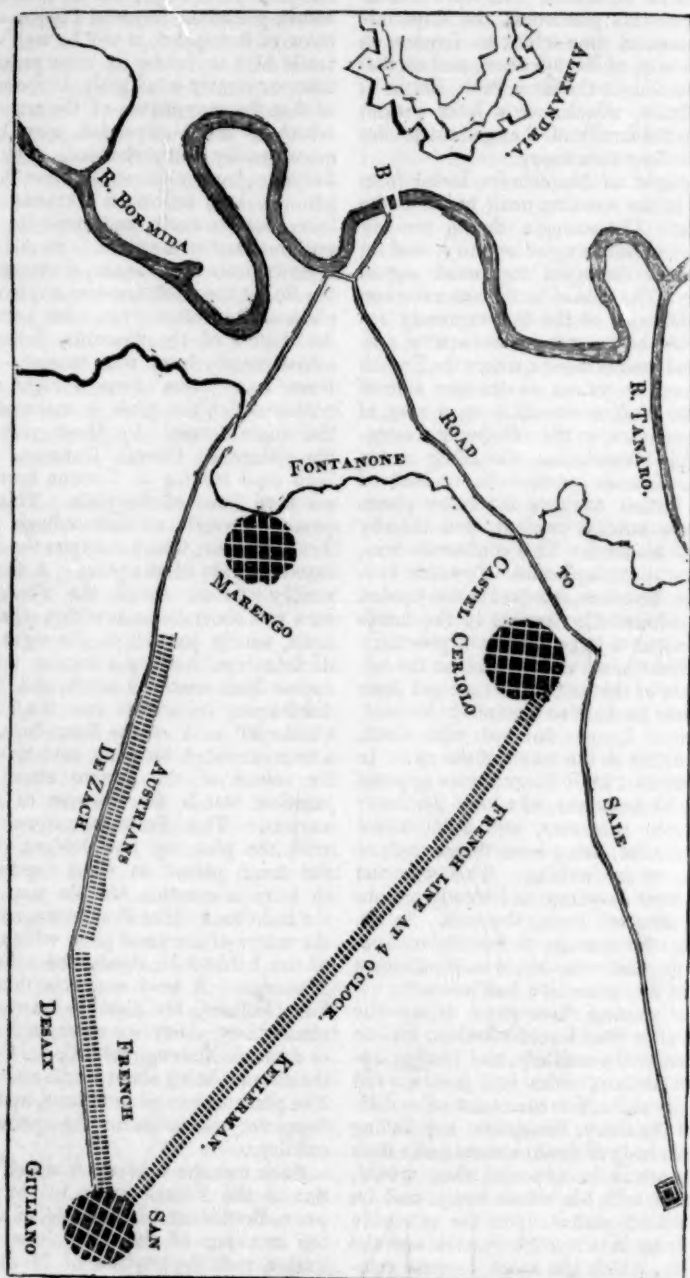
The fight of Montebello lasted from eleven in the morning until eight in the evening. The struggle during the day was one of unexampled severity, and on both sides displayed the most signal bravery. The field of battle was a tract on the right bank of the Po, expressly selected for the purpose by Bonaparte, and extended from Stradella, where the French line rested its wings on the one side of the river, and on the other on a spur of the Appenines, to the villages of Casteggio and Montebello. Confiding in his troops, Lannes pushed his advanced guard farther towards the latter places than was strictly prudent, and thereby exposed his flank. This confidence was, however, not misplaced. Towards evening the Austrians, repulsed at every point, fled to Montebello, leaving in the hands of the victor a large number of prisoners. The First Consul arrived just at the termination of the battle, the time and place of which he had so distinctly foretold, and found Lannes covered with blood, but exulting in the result of the day. In this combat, 12,000 French were opposed to 18,000 Austrians, of which the latter lost 4,000 prisoners, and 3,000 killed and wounded, being more than one-third of their entire number. This was one of the most desperate and bloody actions which occurred during the war. In describing the carnage to Bourienne, Lannes says, that "the bones in his division cracked like glass in a hail-storm."

After waiting three days to rest the troops after their forced marches, and to re-organize the artillery, and having appointed Desaix, who had just arrived from Egypt, to the command of a division of the army, Bonaparte, not finding the main body of the Austrians make their appearance as he expected they would, advanced with his whole army, and on the 13th débouché upon the extensive plain lying between the Scrivia and the Bormida, which has since become celebrated as the plain of MARENGO.

As this place was destined on the following day to be the theatre of a catas-

trophe which produced an immediate and important influence on the political condition of all Europe, and in its ultimate result, placed the Imperial Diadem on the brow of Bonaparte, it will be well worth while here to render its more prominent features clearly intelligible to the reader, so that the movements of the armies, on which so much depended, may be the more readily comprehended. The river Bormida having descended from the Appenines, here follows a tortuous course from south to north, and forms the western boundary of the plain. (*See the Map*) It flows into the Tanaro, a tributary of the Po, at the north-western angle of the plain. The latter river, after receiving the waters of the Bormida, follows a course nearly from west to east. Thus these two rivers form a right angle, within which the plain is included. In the angle formed by these rivers, is the village of CASTEL CERIOLO. The high road leading to Tortona forms the southern limit of the plain. This road passes through another village called SAN GIULIANO, which occupies the south-eastern corner of the plain. A shallow, muddy stream, called the *Fontanone*, runs at a short distance within the *Bormida*, nearly parallel to the right bank of that river, holding a similar winding course from south to north, and finally discharging its waters into the Tanaro. On the left bank of the Bormida, and on a tract included between that river and the course of the Tanaro above their junction, stands the Fortress of ALEXANDRIA. This Fortress communicates with the plain by two bridges (B, on the map,) placed so close together as to have a common *tête du pont*. On the right bank of the Fontanone, and near the centre of the great plain which formed the battle-field, stands the village of MARENGO. A road connects this with San Giuliano, the distance between the places being about two miles, and another connects Marengo with Castel Ceriolo, the distance being about a mile and a half. The plain was in general level and open, being very favorable for the operation of cavalry.

Such was the field upon which a portion of the French army, led by Bonaparte, Berthier and Lannes, débouché on the morning of the 13th June, 1800, flushed with the trophies of Montebello, and impatient for that general engagement the result of which must determine the issue of the campaign.



Adopting the supposition, which appeared to be the most natural and probable, that the Austrian commander would attempt to force his way to Mantua by the main road through Tortona, knowing a general engagement to be inevitable, and having the selection of the ground for it, he would undoubtedly have halted on this plain, which presented him with advantages so striking and obvious for the effective operations of his vast artillery and splendid cavalry. But of this, probable as it seemed to be, there was no visible indication. The plain was scoured in every direction, but no trace of the Austrian army was discovered. Towards the evening the division of Victor, with the corps of Gandanne and Chambarlhac, advanced from San Giuliano to Marengo, where they found a detachment of cavalry who, after a slight resistance, retreated across the Bormida.

Under these circumstances, Bonaparte no longer doubted that the Austrian had escaped him, and was about to attempt a passage either by the Ticino or upon the lower Po, and officers were despatched to these and other points to make the necessary inquiries. He might have retreated upon Genoa, on the other hand, relying on the aid of the British Squadron which blockaded that harbor. To meet this possibility, Desaix was detached in the evening with the division of Boudet, on the road to Novi. On the night of the 13th, all hope of a general battle having been thus relinquished, Victor's corps was left in occupation of Marengo and the adjoining ground; Lannes' division occupied the plain between Marengo and San Giuliano, and Murat and Kellerman, with divisions of cavalry, were stationed on either side of Marengo. Bonaparte retained with himself, in reserve at head quarters, the second division of Desaix's corps under Monnier, taking them with him on the evening of the 13th, to a small place called *Torre de Garofolo*, where he fixed his head quarters that night, instead of Voghera at the other side of the Scrivia, which had been previously selected for that purpose, but which fortunately, as it proved, was rendered inaccessible at the moment by reason of the swollen condition of the river.

The scattered condition of the French army was now quite the reverse of that state of concentration which, in the tactics of Napoleon, was always assumed as an essential condition of success in a

general engagement. A few corps were collected at Marengo; a reserve of one division and the Consular Guard, were with Bonaparte at *Torre de Garofolo*, another division was on the road to Novi; and other forces spread upon the upper and lower Po, the Ticino and the Adda. The division of the army under Thureau, was intercepted from present communication in the direction of Mont Cénis. These were unfortunate circumstances, but were the inevitable results of the previous movements. Bonaparte had calculated on having time to produce a sufficient concentration as soon as he should discover the point at which he would have to dispute the passage of the Austrian forces. The event proved that he was deceived in this, and that he was destined to be surprised by the advance of the enemy, without having the time he expected for concentration.

While Bonaparte was sending his divisions here and there in fruitless search of De Mélas, that commander was in fact on the spot, shut up in the fortress of Alexandria. How he could be there on the 13th, with the main body of his forces, without the fact being discovered by the French, whose battalions were scouring the plain beyond the river not a mile distant, and who, solicitous to discover the enemy, availed themselves of all the usual sources of information, appears incomprehensible. Nevertheless, so it seems to have been. Within Alexandria, during these curious efforts of the French to discover him, Mélas and his army were in confusion and despair. On the day of the 13th, a council of war was held there by the Austrian General, at which various projects of escape were discussed. One point of deliberation was, whether they should retreat upon the upper Po and the Ticino, or shut themselves up in Genoa. To this the generals replied, that for eighteen months they had been fighting like brave men; that they had reconquered Italy; that they were marching upon the frontiers of France, whither they were directed by orders from Vienna; that such orders had been repeated so late as the very day before; that they ought to have been informed of the danger in their rear, instead of which they had been lulled into a false and fatal security; that all means which presented themselves of avoiding an encounter with the French were complicated and difficult, and questionable, with regard to honor; that there was one, and but one,

simple, straight forward and honorable course, which was to cut their way through their opponents; that they would therefore, on the morrow, open to themselves a path to Piacenza and Mantua, though it were at the price of their blood; and that if any disasters should befall them, the responsibility would rest on those who thus left them in such fatal ignorance of the peril which was gathering round them. The resolution was therefore formed, to move from Alexandria the following morning, and force a passage through the French lines.

A surprise was as far from the designs of the Austrian commander, as a general engagement was unexpected by the French. Yet a surprise was produced which had resulted in the utter discomfiture and defeat of the French, but for a combination of fortuitous events, and some rare instances of promptitude and vigor on the part of Bonaparte's lieutenants.

At day-break, on the morning of the 14th June, the Austrian army issued from Alexandria and crossed the Bormida by the bridges. (B.) This operation was slow, the two bridges having, as has been explained, a common *tête du pont*. The Austrians divided on passing the river—one part, preceded by the cavalry under Oreilly, directing its march upon Marengo, and the other moving upon Castel Ceriolo. The French, who had occupied the ground in advance of Marengo, between the Fontanone and the Bormida, now retired and occupied the village and the bank of the stream, so as to oppose the passage of the Imperialists. When the French were thus taken by surprise, they had only the two corps of Victor and Lannes in line, amounting in all to 15,000 or 16,000, opposed to 36,000. The corps of Lannes, which was extended from Marengo to Castel Ceriolo, formed the right of the French line. The left of the Austrians, under General Ott, passed Castel Ceriolo and out-flanked Lannes. At the same time the right of the Imperialists made a desperate attempt to ford the Fontanone at and above Marengo, and scale the right bank of that stream. In this they were supported by a desperate fire of their artillery, planted on the opposite bank. At length, after a terrible carnage and unheard-of struggle, the French line was out-flanked on both wings, driven from Marengo, and compelled to retreat into the open plain, exposed, without shelter, to the fire of an

artillery consisting of not less than two hundred pieces of cannon.

The battle had now raged for above three hours. The French had yielded at every point to the overpowering numbers of their opponents. Couriers had been despatched, on the first appearance of the Austrians, to the head-quarters of Bonaparte at Torre de Garofolo. Aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp was sent in pursuit of Desaix, who had been detached towards Novi the preceding evening. Reinforcements were, in short, summoned from every quarter. It was now ten o'clock. Bonaparte arrived, galloping at the head of the mounted Consular Guard, and followed by the division of Monnier which, though forming part of Desaix's corps, was fortunately not sent with that General to Novi. The appearance of the Guard, the finest troops in the service—but above all, the presence of the First Consul, revived the spirit of the army and arrested their retreat. Bonaparte glancing his eye over the field, with the rapidity of thought made his dispositions. He formed the troops into line, with the right resting on Castel Ceriolo, and so that he could execute a pivot movement on that point so as to give the line an oblique direction, extending from Castel Ceriolo to San Giuliano. This position would enable him to act on the flank of the Austrians, who must of necessity take the road from Marengo to San Giuliano, and a retreat to the Po would be secured by the road from Alexandria to Salé, in his rear.

The battle was now renewed with fresh fury. The infantry resisted the repeated and terrible charges of the splendid cavalry of Mélas by throwing themselves into squares. The flying troops of Victor were rallied under the protection of Murat's cavalry, and brought back into position. The gardens and cottages of Castel Ceriolo were occupied, and the pivot established. But the Austrians, impelled by the courage of despair, and sustained by an overwhelming majority of numbers, at length prevailed. Nothing could withstand them. They issued in an irresistible torrent from Marengo, driving the French in confusion before them. Great and memorable were the efforts of Lannes at this moment. Under the murderous fire of eighty pieces of cannon, which ejected showers of round and grape upon him, he presented his four demi-brigades to oppose the advance of the Austrians, and protracted a retreat

over the short distance of a mile and an half, for two hours. When pressed hard by the pursuing Austrians, he turned and charged them with the bayonet. Having lost his heavier artillery, he had harnessed some light pieces to the best horses, which he even ventured to present in battery from time to time to cover the retreat. The Consular Guard had stood in square, like a living citadel, in the midst of the plain, on which no charge of cavalry could make any impression. The Austrians, as a last resort, planted against it a battery of cannon. It suffered fearful loss, recoiled—but recoiled unbroken. In every direction the plain displayed one vast heap of carnage, the horror of which was increased by the explosion of the ammunition-waggon, which Lannes ordered to be blown up, being unable to take them off the field. The whole French line, in fine, retreated in more or less confusion, still keeping hold, however, on Castel Ceriolo, and attempting to preserve the oblique position extending between that place and San Giuliano, already mentioned.

It was now two o'clock, and the battle was lost. De Mélas, who had two horses shot under him, and had undergone great fatigue during the day, left the charge of pursuing the flying enemy to the chief of his staff, De Zach, and withdrew to Alexandria to write his despatches conveying the intelligence of the victory, and the dispersion of the French army, which were accordingly forwarded without delay, by couriers, to Vienna and other parts of Europe.

De Zach now formed the Imperial forces into columns of march, placing at the head the infantry which were followed by Latterman's grenadiers and the baggage. The cavalry under generals Oreilly, Haddick, and Kaim were placed on the flanks. In this order they directed their march on the road from Alexandria through Marengo, to San Giuliano, without the slightest apprehension of farther opposition. It was now three o'clock.

At an early hour of the day Desaix, on his march towards Genoa, heard the distant booming of cannon in the direction of Marengo. He halted to listen. The sound was continued, so as to leave no doubt that an engagement had commenced. He sent forward his aid-de-camp, Savary, to Novi with a few hundred horsemen, to make a last search for the enemy. No trace of them could be found. Desaix now no longer hesitated. He

gave the order to march back to Marengo, sending in advance his aid-de-camp to announce his approach. Never was more happy instinct displayed, never was nobler service rendered by a lieutenant. On his returning march he met the aid-de-camps of Bonaparte conveying to him those orders which, with so felicitous an inspiration, he had already anticipated. The heads of Desaix's most welcome columns shewed themselves issuing upon the plain behind San Giuliano at three o'clock, when the battle had been, to all appearance, irretrievably lost, and dispositions were made for a retreat upon Pavia by the road to Salé.

Desaix galloped forward to Bonaparte, and they were immediately surrounded by Berthier, Lannes and the other generals, in anxious consultation as to the measures to be taken in an emergency apparently so fatal and so desperate. Bonaparte and Desaix alone, were of opinion, that it was practicable to recover the day—all the other generals advised the continuance of the retreat which had been commenced. Nor was such an opinion unsupported by strong grounds. A retreat would throw back the shattered remnant of the disastrous day, which was then drawing to a close, upon the extensive reserves composed of the fresh troops which had just descended into the Italian plains from the more eastern passes of the Alps—by a junction with these, the Austrians might be again opposed with every prospect of success.

Bonaparte, however, was too deeply conscious of the importance of the prestige which surrounded his name, and of the great moral effect of the report of a victory on the part of the Austrians—which certainly would lose none of its splendor in its transmission and diffusion throughout Europe—willingly to abandon the field. Desaix, confident in his own skill and valor, and the courage and efficiency of the troops which he led, and burning, moreover, to avenge himself for some personal slights which had recently been put upon him by the Allies, was naturally eager to seize the earliest opportunity of attacking them. When consulted by Napoleon and his lieutenants, and taking a view of the confusion of the field which lay before him, he looked at his watch, and observed that the battle was certainly lost, but that it was still only three o'clock, and that a sufficient number of hours of the day remained to gain another. Upon this Bonaparte hesitated

no longer, and sent orders along the line to stop the retreat. Desaix with his division of six thousand fresh troops, formed in front of the village of San Giuliano, under the cover of a rising ground which intersected the road from that place to Marengo. All that remained of the artillery from the disasters of the morning were twelve pieces. These Marmont placed as a masked battery in front of Desaix's columns, in such a position as to sweep the Marengo road and adjacent ground. The shattered remnants of Victor's division being restored to something like order, were brought into line, and extended from the right wing of Desaix's corps towards Castel Ceriolo, and to the right of these again was the corps of Carra St. Cyr, extending to the outskirts of that village. The French thus formed an oblique line, looking partially towards the road between Marengo and San Giuliano, in such a position as to be capable of falling on the flank of the Austrians advancing along that road. (*See the Map.*)

While these dispositions were made on the part of the French, the Austrians believing the victory to have been gained, and expecting nothing to obstruct their advance from Alexandria, had formed in column of march along the road from Marengo to San Giuliano. The foremost body was led by Zach himself, these were followed by the centre, partially deployed into line, after which came the baggage.

The decisive and critical moment having now arrived, Bonaparte rode along the lines, and harangued the soldiers in his peculiar style, concluding by reminding them that his custom was to sleep upon the field of battle, that they had now retreated far enough, and must advance to victory. His address, as usual, was received with shouts of applause.

When the head of the Austrian columns, led by Zach, arrived within pistol shot of the French position, Marmont suddenly unmasked his battery of twelve pieces, and poured upon them an overwhelming shower of grape. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Austrians at this unexpected event, but they were not permitted to recover from their surprise, when Desaix, on horseback, leading his brigade over the slight eminence which had concealed him from their view, gave a murderous discharge of musketry upon them at point blank distance, followed by a charge of the bayonet. The volley which answered this from the Austrian columns, carried with it the fate of De-

saix, who fell, pierced by a bullet, according to some in the shoulder, but according to Thiers, in the breast. It was said that at the moment of his death he was cheering on his men to the charge, and had consequently turned himself in his saddle, looking backwards at the troops which he led. On receiving his death wound, he turned to General Boudet, who was his Chief of Division, and requested that his death might be concealed, lest it should discourage the men, desiring him to assure Bonaparte that his only regret in dying was to have fallen before having achieved enough to be remembered by posterity. This event, however, instead of damping the ardor of the soldiers, roused them to a state of perfect fury.

We now come to an epoch in this memorable day, on which we have before us conflicting testimony. Thiers states that immediately the troops led by Boudet, after pouring another destructive volley upon the enemy, formed into column, and charged with irresistible effect upon the Austrians. Before this attack, the two first regiments of the Imperialists quailed, were thrown into confusion, and falling back upon the second line, disappeared among its ranks, and a hand-to-hand struggle ensued between the Austrian grenadiers under Latterman and the division of Boudet, now supported by the troops which had rallied under Victor. Other authorities, however, state that the Imperialists, after the first attack, recovered from their surprise, that the Grenadiers charged the French with vigor, who hesitated, and were broken, and that the day was rendered again doubtful. In support of the latter statement, Alison quotes the works of Generals Jomini, Dumas, and Savary, but as Thiers never, in any case, gives authority for his statements, we are left in complete ignorance of the sources from which he derives his information.

In the disposition of the French troops, made previously to the re-commencement of the engagement, on the arrival of Desaix, general Kellerman, with a division of cavalry, had been stationed on the right of San Giuliano, and a little in the rear, in a position which was screened by the festoons of a vineyard. Just at the moment which we have now referred to, when the struggle between the charging troops on the Marengo road, was, to say the least of it, doubtful and desperate, Kellerman suddenly led his division of cavalry forward at full gallop, and emerg-

ing from the cover of the vines, poured them like a tempest upon the middle of the flank of the Austrians. Never was charge executed with more extraordinary vigor, nor attended with more signal success. In an instant, the Austrian column was cut in two,—right and left, Kellerman's dragoons fell on the unfortunate grenadiers, and sabred them in every direction. In a few minutes, two thousand threw down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners. General Zach gave up his sword, and that army, which an hour before was on its victorious march, was left without a leader: for De Mélas, it will be remembered, considering the victory gained, had, long before, returned to Alexandria. But Kellerman's achievements were not limited here. After the surrender of the infantry and grenadiers, he dashed upon the dragoons of Lichtenstein, and broke them.

They recoiled in confusion, and falling back upon the centre of the Austrians, which was just then forming in the plain to oppose Lannes, threw it into disorder. The whole French line now advanced vigorously to the attack. Lannes fell upon the centre, while the Consular Guard bore down upon Castel Ceriolo. Intoxicated with joy and enthusiasm at seeing before them a victory so unexpected, the French pressed on at every point with a vigor that nothing could resist. Surprise and dismay seized the enemy; the panic spread like an electric shock throughout the whole Austrian line. The cavalry set off at full gallop, shouting "to the bridges!" "to the bridges!" In a moment all became confusion, and the troops ran pell mell across the Fontanone towards the two bridges, (B) which were the only means of escape to Alexandria. The struggle became who should reach them first. Vain were the efforts of the Austrian officers to preserve anything like order. Two or three fruitless attempts were made to cover the retreat of the flying soldiers by some of the best disciplined divisions of the Austrian grenadiers and cavalry; but these attempts were defeated by the mounted grenadiers of the Consular Guard, under Bessières and young Beauharnais. The confusion on the bridges increased every moment. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, rushed in one promiscuous mass to that point. The bridges were insufficient to receive the press, and numbers threw themselves into the river. An artillery driver attempted to ford the river with a

piece which he had in charge, and succeeded. The whole body of artillery hastened to follow his example, when a large portion stuck fast in the bed of the river. The French, furiously rushing on the heels of the fugitives, captured men, horses, cannon and baggage. The unfortunate Baron de Mélas, who two hours before had retired from his victorious army, now roused by the noise of this disaster, hastened from the town, and on arriving on the banks of the river, could not credit the evidence of his senses, on beholding the spectacle which was presented to him.

Such was the result of this memorable day. It gave a temporary peace to the French nation, and filled its enemies with astonishment, admiration, and dismay. The power of France was re-established in Northern Italy. The Austrian army, by the clemency of its conqueror, was permitted to retire behind the line of the Muncio; and twelve fortresses, mounted with fifteen hundred pieces of cannon, together with all the artillery made at the Italian foundries, were surrendered. But the moral effects of this victory were incomparably greater than any advantages of a strictly military kind attending it. The power of Bonaparte was placed by it on a foundation unassailable by the parties opposed to his elevation, and at no distant period, this brilliant achievement placed the imperial diadem on his brow.

Regarded merely as a military event, the battle of Marengo has been severely criticised, and if it be viewed as an insulated exploit, separated from the series of profoundly conceived measures which led to it, it certainly is not the victory which has most contributed to the fame of Napoleon as a commander. In the morning his sagacity failed him in an unaccountable manner. His enemy, with an army of from thirty to forty thousand men, was within half a mile of the field, and escaped his notice. Yet the presence of that enemy was expected—was looked for. The French army was surprised, attacked and repulsed by eleven o'clock, when Napoleon came up with a reinforcement. It was routed by three o'clock, and in full retreat, notwithstanding the magic of Napoleon's presence. The catastrophe which followed was one of the most extraordinary to be found in the entire history of modern warfare. According to every authority, including several officers present on the field, the attack led

on by Desaix was at first unsuccessful. The sharp shooters which headed the Austrian columns, recoiled, it is true, before the bayonets of Desaix's division, but the firm ranks of the Hungarian grenadiers and the murderous fire which issued from them, arrested the advance of the French reinforcement, and threw them into momentary confusion. At this instant the fate of the day trembled in the balance. It was decided by the impetuous flank charge of Kellerman with his eight hundred dragoons. To this charge, and to this alone, must be ascribed the unlooked for success which followed. This charge, as Kellerman himself said, placed a crown on the head of Napoleon.

To whom then is the glory of this celebrated victory to be given? to Napoleon? or to Kellerman? If we limit our views to the battle field alone, Kellerman undoubtedly achieved the conquest which has registered the name of Marengo in the annals of the human race. That officer, by the skillful management of a handful of armed horsemen, "changed the face of the world." But if we take a larger and more philosophic view of the question, it must be admitted that the exploit of the 14th of June, was only an incident in a series of measures of the most profound military and national policy, conceived, matured and executed by Bonaparte alone, and that even had the night of that day seen the retreat of the French army before their victorious opponents, the morrow must have seen them fall back on the extensive reserves which he had wisely provided in his rear, and although the event of the campaign might not have flashed upon the world with the same dazzling splendor, it would still in its ultimate result have ended in success.

Those who read history with purposes higher than those of mere amusement, and regard the annals of nations with sentiments different from those excited by a romance, must frequently feel regret that Thiers has uniformly omitted to give any authority for his narrative of events. He has even done so in cases where his own narrative differs, in important particulars, from those of contemporary writers, and even of eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses themselves. Although nothing can repress the avidity with which these volumes will be read for the present, it cannot be doubted that this omission will seriously deteriorate from the value to be set upon them by future generations. If the limits of this review allowed us,

we could point out many cases in which the absence of reference to authorities utterly destroys all confidence in the work.

Thiers combats the impression that the victory of Marengo was due to Kellerman, and if the circumstances stated by him are capable of proof, this impression has been undoubtedly erroneous. He says that when Desaix was about to lead the attack in front of San Giuliano, he sent his aid-de-camp, Savary, to Bonaparte to desire that he might be supported by the cavalry; that in consequence of this Bonaparte ordered Kellerman to advance on the flank of the Austrian column, and charge them with his cavalry. If this be true, no further merit is due to Kellerman than promptitude and vigor in obedience to the orders received from his superiors in command.

But Kellerman himself gives a very different version of the matter. He tells us that the charge was the spontaneous impulse of his own mind; one of those happy inspirations by which inferiors in command sometimes achieve victories. "The attack had commenced," says he (see Dumas, Vol. v., p. 361,) "and Desaix had driven back the enemy's sharp shooters on their main body, but the sight of that formidable body of six thousand Hungarian grenadiers made our troops halt. I was facing on their flank, concealed by the festoons of a vineyard. A terrific discharge of musketry was poured upon our line—it wavered—broke—and fled, pursued by the Austrians in all the confusion and security of victory. I seized that moment, and was in an instant in the midst of them. In a shorter time that it has taken me to write these six lines, they lay down their arms, and with their commander, de Zach, surrender themselves prisoners."

On the same evening, Bonaparte observed to Bourrienne, his secretary, while preparing the bulletin, "little Kellerman made a happy charge. He struck in at the critical moment. We are much indebted to him. On what trifles do victories depend!"—(See *Bourrienne*, Vol. v., p. 124.)

It may freely be asked whether Bonaparte would have noticed the manœuvre of Kellerman in these terms if he had ordered it himself? Perhaps great stress should not be laid on statements made in works of the class of that published by the Duchess of Abrantes; but we have ourselves more than once heard it repeated at the house of that lady, that

Napoleon's generals had often there discussed the circumstances attending this battle, and that they uniformly ascribed the victory to Kellerman's charge.

If, however, Thiers does injustice to the memory of Kellerman, other writers do no less injustice to that of Napoleon, in reference to this event. The American translator of Thiers says that, "Kellerman was the real winner of the battle of Marengo, for which Napoleon never forgave him; that he *did not recompense* Kellerman; that no other officer of his distinction but was made marshal of France far earlier than he." Now what is the fact? Kellerman expected to be made general of division on the field. It was not Bonaparte's habit at that time to make these promotions *on the field*. But Kellerman was made general of division soon after his return to Paris. The first creation of marshals was on Napoleon's elevation to the Imperial throne. Kellerman received that distinction together with Berthier, Murat, Soult Masséna, and the other distinguished generals on that occasion. Thus, *no general was raised to the rank of marshal before Kellerman*.

In the face of these facts, which were of course easily and certainly ascertainable, we find a writer so generally diligent in the search of authority for his facts as Alison, writing as follows:

"United with Napoleon's great qualities was a selfish thirst for glory, and consequent jealousy of any one who had either effectually thwarted his designs, or rendered him such services as might diminish the lustre of his own exploits. His undying jealousy of Wellington was an indication of the first weakness; his oblivion of

Kellerman's inappreciable service an instance of the second. When this young officer was brought into the presence of the First Consul, after the battle, he coolly said, "You made a good charge this evening," and immediately turning to Bessières added, "the Guard has covered itself with glory." The obligation was too great to be forgiven. Kellerman was not promoted like the other generals, and never afterwards enjoyed the favor of the chief on whose brows he placed the diadem."

Not only is this passage of Alison false, as to the subsequent conduct of Napoleon towards Kellerman, who *was* promoted *at the same time* and to the *same rank* (that is to say, the highest possible military rank), as the other distinguished generals, but a color of want of generosity is thrown over it, by insinuating that the First Consul abstained from patting this "young officer" on the head, and encouraging his future exertions. This "young officer," however, happened to be a grey-haired general of sixty-five, who had served throughout all the campaigns of the revolution!

Kellerman was one of the oldest generals of the revolution then in active service, and became, in fact, superannuated after the campaign of Marengo. Bonaparte not only raised him to the rank of General of Division, and immediately on ascending the Imperial throne, Marshal of France, but had still earlier conferred on him the dignity of Senator, a position of great civil distinction, well suited to his age, and liberally endowed. In a word, there is not even the shadow of a foundation for the charges made against Napoleon, of neglecting the services of this officer.

PETRARCH.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

THE traveler between Rome and Florence, by the Perugia road, usually makes a noon-halt at Arezzo; and the ragged urchins of that decayed town, press eagerly around him and vociferously contend for the honor of being his guide to the house of Petrarch. In a few moments he stands before a homely, grey building, in a narrow and rude thoroughfare, upon the front of which is a marble tablet that proclaims it to be the humble dwelling where the poet was born, July 20th, 1304. An incident like this is apt to give an almost magical impulse to the wanderer's thoughts. As he proceeds on his way through a lonely country, over which broods the mellow atmosphere of the South, he is long haunted by the tale of human love thus vividly recalled to his memory. He muses, perhaps, with delight and wonder, upon the celestial power of genius which can thus preserve for the reverence and sympathy of after generations, one among the countless experiences of the heart. Literature has performed no more holy or delightful tasks than those dedicated to Affection. The minds are few that can bring home to themselves, with any cordial or benign effect, either the lessons of history or the maxims of philosophical wisdom. Uncommon clearness and strength of intellect are necessary in order to appropriate such teachings. But the heart, with its ardent impulses and divine instincts—its pleadings for sympathy, its tender regrets, its insatiable desires, its infinite capacity for devotedness and self-denial—the heart is the grand interpreter of its own rich memorials. This it is which renders Petrarch so near to us in feeling, although removed by centuries from this our actual era. This it is which makes the transatlantic pilgrim gaze with emotion upon the spot of his nativity, and feel akin to him in being chartered with a similar, though perhaps undeveloped power and "strong necessity of loving." It is not like a dry antiquarian research to summon his person and character before us. As a man of civic and social responsibilities, he belongs to the thirteenth century; as a lover, he is a citi-

zen of all time and a brother of all living men who find their chief joy, trial and inspiration in the exercise and interchange of sentiment.

"They keep his dust in Arqua where he died;

The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their
pride—

An honest pride, and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain,
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental
fane."

It is not our intention to discuss the literary merits of Petrarch. This has been done too well and often already. It is to the spirit which dictated and which has long been embalmed in his Sonnets, that we desire to call attention. Frequent doubts have, indeed, been cast upon the sincerity of these effusions. This, we imagine, results from the vain attempt to catch their legitimate meaning by a consecutive perusal. Devoted as they are to one subject, and cast in the same verbal form, a monotonous and artificial impression is the natural consequence of reading one after another, like the stanzas of a long poem. To be enjoyed and appreciated, they should be separately considered. Each sonnet was the expression of a particular state of feeling; and it was not until after the poet's death that they were collected. Written at various times and in different moods, but always to give utterance to some particular thought or fantasy having reference to his love, there is necessarily more or less sameness pervading the whole. It is undeniable that many of the conceits are frigid, and betray the ingenuity of fancy rather than the ardor of passion; but these arose from the habit of "thinking too precisely"—a characteristic of all meditative beings, and which is so admirably illustrated in Hamlet's speculations. It should also be borne in mind that Petrarch's inducement thus elaborately to depict the varied effects of love upon his nature, was to give vent to emotions

which were denied any other channel of escape :

"La vive voci m' erano interditti,
Ond' io gridai con carta e con inchiostro."
(The living voice was denied me, hence I sought utterance in writing.)

It is evident that he wrote chiefly from retrospection, and failed in the command of his mind, when under the immediate influence of deep tenderness or baffled desire :

"Piu volte incominciai di scriver versi,
Ma la penna e la mano e' l' intelletto
Rimaser vinti nel premier assalto."
(Often I began to write verses, but the pen, the hand and the mind were overcome at the first attempt.)

This sufficiently proves the genuineness of his inspiration. His allusions to the laurel-tree in reference to the name of his beloved, to the window at which he had seen her seated, to the waters beside which she had reposed, to the places in which he encountered her, and to her dress and the color of her eyes and hair, her gait, her salutations, her smile, and her glances, are but the native overflows of an ardent mind. It is the effect of ideality not only to exalt the actual into infinite possibility, but to reveal in detail every circumstance and association which Love has made sacred. Even those who can scarcely be deemed imaginative, are sensible of the magic agency of sounds, perfumes and the most ordinary visible objects connected, in their memories, with persons or localities singularly endeared. It is only requisite to extend this familiar principle to understand why Petrarch dwells with such fondness on the most trivial associations. They helped him to recal the past, to bring more distinctly before him the image of Laura, and to realize more completely the delicious though tyrannical sway of Love. The same explanation may be given of his constant appeals to Nature. The heart is thrown upon itself in love as in grief. Few, if any, fellow-beings, however near and dear, are fitted to share the confidence of our inmost affections. They have a sacredness, a delicacy, an individuality which makes us shrink from exposing them even to friendly observation :

"Not easily forgiven
Are those, who, setting wide the doors that
bar

The secret bridal-chambers of the heart,
Let in the day."

The poet needed relief when denied sympathy, and therefore he apostrophised Nature, whose silent beauty wins but never betrays. It is worthy of remark that Petrarch was a skeptic in regard to love, as an enduring and deep principle of the human soul, until his own experience converted him so effectually to the faith.

"e quel che in me non era,
Mi pareva un miracolo in altrui."

Many live and die knowing nothing of love except through their intellect. Their ideas on the subject are fanciful, because it has never been revealed by consciousness. Yet it were to question the benignity of God, to believe that an element of our being so operative and subtle, and one that abounds chiefly in the good and the gifted, is of light import or not susceptible of being explained by reason, justified by conscience, and hallowed by religion, and thus made to bear a harvest not only of delight but of virtue. Love, Petrarch maintains, is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good. It is a blessing or a bane, a weakness or a strength, a fearful or a glorious experience, according to the soul in which it is engendered. Let us endeavor to define its action and vindicate its worth, as set forth in the Sonnets of Petrarch.

All noble beings live in their affections. While this important fact has been ever illustrated by poets, it is seldom fully recognized in moral systems or popular theology. Yet, if we would truly discern the free, genuine elements of character, the history of the heart affords the only authentic ground of judgment. Love has been, and is, so mightily abused, that in the view of superficial reasoners it becomes identified rather with feebleness than strength. Yet, in point of fact, its highest significance can alone be realized by natures of singular depth and exaltation. To the unpurged soul, instead of a pastime it is a discipline. Once elevated from a blind instinct to a conscious principle, it is the mighty tide which sways all that is solemn and eternal in life. To love, in one sense, is, indeed, little more than an animal necessity ; but to love nobly, profoundly—to love, as Ma-

dame de Stael expresses it, "at once with the mind and with the heart," to dedicate to another mature sympathies, is the noblest function of a human being. The fever of passion, the ignoble motives, the casual impulses which belong to our nature, blend, it is true, with the exercise of all affection, but love, in its deepest and genuine import, is the highest and most profound interest of existence. This is a truth but imperfectly understood; but there are few spirits so utterly bereft of celestial affinities as not to respond more or less cordially, to every sincere appeal to a capacity so divine. All the folly of vain imaginations, all the coarseness of vulgar sensuality, all the scorn of mental hardihood, while they profane the name, can never violate the sacred realities of love. There have been, and there ever will be earnest and uncompromising hearts, who bravely vindicate a faith too native and actuating ever to be eradicated. Such natures can only realize themselves through love, and in proportion to their integrity will be their consciousness of the glory of this attribute. They intuitively anticipate its pervading influence upon their character and happiness. They feel that within it lies the vital points of their destiny, and through it their access to truth. The world may long present but glimpses of what they ever watch to descry. Life may seem barren of a good never absent from their inward sense. At times, from very weariness, they may be half inclined to believe that the love for which they pray, is but a poetic invention, having no actual type. Witnessing so much apparent renunciation, they may, at last, regard themselves as vain dreamers, and look back, with bitter regret upon years of self-delusion. But the great want, the haunting vision, the prophetic need, assert themselves still; and when, through self-denial and fervent trust, the dawn glimmers upon their souls, the lonely vigil and restless fears of the night are forgotten in "a peace which the world can neither give nor take away." To some minds it may appear sacrilegious thus to identify love with religion, but the sentiments rightly understood, are too intimately allied to be easily divided. It is through the outward universe that natural theology points us to a Supreme Intelligence; and it is through the creature that spirits of lofty mould most nearly approach the Creator. Coleridge describes love as the absorption of self in

an idea dearer than self. This is doubtless the only process by which the problem of human life is solved to exalted natures. It is in vain that you bid them find content, either in the pleasures of sense or the abstractions of wisdom, however keen their perceptions, or ardent their passions. They know themselves born to find completion through another. A subtle and pleading expectancy foretells the advent of a Messiah. They seek not, but wait. It is no romantic vision, no extravagant desire, but a clear and deep conviction that speaks in their bosoms. This is the germ of the sweetest flower that shall adorn their being; this is their innate pledge of immortality, and ceaselessly invokes them to self-respect and glory.

There is something essentially shallow in the play of character, until deep feeling gives it shape and intensity. The office of love is to induce a strong and permanent motive, and it is this process which concentrates all the faculties of the soul. Hence the satisfaction which follows;—a condition wholly different from what was previously regarded as enjoyment. Through vanity and the senses, partial delight may have been obtained; but it was a graft upon, rather than a product of the heart. The blessedness of true love springs from the soul itself, and is felt to be its legitimate and holiest fruit. Thus, and thus alone, is human nature richly developed, and the best interests of life wisely embraced. Shadows give way to substance, vague wishes to permanent aims, indifferent moods to endearing associations, and vain desire to a "hope full of immortality." Man is for the first time revealed to himself, and absolutely known to another; for entire sympathy, not friendly observation, is the key to our individual natures; and when this has fairly opened the sacred portal, we are alone no more forever!

Petrarch affords a good illustration of this subject, because he has bequeathed a record of his experience, which fame has rendered classical. In him, as in every one, the influence of the sentiment was modified by particular traits of character. It is not requisite that we regard him as the most unexceptionable example of a lover, in order to avail ourselves of the autobiography of the heart which he left behind him. It is enough to acknowledge the fact that his career was mainly swayed by a feeling which, in most men, exerts but a temporary and casual agency;

and that the most genial outpourings of his soul have exclusive reference to its phases. It is not pretended that he is faultless; but the good taste of ages has hallowed his effusions, and, on this account, they furnish an authoritative exposition. In order to estimate aright these revelations, let us glance at their author as a man.

He was, then, in relation to society, one of the most important personages of his time. With many his name is merely associated with the idle dreams of a minstrel, and his existence is recalled as that of an imaginative devotee, who lived chiefly to indulge his private tastes. That the case was far otherwise is indisputable. Few prominent men of that era so richly deserve the title of patriot. His love of country was fervent and wise, and his efforts in her behalf unremitted. The frequent and momentous political embassies to which he was appointed, and the cheerful zeal with which they were fulfilled, is proof enough of his political talent and noble enterprise. The high consideration he enjoyed, both with princes and people, his steady friendship with individuals of high rank and influence, the interest he manifested in Rienzi's unsuccessful efforts to restore Italy to freedom, his voluminous correspondence on questions relating to the public weal, evince, among other facts, that he enacted no useless or ignoble part on the world's broad arena. Nor is this all. If Petrarch excelled the mass of every age in the refinement and earnestness of his affections, he was also far beyond his own in knowledge and liberality. We can trace in his writings the slumbering embers of the flame afterwards kindled by Luther, and the same devotion to liberty, which in the progress of time, found scope and realization on this continent. The great principles of free government and religious inquiry, that in our day have become actual experiments, are discoverable in the ardent speculations and elevated desires of the bard of Laura. He was the uncompromising advocate of civil and ecclesiastical reform, and threw all the weight of his literary reputation into the scale of progress. This end he promoted more signally by learned researches and the circulation of ancient manuscripts, so as to become identified with the revival of letters. These objects were methodically pursued throughout his life. They formed no small portion of that external activity, which is so often wasted upon selfish

objects, and this is in itself sufficient gloriously to vindicate his life from the charge of inutility.

In estimating his moral traits, it should be remembered that the sunshine of fame made him conspicuous, and subjected his behavior to a keener scrutiny than is the lot of the obscure. We may safely deem the judgment of cotemporaries critical and searching, especially as it is the usual fate of superior gifts to attract a large share of envy as well as admiration. The biographers of Petrarch have gleaned but two authentic charges, which can, even in the view of more recent and enlightened moralists, sully the pervading brightness of his character. He was the father of two illegitimate children—for whose temporal and spiritual welfare he amply provided. Such a fact, in those times, was not only regarded as venial from the license of manners that prevailed, but considered especially excusable in churchmen, on account of their obligation to celibacy. All testimonies concur in representing his habitual course as remarkably exemplary, and the disgust and indignation he evidently feels at the dissolute manners of the papal court, as well as long years of pure and devoted love and studious retirement, assure us that Petrarch's soul was far above the baseness of habitual dissipation. He may have lapsed from strict virtue, but he never lost for her either his allegiance or sympathy. In an age famous for libertinism and courtly adulation, he preserved to an extraordinary degree, his self-respect and purity of heart. His native instincts rendered the pursuit of wisdom, communion with the great and good of past times, the society of the learned and gifted, and the study of nature infinitely more attractive than any less ennobling pleasures. Compared with those around him, his example was worthy of all praise, and a sincere vein of conscientious sensibility and repentant musing, mingles with and lends pathos and dignity to his strains of love. The other charge which has been preferred against him is vanity. This, however, seems from his own confession and the opinion of others, to have been a youthful weakness, chiefly manifested by a fondness for dress, which disappeared as soon as his mind and heart became interested. He is described as quite indifferent to wealth, and of a singularly reserved and meek demeanor. He was by nature and habit a severe student, and delighted to meditate in the open air,

and alternately lead the life of a recluse and a traveler, filling his mind with knowledge and reflection, and his heart with thoughts of love and piety.

Such was the man who on the morning of Good Friday, at the church of Santa Clara at Avignon, met Laura; their eyes encountered, and from that moment the destiny of his affections was sealed. The very idea suggested by this fact,—that of love at first sight, doubtless appears to the majority of readers, particularly those of northern origin, a piece of absurd romance. Yet, let us endeavor to regard it calmly and thoughtfully, and discover if there be no actual foundation for such an experience. Truthful human beings, whom the world has not perverted, express in their looks and manners, their genuine souls. Where there is depth of feeling, and pride of character, this natural language is still more direct and impressive. Such individuals, indeed, habitually conceal their moods and sentiments under a veil of passionless reserve, or animal gayety; and when this is drawn aside, their tones and features only speak with more eloquent significance from the previous restraint. No medium is more true and earnest in thus conveying the heart's language than the eye. The cold and worldly may have deadened its beams by selfishness and cunning, and the sensualist can only summon thither an earthly and base fire; but they of child-like frankness and undimmed enthusiasm, may utter by a glance more than words could unfold. It is then not a mere vagary of imagination, but a rational and perfectly credible thing, that the meeting of the eyes of two candid, noble beings should reveal them essentially to each other; and such, we doubt not, was the case with Petrarch and Laura. A very important principle is involved in such an incident. It proves that Love, in its highest sense, is properly *Recognition*. Any man of winning address and knowledge of the world, may by appeals to the passions, the interests or the unappropriated tenderness of a guileless, confiding woman, win her to himself. But let him not imagine that such an outrage to the majesty of Love, will secure to him its richest fruits. His pride may be gratified by the dependence of a fair and gentle being, and her endearments may afford a delightful solace in his listless hours. Over her person, her time, her actions, he may exercise a permanent control. If she be infirm of

purpose, she may become a domestic slave, the creature, or, at least, the honored pet of her liege lord. The mass of women may, and probably do not feel conscious that their dearest rights have been thus invaded; and men, in general, doubtless think that their disinterestedness is sufficiently indicated by providing all the external sources of comfort for the objects of their choice. There is but a limited degree of conscious wrong on either side. When no deep affections, no intense sympathies crave gratification, society gains much, and the individual loses nothing by conventional alliances. But in questions of this nature, it must be ever remembered, that there are here and there, scattered among the multitude of human beings, souls that do not slumber, hearts that have burst the chrysalis of vegetative life, and feel the tides of individual desires, hopes, and aspirations fearfully sway their pulses. Sacred are the pure instincts, holy before God, if not before man, the spiritual necessities of such as these. If self-knowledge has come too late, if their outward fate is sealed before their inward wants have been revealed to their own consciousness, then to religion and self-control must they look to enable them to fulfil the letter of the bond. Yet, in so doing, if they possess any true depth of character, they will never compromise their highest privilege; they will never profane the sentiment of love by hypocrisy; they will recognize and rejoice in their ideal when once encountered. In the solemn privacy of their bosoms, will be cherished the being to whom their hearts went instinctively forth. For the sake of this pure and deep sentiment, they will be faithful to outward duty, calm and trusting, and maintain self-respect and hope unstained. Tennyson has drawn a portrait bitterly true to experience, of the influence of uncongenial bonds upon a large class of women, in "Locksley Hall." But all of the sex are not the mere passive victims of habit and circumstance. A few peerless exceptions really live,—women, who through remarkable spirituality of character, or firm will, united to fine moral perceptions, prove superior to outward fate, and never permit the temple of their hearts to be crossed, save by the one, who, from affinity of soul, is an authorized and welcome guest. There is a grandeur in such vindication of rights, too holy for human law to pro-

teet, but, at the same time, too ennobling and heavenly for virtue to abandon.—

"Patience, quiet, toil, denial,—

These though hard, are good for man;
And the martyred spirit's trial
Gains it more than passion can."

It is on these principles that we account for the conduct of Laura—a subject of endless discussion among the critics of Petrarch. The idea, that his love was wholly unreciprocated, is contradicted by the very nature of things. The truth is, a degree of mutual sentiment is absolutely necessary to keep affection alive for a great length of time. It is true we hear of instances that seem, at a superficial view, to justify a different conclusion; but, generally speaking, the martyrs to such vain devotion at last discover that their passion originated in the imagination, not the heart. There are evidences enough in the Sonnets of Petrarch, that his love was returned; and we can scarcely conceive that a feeling of this kind, toward such a man, if once excited, should be lukewarm or ill-defined. He speaks of Laura's "amoroso sguardo," (loving glance) and of her turning pale at hearing of his intended absence. The very complaints he breathes of her pride, coldness, and reserve, betray a consciousness, on her part, more gratifying as proofs of interest, from such a woman, than the sweetest blandishments of the less sustained and magnanimous of the sex. It is probable that the conscientious behavior of her husband, gave Laura no just ground for breaking a contract into which she had voluntarily, though perhaps blindly, entered. Her children, too, had claims which were paramount and sacred. Being, as her lover describes her, of a high nature, with a clear sense of right, and a rare degree of self-control, she regulated her conduct by the strictest law of propriety. She was too generous to follow out her inclinations, even if she felt them perfectly justifiable, at the expense of others. But while in outward act she was thus scrupulous, how easy it is for us to imagine the inner life of her heart! There she was free. The world's cold maxims had no authority within her innocent bosom. She could brood with the tenderest devotion in her hours of solitude, over the gifts and graces of her lover. She could cherish every token of his regard. In society, in her walks, wherever they met, she

was at liberty for the time, to realize in her soul, that he was her spirit's mate, the chosen, the beloved, the one in whose presence she alone found content; whose love was the richest flower in her life's chaplet, and the dearest hope that reconciled her to death. In this and a world of similar emotions, there was no infidelity. From the hour she knew, by experience, the meaning of Love, it is impossible, with a conscience so delicate, she could have ever professed it for her husband. Her obligations to him were those of duty, and, as far as he deserved it, respect. Perhaps he never made a claim upon her sentiment; perhaps he had not the soul to know its meaning. And here let us notice a beautiful trait of what many deem a weak passion, when it is awakened in superior natures. The very characteristics which induced Laura to preserve her decorum and to fulfil her duties—and which her lover often deemed cold and unkind—were those that won and kept his heart. Such a man would have wearied of a weak woman, living only in herself. His nature was too lofty to take advantage of feebleness. The same aspiring spirit that made him a patriot and a bard, exalted his character as a lover. Even in his affections he revered the divine principles of truth and equality. His chosen was a woman who understood herself, who had an intelligent, not a slavish need of him; who, in the frank nobleness of womanhood, was his genial friend, whose pure and strong heart spontaneously responded unto his. Some of his most common allusions to her personal traits, and points of character, enable us readily to infer the nature of the charm that won and kept the poet's heart. He says, "*non era l'andar cosa mortale*," (her movements were not mortal.) How much this expresses to the mind of one aware of the moral significance of a woman's air and gait! *L'angelica sembianza umile e piana*; (her angelic semblance meek and affable,) combined with *Il lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*, (the flash of her heavenly smile,) give the most vivid idea of that union of ardor of soul with lofty principle, which is the perfection of the sex. Such phrases as *l'umilità superba*, (proud humility), *il bel tacere*, (beautiful silence), *dolci sdegni* (sweet disdain), *in aspetto pensoso anima lieta*, (a glad soul beneath a thoughtful aspect,) *l'atto che parla con silenzio*, (the act which speaks silently,)

in alto intelletto un puro cuore, (a pure heart blended with a high mind)—all convey the image of a woman endowed with fine perception, child-like tenderness, and moral courage—a union of qualities eminently fitted to create not merely love, but a love partaking of reverence, such a love as justifies itself, and cannot but produce, not only mutual delight, but mutual goodness.

If Laura had been less of a character, she could not have so long and deeply interested Petrarch; and if he had been equally self-sustained, she would have been more indulgent. The habits of the age, the presence of a licentious court, and the personal fame of her lover, threw more than ordinary impediments in the way of their intimate association, and rendered prudence singularly necessary. These causes sufficiently explain the behavior of Laura, who, as one of her biographers remarks, "always seems to think that modesty and her own esteem are the most beautiful ornaments of a woman." It is evident that she preserved composure because his temperament was so excitable; and through all the years of their attachment, it was her legitimate part continually to watch over the citadel of love, which his impatience would otherwise have betrayed. She was serene, modest, and self-possessed; he, variable and impassioned. Hence they loved. Each supplied the deficient elements of character to the other; and found a secret and intimate joy, of which the voluptuary or worldly-wise never dream, in thus realizing the purest depths and sweetest capacities of their natures.

The ennobling influence of Petrarch's attachment is variously manifested. It raised him above the thralldom of sensuality,—

*Da lei ti vien l'amoroso pensiero
Che, mentre 'l segui al sommo Ben t'invia,
Poco prezzando quel ch'ogni uom desia.*

(From thee comes the loving thought, following which, I am led to the supreme good, little prizing that which all men desire.)

It confirmed his faith in immortality. After Laua's death, he assures us that he lived only to praise her. To this event he alludes with beautiful pathos:

*Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi, apersi.
(When she seemed to close her eyes, they opened.)*

Then the vanity of the world became a thing of solemn conviction, and he

turned to God with a singleness of faith never before experienced. It was his only comfort to imagine her in heaven; and his great hope there to be reunited. He lived upon the memory of her graces, and was encouraged by her angel visits. He speaks of her, even while living, as associated with the idea of death:

*Chiamando Morte e lei sola per nome.
(Calling thee and death by one name.)*

This is true to the passion in its exalted form. There is no range infinite enough for deep sentiment but one which includes the perspective of a boundless future. Hence the melancholy of all great emotion. "Mio bene" (my good) is a simple but significant epithet which the poet habitually applies to the object of his affections; and

*Pace tranquilla, senza alcun affano,
(Tranquil peace, without a single sigh,)*
is the state of feeling that he declares is induced merely by her glance. He blesses the day, the month, the year, the season, the moment, the country, and the very spot of their first meeting:

*Benedetto sia 'l giorno e'l mese l'anno
E la stagione e'l tempo e l'ora e l' punto
E 'l bel paese e'l loco ov'io fui giunto
Da duo begli occhi che legato m'hanno.*

He recognizes this o'ermastering sentiment as at once the highest blessing and the great discipline of his life; and speaks of Love as his adversary as well as his delight.

*Sempre convien che combattendo vivo.
(It is necessary that I always live fighting.)*

He is painfully sensible of the chains he wears, but feels such captivity superior to freedom:

*Il giogo e le catene e i ceppi
Eran piu dolce che 'l andar sciolto.
(The yoke, the chains, and the bonds were more sweet than to go free.)*

In a word, all that is permanently beautiful in the harvest of his existence, he ascribes to his love:

*Onde s'alcun bel frutto
Nasce di me, da voi vien prima il seme,
Io per me son quasi un terreno asciutto
Culto da voi; et 'l pregio e' vostro in tutto.*

(Hence, if any beautiful fruit grows in me, from thee came its seed. Of myself, I am, as it were, a barren soil, cultivated by thee, and all the product is thine.)

Petrarch's constancy has been a sub-

ject of astonishment to those whose vivacity of feeling is infinitely greater than its depth. To such it is not love that the heart requires, so much as excitement. They have only a French perception of sentiment, and *amour du cœur* is the flip-pant term that best describes their idea of the part which the affections occupy in the scheme of happiness. A temporary indulgence of amatory feeling resorted to like equestrian exercises, or a cup of coffee, as an agreeable stimulant, an antidote for *ennui*, an available method of producing a sensation, to stir the vapid atmosphere of routine—such is love to those who marvel at constancy. Let them not take the holy name on their lips, at least, not the honest English word, but make use of the Gallic synonyme—a term equally applicable to the experiences of the libertine and the fop. To a true human heart, there is no sadder necessity in life than that of inconstancy; for to such a one it can be occasioned but by one cause—the discovery of unworthiness. Has life a more bitter cup than this? Time may dissipate one illusion after another, but yet the good and brave can look on calmly and hopefully, assured that

“Better than the seen lies hid.”

But let distrust of the truth, the nobleness, the loyalty, the affection, the high and earnest qualities of a beloved being, once enter the soul, and a withering blight falls on its purest energies. Imagination may deceive, circumstances overpower judgment, false blandishments captivate the senses, but the heart of the noble and ardent goes not permanently forth except to qualities kindred to itself. Around these, as embodied in and associated with a fair and attractive being, the sympathies entwine, and only the canker-worm of depravity can sever their tendrils. Repose is the natural state of the affections. Time deepens all true love. Its joys are richer as, day by day, mutual revelations open vistas of character before unknown. The very good sought in affection is permanence—the essential idea is to secure one congenial object of enduring delight, to which in despondency the heart can revert for consolation, in pleasure, for sympathy. It is to have the blissful consciousness amid every day scenes of barren toil or heartless mirth, that we are independent of the crowd, and “have bread to eat which they know not of.” Enforced constancy

is indeed no virtue. When there is not a lasting basis for love, for truth's sake, let it die out. No hot-bed means can nourish the richest flower of earth; better that it should perish than have no original vitality. Yet, the lover is untrue to his vocation, if, when his best feelings are elicited and reciprocated, when his yearning heart has found its twin, his weary head the bosom that is the pillow of its happy repose, his overflowing tenderness the being who drinks in new life and profound content from his nurture—if, when these high and exacting conditions are satisfied, he do not *will* with all the energy of his moral nature, to avoid every temptation, even to casual infidelity. To the high and warm soul, there is no bond on earth like that of sentiment. And why? It is the free choice, the unshackled desire, the spontaneous self-dedication. The absence of outward chains only makes the inward consecration more absolute, even as the dictate of honor is more imperative with a high-toned man than all the authority of law or custom. Indeed we suggest one undeniable fact to the scoffers at human nature—to those who believe not in its infinite capacities and divine instincts, and account for all its phenomena on material principles—and that is, that sentiment controls passion. When a human being of the strongest animal propensities, loves, (that is, becomes intensely conscious of thorough sympathy with, and peculiar devotion for another,) the body itself acquires a sacredness. It is regarded as the shrine of a hallowing affection, which the touch of an alien would desecrate. It is sentiment only that raises human appetites above those of the brute; and to the unperverted, the only real pleasures of sense are those in which the soul intimately blends. Yet, another rational inducement to constancy obtains. Hemmed in by external obligations from infancy, with social laws forever checking our personal action, and forcing the stream of natural feeling into formal channels, it is a glory and a joy, peculiar and almost supernal, to have one altar reared by our own hands, one worship sacred to us alone, one secret fountain which our instinct has discovered in the wilderness of life, where we drink those sweet waters that alone can allay the thirst of the heart. Whoever sees any intrinsic difficulty in constant affection, or abandons any true sentiment, except from the unfitness of its

object, is not only ignorant of love, but independent of it. The heart that has really felt privation alone will appreciate abundance; and can no more fail to maintain and cherish the greatest blessing of existence, when once it is absolutely realized, than the stars can renounce their orbits.

Petrarch was true to Love, and developed its elements more richly through solitude. It is evident that his various journeyings and political embassies, as well as his literary and social activity, were occasioned by a sense of duty, and the healthful claims of his mental powers for scope and enterprise, rather than by ambition or any personal views. The reason devotedness and consistency are so rare in the world, is that people usually choose to dissipate instead of concentrating their feelings. Amusement is the very food of being to the majority of those who are not compelled by necessity to daily toil. To triumph in the circles of fashion, skim good-naturedly along the surface of existence, think as little as possible, and avoid all self-communion and earnestness of aim, is the philosophy of life to the multitude. Some adopt this course because they actually do not feel the need of any thing deeper or more sincere; their natures are essentially shallow and capricious, and their joys and sufferings alike superficial. But others, and, alas, how many capable of better things! are, as it were, driven from their true position by circumstances. They feel themselves above the ephemeral pleasures of society, and in point of fact realize no satisfaction in the indulgence of minor tastes and light emotions. They have profound sympathies and magnanimous hearts. Sometimes the poet's word or the orator's appeal, a breeze of spring, an outbreak of genuine sentiment in another—some gleam or echo from a true soul—touches the latent chords in their bosoms. They become, for a moment, conscious of the real ends of their being. Actual life seems mean and shadowy. They have glimpses of reality, and perhaps retire to their chambers to weep and pray. At such times comes the vision of Love.

Then it is seen how blest and happy is the heart that is absorbed in a worthy object, and lives wholly in its affections. It is by communion with itself that love grows strong. The process of adaptation which is so familiar to women, gradually robs feeling of all depth and intensity. If very elevated in tone of mind or very energetic in purpose, their freshness of heart may indeed survive long habits of this kind. We sometimes encounter, even in the circles of gay life, a woman who has been idolized for years as beautiful or accomplished, who has long borne the name both of wife and mother; but in her whole person, in the depths of her eyes, in the more earnest tones of her voice, we recognize a virgin soul. Such beings have been kept from perversion by strength of will, clear perception of right or rare purity of mind; but one good has been denied them, one destiny they have as yet failed to achieve—their hearts are undeveloped. The legitimate object of their affections has not appeared. The richest phase of their existence has not dawned. They have known marriage, admiration, conquest—but not love. Thus we feel it to have been with Laura when she met the poet. But few thus preserve their sympathies. It is characteristic of those who truly love, to seek in meditation nurture for their sentiment. Only by reflection can we realize any great emotion; and it is by thought that feeling shapes itself into permanent and well defined vigor. The devotion of a man of meditative pursuits, other things being equal, is therefore infinitely more real and pervading than his whose heart is divided by schemes of fame or gain, and rendered frivolous by common-place associations. Accordingly Petrarch nourished his passion by musing. As to all true lovers, other interests were wholly secondary and external to him, compared with the prevailing feeling of his heart. To enjoy, ay, and to suffer this—it was requisite to be alone, and the name of Vancluse is forever associated with vigils of the love, which found such enduring and graceful expression in his poetry.

OLD.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone
 Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
 Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
 All the landscape like a page perusing;
 Poor, unknown,—
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
 Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
 Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
 Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding,
 There he sat!
 Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
 No one sympathising, no one heeding,
 None to love him for his thin grey hair,
 And the furrows all so mutely pleading,
 Age, and care :
 Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
 Dapper country lads, and little maidens,
 Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"—
 Its grave import still my fancy ladens,—
 "HERE'S A FOOL!"
 It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
 Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,
 I remember well,—too well!—that day,—
 Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,—
 Would not stay!
 When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—
 Ah! to me her name was always heaven!—
 She besought him all his grief to tell,—
 (I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
 ISABEL!

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he, sadly, I am old;
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
 Yet, why sit I here thou shalt be told,—
 Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow,—
 Down it rolled!—
 Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!

I have tottered here to look once more
 On the pleasant scene where I delighted
 In the careless, happy days of yore,
 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted :—
 To the core!
 I have tottered here to look once more!

All the picture now to me how dear!

Even this grey old rock where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth my journey here;—

Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!

All the picture now to me how dear!

Old stone School-House!—it is still the same!

There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game;

Old stone School-House!—it is still the same!

In the cottage, yonder, I was born;—

Long my happy home—that humble dwelling;—
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling;
Ah, Forlorn!—

In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gate-way sycamores you see,
Then were planted, just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;—
Ninety-three!

Those two gate-way sycamores you see!

There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!

There's the orchard where we used to climb!

There, the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails,
Round the pasture where the cows were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising,—
Traps and trails,—
There, the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing,—
MARY JANE!

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table;—
Taken wing!—

There's the gate on which I used to swing!

I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it Jane and I were straying:—
She is dead!

I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled!

Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
 Tracing silently life's changeable story—
 So familiar to my dim old eye,
 Points me to seven that are now in glory
 There on high !
 Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky !

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
 Guided thither by an angel mother ;
 Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,—
 Sire and sisters, and my little brother—
 Gone to God !
 Oft the aisle of that old church we trod !

There my Mary blest me with her hand,
 When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
 Ere we wandered to that distant land—
 Now, alas ! her gentle bosom pressing ;—
 There I stand !
 There my Mary blest me with her hand !

Angel, said he sadly, I am old !
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow ;—
 Now, why sit I here thou hast been told :—
 In his eye another pearl of sorrow,—
 Down it rolled !
 Angel, said he, sadly, I am old !

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
 Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;
 Still I marked him, sitting there alone,
 All the landscape, like a page, perusing ;
 Poor, unknown,
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone !

THE BOY-LOVER.

LISTEN, and the old will speak a chronicle for the ears of the young ! It is a brave thing to call up the memory of fires long burnt out—at least we withered folk believe so—and delight so to act.

Ah, youth ! thou art one day coming to be old, too ! And let me tell thee how thou mayest get a useful lesson. For an hour, *dream thyself old*. Realize, in thy thoughts and consciousness, that vigor and strength are subdued in thy sinews—that the color of the shroud is likened in thy very hairs—that all those leaping desires, luxurious hopes, beautiful aspirations, and proud confidences, of thy younger life, have long been buried, (a funeral for the better part of thee) in that grave which must soon close over thy tottering limbs. Look back, then, over the long track of the past years. How

has it been with thee ? Are there bright beacons of happiness enjoyed, and of good done by the way ? Glimmer gentle rays of what was scattered from a holy heart ? Have benevolence, and love, and undeviating honesty left tokens on which thy eyes can rest sweetly ? Is it well with thee, thus ? Answerest thou, It is ? Or answerest thou, I see nothing but gloom and shattered hours, and the wreck of good resolves, and a broken heart, filled with sickness, and troubled among its ruined chambers, with the phantoms of many follies ?

O, youth ! youth ! this dream will one day be a *reality*—a reality, either of heavenly peace, or agonizing sorrow.

And yet not for all is it decreed to attain the neighborhood of the three-score and ten years—the span of human life.

I am to speak of one who died young. Very awkward was his childhood!—but most fragile and sensitive! So delicate a nature may exist in a rough, unnoticed plant! Let the boy rest;—he was not beautiful, and drooped away betimes. But for the cause—it is a singular story, to which let crusted worldlings pay the tribute of a light laugh—light and empty as their own hollow hearts.

The sway of love over the mind—though the old subject of flippant remarks from those who are too coarse to appreciate its delicate ascendancy—is a strange and beautiful thing. And in your dream of age, young man, which I have charged you to dream, sad and desolate will that trodden path appear, over which have not been shed the rose tints of this Light of Life.

Love! the mighty passion which, ever since the world began, has been conquering the great, and subduing the humble—bending princes, and mighty warriors, and the famous men of all nations, to the ground before it. Love! the delirious hope of youth, and the fond memory of old age. Love! which, with its canker-seed of decay within, has sent young men and maidens to a longed-for, but too premature burial. Love! the child-monarch that Death itself cannot conquer; that has its tokens on slabs at the head of grass-covered tombs—tokens more visible to the eye of the stranger, yet not so deeply graven as the face and the remembrances cut upon the heart of the living. Love! the sweet, the pure, the innocent; yet the causer of fierce hate, of wishes for deadly revenge, of bloody deeds, and madness, and the horrors of hell. Love! that wanders over battle-fields, turning up mangled human trunks, and parting back the hair from gory faces, and daring the points of swords and the thunder of artillery, without a fear or a thought of danger.

Words! words! I begin to see I am, indeed, an old man, and garrulous! Let me go back—yes, I see it must be many years!

It was at the close of the last century. I was at that time studying law, the profession my father followed. One of his clients, was a widow, an elderly Swiss woman, who kept a little ale-house, on the banks of the North River, at about two miles from what is now the centre of the city. Then, the spot was quite out of town, and surrounded by fields and green trees. The widow often in-

vited me to come out and pay her a visit, when I had a leisure afternoon—including also in the invitation, my brother, and two other students who were in my father's office. Matthew, the brother I mention, was a boy of sixteen; he was troubled with an inward illness—though it had no power over his temper, which ever retained the most admirable placidity and gentleness. He was cheerful, but never boisterous, and every body loved him; his mind seemed more developed than is usual for his age, though his personal appearance was exceedingly plain. Wheaton and Brown, the names of the other students, were spirited, clever young fellows, with most of the traits that those in their position of life generally possess. The first was as generous and brave as any man I ever knew. He was very passionate, too, but the whirlwind soon blew over, and left everything quiet again. Frank Brown was slim, graceful and handsome. He professed to be fond of sentiment, and used to fall regularly in love once a month.

The half of every Wednesday we four youths had to ourselves, and were in the habit of taking a sail, a ride, or a walk together. One of these afternoons, of a pleasant day in April, the sun shining and the air clear, I bethought myself of the widow and her beer—about which latter article I had made inquiries, and heard it spoken of in terms of high commendation. I mentioned the matter to Matthew and to my fellow-students, and we agreed to fill up our holiday by a jaunt to the ale-house. Accordingly, we set forth, and, after a fine walk, arrived in glorious spirits, at our destination.

Ah! how shall I describe the quiet beauties of the spot, with its long low piazza looking out upon the river, and its clean homely tables, and the tankards of real silver in which the ale was given us, and the flavor of that excellent liquor itself. There was the widow; and there was a sober, stately old woman, half companion, half servant, Margery by name; and there was (good God! my fingers quiver yet as I write the word!) young Ninon, the daughter of the widow.

O, through the years that live no more, my memory strays back, and that whole scene comes up before me once again—and the brightest part of the picture is the strange ethereal beauty of that young girl! She was apparently about the age of my brother Matthew, and the most fascinating, artless creature I had ever

beheld. She had blue eyes, and light hair, and an expression of childish simplicity, which was charming to behold. I have no doubt that ere half an hour had elapsed from the time we entered the tavern, and saw Ninon, every one of the four of us loved the girl to the very depth of passion.

We neither spent so much money, nor drank as much beer, as we had intended before starting from home. The widow was very civil, being pleased to see us, and Margery served our wants with a deal of politeness—but it was to Ninon that the afternoon's pleasure was attributable; for though we were strangers, we became acquainted at once—the manners of the girl, merry as she was, putting entirely out of view the most distant imputation of indecorum—and the presence of the widow and Margery, (for we were all in the common room together, there being no other company,) serving to make us all disembarassed and at ease.

It was not until quite a while after sunset, that we started on our return to the city. We made several attempts to revive the mirth and lively talk that usually signalized our rambles, but they seemed forced and discordant, like laughter in a sick room. My brother was the only one who preserved his usual tenor of temper and conduct.

I need hardly say that thenceforward every Wednesday afternoon was spent at the widow's tavern. Strangely, neither Matthew, or my two friends, or myself, spoke to each other, of the sentiment that filled us, in reference to Ninon. Yet we all knew the thoughts and feelings of the others; and each, perhaps, felt confident that his love alone was unsuspected by his companions.

The story of the widow was a touching yet simple one. She was by birth a Swiss. In one of the cantons of her native land, she had grown up, and married, and lived for a time in happy comfort. A son was born to her, and a daughter, the beautiful Ninon. By some reverse of fortune, the father and head of the family had the greater portion of his possessions swept from him. He struggled for a time against the evil influence, but it pressed upon him harder and harder. He had heard of a people in the western world—a new and swarming land—where the stranger was welcomed, and peace and the protection of the strong arm thrown around him. He had not heart to stay and struggle amid the scenes of his former

prosperity, and he determined to go and make his home in that distant republic of the west. So with his wife and children, and the proceeds of what little property was left, he took passage for New York. He was never to reach his journey's end. Either the cares that weighed upon his mind, or some other cause consigned him to a sick hammock, from which he only found relief through the Great Dismissal. He was buried in the sea; and in due time, his family arrived at the American emporium. But there, the son, too, sickened—died, ere long, and was buried likewise. They would not bury him in the city, but away—by the solitary banks of the Hudson; on which the widow soon afterwards took up her abode, near by him.

Ninon was too young to feel much grief at these sad occurrences; and the mother, whatever she might have suffered inwardly, had a good deal of phlegm and patience, and set about making herself and her remaining child as comfortable as might be. They had still a respectable sum in cash, and after due deliberation, the widow purchased the little quiet tavern, not far from the grave of her boy; and of Sundays and holidays she took in considerable money—enough to make a decent support for them in their humble way of living. French and Germans visited the house frequently, and quite a number of young Americans too. Probably the greatest attraction to the latter was the sweet face of Ninon.

Spring passed, and summer crept in and wasted away, and autumn had arrived. Every New Yorker knows what delicious weather we have, in these regions, of the early October days; how calm, clear, and divested of sultriness, is the air, and how decently Nature seems preparing for her winter sleep.

Thus it was of the last Wednesday we started on our accustomed excursion.—Six months had elapsed since our first visit, and, as then, we were full of the exuberance of young and joyful hearts. Frequent and hearty were our jokes, by no means particular about the theme or the method, and long and loud the peals of laughter that rang over the fields, or along the shore.

We took our seats round the same clean, white table, and received our favorite beverage in the same bright tankards. They were set before us by the sober Margery, no one else being visible. As frequently happened, we were the

only company. Walking, and breathing the keen fine air, had made us dry, and we soon drained the foaming vessels, and called for more. I remember well an animated chat we had about some poems that had just made their appearance from a great British author, and were creating quite a public stir. There was one, a tale of passion and despair, which Wheaton had read, and of which he gave us a transcript. It seemed a wild, startling, dreamy thing, and perhaps it threw over our minds its peculiar cast.

An hour moved off, and we began to think it strange that neither Ninon or the widow came into the room. One of us gave a hint to that effect to Margery; but she made no answer, and went on in her usual way as before.

"The grim old thing," said Wheaton, "if she were in Spain, they'd make her a *premier duenna*!"

I asked the woman about Ninon and the widow. She seemed disturbed, I thought; but making no reply to the first part of my question, said that her mistress was in another part of the house, and did not wish to be with company.

"Then be kind enough, Mrs. Vinegar," resumed Wheaton good-naturedly, "be kind enough to go and ask the widow if we can see Ninon."

Our attendant's face turned as pale as ashes, and she precipitately left the apartment. We laughed at her agitation, which Frank Brown assigned to our merry ridicule.

Quite a quarter of an hour elapsed before Margery's return. When she appeared, she told us briefly that the widow had bidden her obey our behest, and now, if we desired, she would conduct us to the daughter's presence. There was a singular expression in the woman's eyes, and the whole affair began to strike us as somewhat odd; but we arose, and taking our caps, followed her as she stepped through the door.

Back of the house were some fields, and a path leading into clumps of trees. At some thirty rods distant from the tavern, high one of those clumps, the larger tree whereof was a willow, Margery stopped, and pausing a minute, while we came up, spoke in tones calm and low:

"Ninon is there!"

She pointed downward with her finger. Great God! There was a grave, new-made, and with the sods loosely joined, and a rough brown stone at each ex-

tremity! Some earth yet lay upon the grass near by—and amid the whole scene our eyes took in nothing but that horrible covering of death—the oven-shaped mound! My sight seemed to waver, my head felt dizzy, and a feeling of deadly sickness came over me. I heard a stifled exclamation, and looking round saw Frank Brown leaning against the nearest tree, great sweat upon his forehead, and his cheeks bloodless as chalk.

Wheaton gave way to his agony more fully than ever I had known a man before; he had fallen down upon the grass—sobbing like a child, and wringing his hands. It is impossible to describe that spectacle—the suddenness and fearfulness of the sickening truth that came upon us like a stroke of thunder!

Of all of us, my brother Matthew neither shed tears, or turned pale, or fainted, or exposed any other evidence of inward depth of pain. His quiet pleasant voice was indeed a tone lower, but it was that which recalled us, after the lapse of many long minutes, to ourselves.

So the girl had died and been buried. We were told of an illness that had seized her the very day after our last preceding visit; but we inquired not into the particulars.

And now come I to the conclusion of my story, and to the most singular part of it. The evening of the third day afterward, Wheaton, who had wept scalding tears, and Brown, whose cheeks had recovered their color, and myself, that for an hour thought my heart would never rebound again from the fearful shock—that evening, I say, we three were seated around a table in another tavern, drinking other beer, and laughing but a little less cheerfully, and as though we had never known the widow or her daughter—neither of whom, I venture to affirm, came into our minds once the whole night, or but to be dismissed again, carelessly, like the remembrance of faces seen in a crowd.

Strange are the contradictions of the things of life! The seventh day after that dreadful visit saw my brother Matthew—the delicate one, who, while bold men writhed in torture, had kept the same placid face, and the same untrembling fingers—him that seventh day saw a clay-cold corpse, shrouded in white linen, and carried to the repose of the churchyard. The shaft, rankling far down and within, wrought a poison too great for show, and the youth died.

THOUGHTS ON READING.

For several ages, the three questions most difficult of practical solution seem to have been, what shall I eat? what shall I drink? and, what shall I put on? for man was originally made an eating and drinking being, and, as we all know, he soon fell into a clothes-wearing being. In solving these problems, the energies of men, both physical and spiritual, were drawn out, to some extent, in united, harmonious development. The meeting of their lower wants required the exertion of their higher faculties. The book, out of which they were obliged to read a livelihood, necessitated the birth, and growth, and constant exercise of thought. Fortunately, however, or unfortunately, for a considerable portion of mankind, modern invention has nearly or quite obviated this necessity. By the ingenuity of a few, the elements have been caught and tamed into our service. We have but to produce a little stamped paper, and say to some one or more of the three great natural agents, fire, wind, and water, here, spin me this weed into clothes, or turn me this soil into food—carry me to the other side of creation, or bring the other side of creation to me,—and they forthwith do it; so that little or nothing is now left for our bodies to do, but eat, and sleep, and digest.

The mind, then, being no longer called upon to provide food for the body, has but to keep the body in a condition to masticate and assimilate the food already provided. The three questions, therefore, which were once so hard of solution, are now answered at our hands; and the question, what shall I read? is taking their place. An accurate and adequate solution of this latter question is truly becoming difficult enough. Happily, however, most people, having their taste chiefly in the mouth, and their intellect chiefly in the stomach, and their conscience chiefly in the purse, find the solution of this question, also, abundantly easy. For the lightest and frothiest books of course float at the top, so that most people probably cannot suit themselves better than by shutting their eyes, and taking the first they come at. Being no longer required to act as commissary for the stomach, the mind

has only to dose; and literature, urged on by need, and greed, and vainglory, is busy, turning wind into help for the mind in this arduous labor.

Perhaps the two most prominent features in human nature are, love of sloth and dread of vacancy. These two things, so opposite and seemingly incompatible, the fashionable literature of the day is especially designed and fitted to reconcile. Our most popular books and booklets consist, for most part, of nothing but stimulants for the sensibility and soporifics for the intellect. Doubtless all are aware that our bodies, at certain intervals of time, are capable of certain agreeable sensations. What we most especially need, therefore, is something to help us kill the intervening periods of time. To help us over this difficulty; to ease the pains of vacancy without marring the repose of sloth, literature comes in, and annihilates these intervals of time for us, with its "sweet, oblivious antidotes" of thought. It seems manufactured on purpose to keep ennui away from disturbing the sleep of indolence. Its sovereign grace and glory are, that it can be read and understood in a state of intellectual yawning. Thus does the genius of popular literature, balancing itself on the two wings of frivolity and sentimentality, stand ready in every emergency, to waft our sleeping spirits sweetly and smoothly over from one agreeable sensation to another.

But perhaps the virtues of this literature may be best seen in the social, or rather, gregarious intercourse of its students. Their ideal of sociality seems to be, a Mr. Doublet-and-hose, bowing, and smiling, and rattling his tongue at a Miss Scarf-and-pettycoat. A gentleman who can call the names and tell the additions of those present, describe the costume of the last novel, and, screwing his lips into sentimental shape, ejaculate, Ah, indeed! indeed, Ah! is the very pink of social perfection; people will almost run over each other to touch but the hem of his garment. Fashionable gallantry is little, if anything, but a complimentary flippancy to a pretty face, a fine fortune, a distinguished name, or a fashionable, animated dress. Nay, gentlemen of this

sort often appear to think society better adapted to their wants than reading. These walking digesters, and clothes-frames may sometimes be heard intimating, plainly enough, that they can kill time rather more effectually in the company of ladies, than in the company of books. With their hearts full of themselves, and their heads full of nothing, they may well afford to honor others with such compliments.

In this state of things, a few words on the subject of reading cannot be regarded as out of place. All honest and judicious efforts to remand people to the well-nigh forgotten springs of intellectual life are surely deserving of indulgence, if not of encouragement. How to demean ourselves, and how to select our friends, in the world of thinking and thoughtless, of faithful and faithless beings called books, are no very easy or trifling questions. To these questions, however, we shall now address ourselves to the best of our ability.

Milton nobly says, "A good book is the life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." It is, indeed, a treasury of the inextinguishable light and the inex-pugnable strength of a human soul—the earthly immortality of God's image, human reason. It is the eye, tongue, sword, which some hero and high priest of humanity hath bequeathed to us; a portion of the indestructible patrimony which the Present inherits of the Past. There are none of us so poor, but

"Books are ours,

Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious
far

Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs."

When wearied and disgusted with the vanities and frivolities of the giddy and trifling world; when cheated and wounded in our heart's holiest affections by the hollowness and heartlessness of worldly society; there are none of us but may rejoice to know that

"Books,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good.

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh
and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

In this so hollow, but solid-seeming world, good books are almost the only

friends we can safely trust; the only friends that are such, simply because they have the power to make us wiser, and better, and happier by their society. Books, moreover, we mean genuine books, not mere shams, vanities, and vacua in books' clothing, are about the only friends that will tell us the truth without either flattery or personality; and with whom there is neither variability nor shadow of turning; so that, if they seem different at different times, we may know the change is in ourselves. True it is, such friends

"Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them

The future cannot contradict the past;
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone; the transit made, that shows
The very soul."

Themselves translations from "that infinite, mysterious volume, whose author and writer is God," we may always find in them a supply of what we ought most to desire, and a refuge from what we ought most to fear.

But such books obviously are not the things to dream, or doze, or yawn over. In reading them, if our object be a worthy one, energy and vigilance of faculty are quite indispensable. A thing which we can read and comprehend, lying on our backs, in an intellectual snooze or snore, plainly has no use for us. Such things we call not books, but vacua in book's clothing. To read them, is worse even than a waste of time; for it generates at once the habit of wasting it, and the inability to save it. If a book have anything to be understood, let us read to understand it, and be instructed by it; if it have not, then it is no book, and belongs only to the fire or the paper-mill. If we must dream, let us at least be original about it; let us go to sleep, and dream dreams of our own, and not merely doze, to re-dream the dreams of others.

We are apt, indeed, to prize a book according to the *ease* with which it is read. Scott, says one, is certainly an invaluable author; he gives one so much without any effort. Why, I can read from cover to cover, and understand the whole perfectly, without the slightest labor! Now, if this be not to "damn with faint praise," we should like to know what is. Says another, Coleridge must be an egregious dunce! Why, to save my life, I can't understand him. What, has he no idea of what a book ought to be? Yes, in-

deed, he has ; but he has no idea of writing such a thing as *you* call a book. He wrote to make you wiser, not to make you lazier, or himself richer. That he wrote to make you think, not to divert you from thinking, is the very thing that makes him worth your reading, and the only thing that makes anyone worth your reading. For it is not the idleness with which we read, but the very intensity of labor which our reading calls forth, that does us good. We are benefited not so much by the attainment, as by the earnest pursuit of truth. To think ourselves into error, is far better than to *sleep* ourselves into truth. If the Lord had designed we should be wise and happy without thought, he would have made us brutes, and done with it. The easy picking-up and pocketing of an author's thoughts, is good for nothing but to help us along in intellectual foppery. It is the severe labor of thinking, producing a development or expansion of the faculties, that makes the worth of reading. An author enriches us, not so much by giving us his ideas, as by unfolding in us the same powers that originated them. Reading, in short, if it be truly such, and not a mere impaired mental drowsiness, involves a development of the same activities, and a voluntary reproduction of the same states of mind, of which the author was subject in writing. The divine light reading, which is deified so much, can serve no earthly purpose, but to make us light-headed; the more we take of it, the emptier shall we assuredly become. Flour may indeed be baked and eaten without much labor, but will not grow; and seed-wheat will produce nothing without patient toil and tillage. Knowest thou not, that the bread which thou eatest without the sweat of thy brow, can be no bread to thee? Why, it will turn into poison, and kill you with the gout, or the apoplexy, or some such disease. Would exercise be good for anything unless it exercised us? Most assuredly all good reading is hard work; nay it is good chiefly *because* it is hard, plucking our laziness by the nose, in order to give us health and strength. If an author do anything but revive our old thoughts in a new dress, assuredly we must work to follow him; and if that be all he does, why not let him alone and cultivate a few sprouts of our own? That the literature in question is utterly worthless, is proven by the fact, that it keeps people constantly

eating, without ever feeding them.—While their hunger and thirst of soul remain unsatisfied, they keep crying, give, give, ignorant that they are starving from a defect in the quality, not in the quantity of their food. They ask for bread and literature gives them wind; nevertheless, they down with whatever comes to them, thinking their hunger continues because they have not enough, not because they have mere wind. They may cry, peace, peace, as much as they please; but there is no peace for them, till they have some work. Such, at least, is our hope. He who truly *reads* a few genuine books, a few "books that are books," will spend much of his time in thinking; he who is too lazy to think at all, will probably spend all of his time in reading. We can digest wind much easier than bacon.

But reading without thought, bad as it is, is little if any worse than reading with too much thought. People often defeat their own efforts, by reading to give rather than get instruction. In the words of Goethe, they undertake to oversee an author, before they get to see him. Sterne very naturally wished for a reader who, yielding up the reins of his faculties into the hands of his author, would be content to be pleased, he knew not why and cared not wherefore. A compliance with this wish would no doubt be as beneficial to readers, as satisfactory to authors. For the only good reason for reading an author is, that he knows more of what he is writing about than we do. If an author be truly worth the reading, it will be long enough before we get to see him; and when we get competent to oversee him, it would really seem hardly worth our while to trouble our heads about him. All true books are but spectacles to read nature with; and all true readers employ these, to look *through*, not to look *at*. If we cannot look through them, then they are not spectacles to us, but only gewgaws; and what is the use of playing with them, and looking at them, and criticizing them? Moreover, it is not by speaking this truth or that truth, our truth or your truth, but by simply speaking truth, what is true to him, that a man shames the devil. The devil himself sometimes tells truth; but he does it hypocritically, and therefore is only the more devilish for telling it. It is an author's business to give us his thoughts and feelings, not to reflect our own; to be our teacher, not our looking-glass. The genuineness of his writings consists in their truth to Na-

ture as she appears to him; and should he attempt to look through our eyes, and speak with our tongues, he would do nothing but lie. All those authors and politicians who speak only to please the people, who are always listening to catch the popular breeze, and trying to look through the people's eyes, and make themselves the weathercocks of public opinion, are nothing but literary and political liars. If an author's vision serve to correct or extend our own, let us use it, and trust it, and be thankful for it; if it do not, let us throw it away, and use our own, or seek one that will. Whether he reports truly of things as they appear from his point of view, can be known, only by placing ourselves in the same point; and a disposition to quarrel with him affords presumptive evidence that we are viewing them from another point.

But perhaps a still greater difficulty with many people, in reading, is, a redundancy of conscience. They seem afflicted with a shrinking moral apprehensiveness, which is always multiplying and magnifying the objects of moral censure, and blinding them to every thing but the sources of moral danger. It is as if one, from fear of drowning, should avoid the water until he had learnt to swim. One would really think it were better to be drowned, and done with it, than thus to die of hydrophobia. Now, a good conscience is undoubtedly the brightest jewel in the crown of our humanity; but a good quality and a great quantity of conscience are by no means convertible terms. We have sometimes known, and often heard of people who seemed constantly struggling to become all conscience; and whose moral censures were so abundant, that one had need to transform himself altogether into a pair of moral ears, to keep pace with them. This, then, is what we mean by redundancy of conscience. Consciences have been found so large, and so afflicted with a sort of prurient anxiety to frown, that they were perpetually converting innocent trifles into huge vices, that they might have objects enough to frown upon; and which, in the absence of other objects, would spend whole years in frowning upon abstract ideas. As might be expected, people of such consciences usually think very much of their own virtue. So choice of it are they, indeed, that they seldom go out without wrapping it up in their great conscience-blanket, against the follies and vices they expect

to find. They seem aware, in short, that their virtue is of the more delicate, fragile kind, and very naturally regard a sort of conscience-crust as its only adequate protection from the inclemencies of the moral atmospheres around them. But this is not all. A great conscience naturally values itself, and seeks to be valued chiefly for its abundance, its display; a good conscience does not value itself or seek to be valued at all. Moreover, a very small conscience, if it be of good quality, is plainly enough to cognize and correct one's own faults; but one obviously needs a very large conscience to cognize and correct the faults of all about him. And besides, unless a man be altogether hollow, it must perforce take much more to cover than to line him; an outward conscience, therefore, must be much larger than an inward one. Hence it is, doubtless, that the sort and size, the quality and the quantity of any given conscience, are so generally found to be in inverse proportion to each other.

But seriously: it is a great mistake, to suppose that the growth and health of our virtue are best promoted by encasing it in a conscience-crust. It were surely a poor remedy for a disease or weakness of the lungs, to confine the patient under an exhausted receiver. On the whole, breathing machines may as well be dispensed with, when they get to stopping the breath. One would really think our virtue hardly worth the saving, if "to prevent its taking cold, we must always keep it wrapped up in a great-coat of precaution against the sunshine and the breeze." We had best give it an occasional airing, even though we thereby run a little risk of exposure. A morality without eyes may, indeed, be exempt from the allurements of the eye; but then it must also lose the divine splendors that exist for its vision. Moreover, a disposition to pass moral judgment on every thing we see, is far from indicating a sound and vigorous morality. It rather indicates a species of moral coxcomby, that is always trying to find or make occasions to display itself. To forget, occasionally, that we are moral beings, is, after all, the best proof that we are so. It is far better to strengthen the moral sense by keeping it within its natural sphere, than to waste its energies by multiplying and magnifying its objects. If we expend it too freely on all occasions, perhaps we may not have enough left for occasions that really require it. We once knew a good deacon who, riding home

from meeting one day, encountered a man lying drunk in the road. Upon the man's desiring to get up into the wagon, and ride to some house, the good deacon bawled out, so loud the neighbors might hear him, that he would not defile his wagon with such a creature. We thought the deacon must be a saint, sure enough, then; but we have since compared his conduct with that of a certain rough-voiced old gentleman who, finding a wretched daughter of vice fallen down in the street, forgetting every thing but her present distress, took her up in his arms, carried her into his house, and nursed her into health. Even virtue and vice themselves should not always be contemplated through conscientious eyes; we need to view them not with the conscience only, but with the whole mind and heart; for vice is mean as well as wrong, and virtue is beautiful as well as right; and we may be so engrossed in viewing them simply as right or wrong, as to see no meanness in vice to scorn, and no beauty in virtue to love. But above all, if we would have a good conscience and a pure, we must not think to wear it on the outside for the benefit of others, but keep it within for the benefit of ourselves; and we may be assured, that the more it is worth to ourselves, the less shall we be disposed to show it to others. Let us not imagine, then, that we can transfer it to the outside, and convert it into an outlooking, argus-eyed envelopment, without spoiling it; for it will thereby become mere cloth, and hide our outward, only to betray our inward, nakedness.

Doubtless many of our readers are aware, that in the Greek Mythology, Hercules was the impersonation of moral energy. The fable of his life and adventures is replete with the finest illustration of the growth and development of moral heroism. Perhaps nothing can surpass the truth and beauty of the fiction which represents him as strangling, in his cradle, the serpents that came to destroy him. It is even so with us all. Serpents come to us in our cradles, and we must destroy them there, or be destroyed by them. We should be taught in our youth to fear nothing but doing wrong; to face down evil, not to flee from it; to crush the serpents, not to run from them; and to possess our safety in ourselves, not in our condition. If nothing less than Hercules, the boy, could have strangled serpents in the cradle, nothing less than the strangling of them there

could have made Hercules, the man. The truth is, there is neither safety nor sense in bandaging our eyes and corking our ears, to the shows and persuasions of vice and falsehood. We must be taught to know both good and evil; to meet them both, face to face; to see into, and see through them both; to recognize and cleave to the former in spite of all her severities and self-denials; and to detect and detest the latter, in spite of all her blandishments and captivations. We do not, we cannot become truly virtuous, except by disciplining ourselves into that force, and purity, and perspicacity of soul, in whose presence vice and falsehood lose all their attractions, and sink into impotence and insignificance before the immortal and irresistible beauty of truth and virtue—as the false Florimel, of Spenser's Fairy Queen, faded and vanished into nothing, beside that heavenly Beauty whose form and features she had stolen, to deceive and betray. It is true, we are taught to pray, "lead us not into temptation;" but we are not taught to pray, lead us away from temptation: and it would seem the dictate of common sense, that, if we would learn to swim, it were best neither to shun the water altogether, nor to plunge into the torrent of Niagara. In short, our truest benefactor is, not he who keeps us entirely away from temptation, or keeps temptation entirely away from us; but he who, amid temptation, gives us strength to resist and overcome it. A Shakespeare, who, carrying us through scenes of vice, still keeps our feelings and judgment on the side of virtue, is a far better teacher of morals, than one who, with fastidious precaution, leaves no room for feeling or judgment of any kind whatever.

Of the proper materials of reading, much might be said; far more, indeed, than we have time or strength to say, or our readers have patience or need to hear. On the immense, chaotic wilderness of books, of course, but general remarks can be made; and the defect of such remarks is, that they necessarily leave out of view the wants and capacities of individual minds. As there are many books fit for none, so there are few books fit for all. What will create in one place, may destroy in another; what were a crushing burden to this mind, may be but healthful exercise to that; what were a healthful exercise to that may be but enfeebling indolence to a third; and there

are truly few books that will impart life and strength to all ; for it is alike useless to read what is above and what is below the vigorous exercise of our powers. Some general remarks, however, we will try to give; the choice of particular books, must, of course, be left to individual readers. And with a worthy object in view, and with a firm conviction that "light which leads astray can not be light from heaven," readers may be safely enough left to themselves. Without these, indeed, the most studied and judicious selection would be made in vain.

But there is a preliminary consideration, to which, both for its difficulty and its importance, we would first invite especial attention. It is this: that different books are often the production of different faculties, or different combinations of faculties, and therefore addressed to different powers. In the poetry of Byron, for example, one activity may be predominant; in that of Wordsworth, another; in that of Southey, a third. If then, we find in Wordsworth neither beauty nor meaning, it follows, not that he is a dunce, nor that we are a dunce, but simply that the activity, to which he speaks, is yet undeveloped within us. It is not, perhaps, that we want the *degree*, but that we want the *kind*, of development necessary to understand and enjoy him. Again: two authors, Webster and Burke, for example, may have certain qualities in common; nay, in Webster these qualities may exist in much the greater degree; but with these common qualities Burke may join other qualities, different, and even superior, in kind. If, then, a man have faculties developed only for these common qualities, he will, of course, prefer Webster to Burke; if he have faculties developed for all Burke's qualities, he may greatly prefer him to Webster; and if he have faculties only for Burke's peculiar qualities, he may take him with enthusiasm and reject Webster altogether. Once more; take Coleridge and Dr. Paley, authors having scarce a single quality in common. Now, we may understand, and may therefore greatly prefer Coleridge; another man may understand, and greatly prefer Dr. Paley. But does this prove that we are superior to him? By no means; it proves neither that we are superior, nor that we are inferior to him, but only that we are different from him. Nay, he may greatly surpass us in degree of development, only he lacks the particular kind of development required

by the work in question; and hence, though, perhaps, inferior to him, on the whole, we may be able to understand what he does not and cannot understand. Now, to say nothing of want of modesty, it would really seem uncourteous and uncandid for him to call our author a dunce for being unintelligible to him, and us unfortunate dupes for loving him. Nevertheless, he sneeringly says to us, Sir, I don't understand this passage: come, explain; tell me what the author means. Sir, say we, he means what he says. You ask us to tell you in what other form you already know his meaning; but the truth is, you do not know it at all, in this, or any other form whatever. You ask us to teach you through one faculty what is addressed to an altogether different faculty; a faculty yet undeveloped within you; develope yourself, sir, and then, perhaps, you will not need an explanation. But the fact is, some minds, by confining themselves to a certain round of ideas, contract so fixed a bias, become so hardened into a particular shape, that it seems impossible to develope them into any other shape at all. The growth of some faculties becomes so large, as to prevent the vegetation of other faculties. The understanding, for example, comes to cast so broad and thick a shade, that imagination is forced to slumber on in the germ.

But, says our worthy friend, I understand and admire Shakspeare; and you admit him to be far above Coleridge? Certainly, we do; but we have a word more to say, touching this thing. Now, in Shakspeare, all the faculties appear, working harmoniously and simultaneously together, freely interchanging their functions and provinces. In the words of Hazlitt, "he was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men." His mind, as hath been said, was the very sphere of humanity; ubiquity and omniformity were its distinctive attributes. None of us can speak at all, without using some portion of his language; and therefore whenever he speaks, we are obliged to understand something of what he says. With an understanding that traverses the earth, he joins an imagination that traverses the heavens. With a gentleness that echoes the tenderest note of affection, he unites a strength that might have governed the mightiest states. He speaks alike to all the faculties; hence all, who have any faculties whatever, understand

enough to enjoy him. Touching all the strings of humanity, our bosoms, unless they be entirely stringless, must perforce vibrate to some of his sounds. Hence it is, that so many relish, without beginning to appreciate him. He brings us flowers and fragrances from every forest and garden in creation; so that if we have ever been in forest or garden at all, we cannot but recognize some among his flowers, that have been wont to breathe and smile on ourselves. All, of course, know and love the specimens from their own fields and gardens; but that boundless collection, from climes they have never visited, they know not, nor do they stop to examine. The apt figures, fine sentiments, pithy aphorisms, and graceful expressions, which he has in common with many others, they understand well enough; but these are only the dress and drapery which he throws over excellencies of a far deeper and rarer kind. He is, indeed, a good intellectual tailor; but Sir Walter Scott is nearly, or quite as good a tailor as he; and the chief difference between them, in the words of Carlyle, is, "that Shakspeare begins at the heart of a subject, and works outwards towards the surface; while Scott begins at the surface, and works inwards, but never gets at the heart of it at all. Many others, indeed, have made nearly as good surfaces as Shakspeare; and those who are fond of fine clothes, and never look any deeper than dress, though unable to see any such wonderful difference between him and others, will doubtless find something in him to admire. Hence it is, that many people, with a profusion of Shakspeare's words, and figures, and phrases on their tongues, fancy they know all about him; while, in fact, they have not the first idea, either of his individual conceptions or of his dramatic combinations of character; and yet, it is on these very points that he is most distinguished from and above all other men that have ever written."

To return; it is not of individual books, but only of classes of books, that we shall attempt to speak. And the first classification that we shall propose is, into works of genius, and works of talent. The distinction between these two forms of mind, though readily enough admitted by the common sense of mankind, is by no means easily explained. The difference between their productions is, indeed, too great and too obvious, not to be im-

mediately felt, and is seen to be inexplicable, except by supposing a corresponding difference in the productive powers. But to analyze these powers; to ascertain their respective elements; and to draw a mutually exclusive line of distinction between them;—is a task which few have the ability or the inclination to perform. Great and obvious, however, as is this distinction, we have often heard it treated with derision, backed up by a sort of triumphant call for its explanation. The truth is, there are some people, whose faith is only in things that are seen, and to whom a clear and complete explanation is the only rational ground of belief. Now, we freely confess ourselves unable to give such an explanation. To such people, therefore, we have nothing to say. So small, in fact, is the amount of our demonstrative knowledge, that we are strongly inclined to make up the deficiency, in part, by believing some things which we cannot fully prove. We do freely acknowledge, that the things which we see force upon us a belief in something unseen; and we are so credulous as to admit the reality of many things which we cannot explain. If others, by denying the existence of anything beyond the scope of their vision, have convinced themselves that they know everything, they are certainly quite welcome to enjoy their conviction. But, for ourselves, though we can assert, with some confidence, the reality of what we see, we cannot so confidently deny the reality of many things which we have not seen, but of which we have been assured by those whose eyes seem quite as good as our own. Nor can we think that we lose anything thereby; for, presuming there are some things which we do not know, but are desirous to learn, we have yet room for improvement; and we must think that an effort to learn them is better than to console ourselves with the assurance that they do not exist.

But how difficult soever it may be to explain the distinction between the powers of Milton and Locke, for example, it were surely absurd to refer *Paradise Lost* and *Essay on the Understanding* to the agency of the same power. To class the logical concatenations of the one with the living, breathing pages of the other, were nearly or quite as unphilosophical as to refer the actions of a man and a brute to the same constitution of nature. Such an attempt, however plausible in

theory, would at once be defeated by that surest test of all our theories, the common sense and common feeling of mankind. For if few can explain the difference between those powers, none can account for such different results from the same power; and to refer a given production to an inexplicable origin, is far more philosophical than to refer such different productions to the same origin; for if the one be, frankly to confess our ignorance, the other were, boldly to maintain an absurdity. But hard of explanation as is this difference in respect of the powers themselves, it is easily discerned and traced in their respective works; and it is probably by tracing it there, that the superiority of works of genius, for all the higher ends of reading, may be best shown.

What, then, it may be asked, is it that has given Bunyan and Burns, untaught and unlearned as they were, such a resistless influence over the minds of men? an influence which Locke and Read, with all their learning and speculative subtilty, could never hope to attain. They approach us with but a whisper, a tale, or a song; and yet, in one minute, they finish a work which a whole host of logical artillerymen, with the labor of years, could not begin. Why is it that our "gentle Shakspeare," with the least stroke of his pen, awakens a chord within us which all the learning and logic in the world could never reach? He comes to us, not as our sovereign, to exact our allegiance, but as our smiling brother; and yet he seats himself on the throne of our souls, and holds our hearts in willing and cheerful submission to his power. Undisciplined and uninstructed as he was, the least sound of his voice teaches us a lesson which Johnson, with all his erudition, his logical acumen, and grandiloquent diction, might have labored forever in vain to teach. Why is it that the rapt Milton, with one sweep of his awful lyre, or one motion of his singing robes, raises us to a height which all the scientific and argumentative ladder-makers in creation could never enable us to reach? or that the calm, pensive Wordsworth, with one note of his Orphean harp, or one breath of his moral minstrelsy, moves us to a purity and intensity of thought, which whole libraries of ethical reasoning could never awaken?

We answer, it is the possession of a mysterious something, which others have not, and cannot obtain; whose power

and excellence we can all feel, but whose nature we cannot explain. This mysterious something, which works within us with such secret, but resistless energy, like some spiritual electricity or magnetism, has been baptized into the name of Genius; and is no other than, "the vision and the faculty divine;" the power to

"Add the gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

It is not to be had for study, nor for price; a man may be familiar with all science, as with household words, and yet not have this unacquirable and incommunicable knowledge; he may sport with all languages, as with his mother-tongue, and yet know nothing of this universal language, which reaches every mind, and leads captive every heart. Take all the men of mere learning and talent the world has ever seen, and melt them down into one intellectual mountain-building, star-grasping giant, and still it is not in him. He may open upon us his batteries of logic and argument in vain: he may carry all the outposts and spike all the guns of the understanding, by storm; but he cannot move the heart or the will; and yet but a whisper from one of these marvellous soul-touchers, in whom dwells a portion of this wonderful gift, and he leads us whithersoever he lists.

One important distinction between talent and genius is, that talent gives us information of the objects and agencies that exist and act around us; genius calls up and draws out what is within us; gives life and reality to the slumbering possibilities of our being. The man of genius does not try to tell us wherein life, and thought, and feeling, and action consist, but causes us to live, and think, and feel, and act. He does not tell us how, or why, or what to sing and feel, but puts a song into our mouths, and a feeling into our hearts. He does not speak *of* our nature, but *to* our nature; and it is his triumph so to speak that the answer cannot be withheld. Instead of doing up our thinking and feeling for us, he simply sets us to thinking and feeling for ourselves.—The man of talent triumphs over us in the superiority of his own power; the man of genius causes us to triumph in the new power he awakens within us. The mere reasoning moralist may convince us, by the force of his logic, of the duty or advantage of kindness and

brotherly love; but this is all he can do. Meanwhile, there comes along a Wordsworth or a Burns, and, with "one touch of nature, makes the whole world kin." Talent, in short, informs, genius inspires us; the former speaks to us *about* truth, the latter speaks truth *into* us, and makes truth speak out of us. It is the striking peculiarity of genius, that, for the time, it finds or creates itself in all who come within its reach. The man of talent can only impart us his knowledge; he cannot impart us his power, or himself; he may act upon us as an external force, but can call up no ally within. But the man of genius transforms us, for the time, into what he is himself; there is enchantment in his words,—a spell-like power, that makes the listener to become a genius too. While he is speaking, we ourselves can speak as well as he; but the moment he leaves us, why, "Richard is himself again." What he teaches us seems but a revival of what we have always known—as if we had learned it in a previous state of being; and we wonder that truths once so familiar, and now so precious, should have been so long forgotten.

But there are other points of distinction equally decisive. Talent proves; genius reveals: the former speaks to the inductive, the latter to the intuitive faculties. Talent only marshals what it finds without into the service and support of a given proposition; it brings all its evidence from external sources. Genius needs no evidence to authenticate its words, but what it *creates* in the tribunal to which it appeals. The message it has to deliver but sleeps within us, and starts up at the sound of its voice. It gives only what it finds in us, but what we could never find without its help. Talent, then, is like a mirror, which only collects and transfers the light it receives from other sources; genius is like the sun, which pours forth light as from a fountain, at once revealing itself and the objects on which it shines. With talent, moreover, the mind works in but one of its faculties or activities at once. The head and heart will not beat time together; one of them is always pulling the other under; the subject stops feeling as soon as he begins to think, or stops thinking as soon as he begins to feel; so that, to borrow a figure, he is either like the moon, all light and no heat, or like a stove, all heat and no light. But with genius the head and the heart are always acting in

concert and reciprocity. The perceptive, reflective, creative, and sensitive faculties interpenetrate each other, so that all work in each, and each works in all. The subject, therefore, gives us truth, beauty, thought, passion, all in a state of interfusion. Every word he utters is the result of his whole mind, and brings contributions from its inmost depths; as every leaf or blossom is the product and expression of all the powers and elements that enter into the tree. In short, talent is like a prism, to break and scatter the rays of truth into cold, elementary colors; genius is like a lens, to gather and concentrate them all into a colorless, burning whole.

Again: talent combines; genius creates. The utmost that mere talent can reach, is, a mechanical adjustment of parts for a given purpose. To arrange and modify the materials it already has, and adapt them to specific ends, is all it can do; it cannot add a single new element to what it has received. Its processes and results are altogether mechanical; with vital powers it has nothing to do: and lifeless mechanism, more or less perfect, is the highest production in its power. The productions of genius, on the contrary, are organic. It works, not as a skillful mechanic, in the combination and arrangement of parts, but as nature works in the evolution and embodiment of vital, animating principles. Talent may bring matter, and color, and form together into an artificial flower, or thoughts, images, and numbers together into verse; but with genius, the germ sprouts forth, and buds, and blossoms out into a breathing flower, or thoughts, images and numbers *grow up* together into poetry. Talent may arrange the form, compact the joints, and adjust the cords, and yet it gives us but a lifeless automaton; the living principle is wanting—an element which the mere combining power can never supply; it is, indeed, a mere machine, incapable of life or motion, except by the application of external force. Genius proceeds by a natural growth, from a living germ; it begins with a vital principle which, by virtue of its innate assimilative power, shapes itself a body from surrounding materials, and clothes it with beauty and life. The human body, for example, is obviously but a combination of materials that have always existed; it is but old matter organized into a new form: but the invisible builder and inhabitant of this form is an absolute creation—a per-

fectly original existence, from whose individuality the very idea of combination is necessarily excluded. It is in this sense that genius creates. Its productions are to those of talent, what a genuine living tree is to the manufactured appearance of a tree. In the visible form both may, indeed, be alike; but the one is nothing but form; it has no life, and therefore can do, can produce nothing; in short, it is nothing, but only *seems*: the other contains a living, creative power, which produces leaves, and blossoms, and fruits, and finally reproduces itself in the seeds which it drops; for every seed is a perfect tree mysteriously slumbering in the rudiments, and, if it find a fit soil, will spring up, and produce like its parent tree. It is in this sense, too, that genius is truly said not only to be creative, but to give forth creative ideas; for its ideas are perfect germs, containing in miniature all the elements of the mind from which they sprung; and, if they fall in a genial soil, will vegetate, and grow up into the beauty and fruitfulness of the parent mind. Nor is it, on this ground, at all difficult to account for the variety of forms in which genius manifests itself. For while genius is inexhaustible in vital powers, nature is also inexhaustible in the materials for their embodiment. Whether, then, genius appears, as in Shakspeare, "passing, like a protean spirit, into all the forms of character and passion;" or, as in Milton, "drawing all things into itself, and melting them down into the unity of its own ideal;" or, as in Burns, "sighing over the rathe primrose that forsaken dies," and "changing the vulgar wind, as it passes, into articulate melody;" or, as in Wordsworth, diffusing through all things the breath of a sensitive moral existence, and penetrating them with its own warmth and radiance:—it is still the same divinity of intellect, enshrined in various forms, for the instruction and up-building of our common humanity.

But again; with talent the ends are always apart from and beyond the means. It reaches its objects only by the indirect, roundabout process of logic and contrivance. But with genius, the ends and means, though distinct in idea, are not separate or separable in reality. It unites them both in one and the same process, so that the attainment of the end is always involved in the use of the means. Genius is to truth and beauty, what true piety is to religion. Those who only perform the visible and audible service

of religion, to secure a certain reward, are not truly pious. They but employ religion as a means to compass the ends of self-love. They are lovers of salvation, not lovers of the Saviour. They do not so much serve Religion, as serve themselves of her. But with the truly pious man, religion is both the means and the end of his service; his object is, not the reward of religion, but simply the life of religion itself. It is not the prospective offers of religion, but the *being religious*, that makes his heaven. True piety is not the *road* to happiness; it is happiness. Going to heaven implies, not a change of place, but a change of mind and heart; so that we get into heaven just as fast and as far as we get heaven into us. With genius, in like manner, truth and beauty are at once the means and the end of its action; at once the light that reveals and the object revealed. The process of genial production is, for the time, a continued adoration of the Beautiful and the True. Genius does not pursue truth and beauty, as external objects to be reached by intermediate means, but lives, and moves, and has its being in them; and its productions are but the expression, the very pulse and breath of that life.

And finally; genius works not logically, but imaginatively; not by calculation, but by inspiration. The man of genius does not govern his subject, but is governed by it; he does not lay hold of it, to move and direct its development, but so thinks himself into it, or thinks it into himself, that it comes to move and direct him. So far, therefore, as genius acts in accordance with its nature, it works not from the pressure or solicitation of any outward calls, but from a vital impulse within; it acts simply because activity is the element of its existence, the very utterance of its life. It produces, simply because, when wedded to this goodly universe in love and holy passion, it is its nature to produce. The cup of its emotions runneth over of its own accord; and the contents lose all their virtue the moment it attempts to pour them out for pudding, or for praise. Its music, springing up unbidden within itself, is not drawn forth as the price of gain or applause, but simply exhaled as the breath of its soul; is not brought out, but warbles itself out, into expression, because it cannot keep still. In short, genius is, so to speak, a mysteriously-constructed harp, whose strings are so instinct with

life, and so redundant of melody, that they tremble into eloquence of their own accord, without waiting for the fingers of outward motives to play them into vibration; it is the spirit within, not any influence without, that moves them to utterance.

There are two living authors, both excellent, indeed, in their kind, but with scarce a single quality in common, who offer so apt an illustration of the difference between talent and genius, that we probably cannot do better than refer to them. They are best known by several volumes of critical and biographical Essays. As might be expected, the greater of them is the least popular of the two. We allude to Thomas B. Macauley, and Thomas Carlyle; the former a man of consummate talent, the latter a man of high, though not the highest, genius. Both are eminently original; Macauley in the dress and form of his works, Carlyle in the soul and substance of them. Macauley's Essays are like finished pieces of furniture, elegant but lifeless; Carlyle's are like crooked, scraggy trees, ugly, but full of life. The former gives the reader his thoughts in the most polished style; the latter sets the reader a-thinking any way he can. Macauley always means just what meets the ear. His pages are illuminated by a perfect blaze of light; so much so, indeed, that they sometimes rather dazzle than assist the vision. Illustration after illustration comes pouring in upon us from the four corners of creation, all equally pertinent, all equally conspicuous. No one can possibly miss, or mistake, his meaning. Every sentence is understood and exhausted as soon as its words are uttered. Periods hurry on and hurry off in breathless succession. One of his Essays, in short, is like a fine Macadam turnpike, perfectly straight and perfectly smooth, so that the reader rushes through from beginning to end in a perfect intellectual gallop. Carlyle, on the other hand, always means much more than meets the ear. His pages are deep, sometimes mysterious, inexhaustible. Often, however, amid surrounding darkness, some winged word unseals a fountain of light in the reader's mind, which kindles the page before him into more than noonday brightness. Often he simply gives his reader the clue to a labyrinth of meaning, and then leaves him to trace its windings, and explore its riches at his leisure. In short, one of his Essays is like a natural road, winding

through vallies and among mountains; sometimes passing in sight of magnificent groves and grottoes, where the traveler cannot choose but turn aside, and linger, and forget both journey and guide in the wonderful beauty and strangeness of the scenery about him.—Macauley's flowers are all culled, and picked, and tied into finished bunches with inimitable art; their very sweetness is increased by the crushing of their innocent lives, and the coming on of untimely decay; and the beholder's thoughts stop at the perfection of their ordering, or the surprising skill that ordered them thus. Carlyle's flowers appear scattered here and there, smiling out from the place of their birth, and enjoying the air they breathe, as they nestle in their mother's warm bosom; and draw the beholder's thoughts away from their forms down to the divinely-mysterious agency that wrought their purity, and loveliness, and happiness from the senseless soil at their feet.—Macauley takes the reader out into some precise, definite field of thought, and leads him round, and shows him its riches, one by one, and tells him their names, and unfolds their properties, that he may lay them up on some shelf in his memory, and keep them for use, as occasion may require. Carlyle, by some strange motion of his spirit, opens the door into a boundless prospect, stretching away through clouds and sunshine, into dimness and invisibility,—a perfect wilderness of thought, ever widening upon the beholder's view, and even where the horizon bounds his vision, inviting his imagination to traverse the infinite regions that lie beyond. With Macauley, therefore, we are benefitted only by what we receive; with Carlyle, we are benefitted chiefly by what we give: and that it is more blessed to give than to receive, is quite as true in intellect as it is in morals.

The stamp, then, of decided genius, is the highest intellectual recommendation that a book can bring. But there are other circumstances which may do much to guide us in the choice of books. As a general thing, age may be safely pronounced a decisive proof of excellence. The longer a book has lived, the more evidence it brings of having been born for immortality. And besides, the world, we suspect, has known periods more favorable than the present to the growth of excellence. Men once wrote because they had something which they wanted to say; men now seek for something to say, be-

cause they want to write. We cannot wait for our brains to grow, because of our haste to coin them into books. Moreover, men once wrote for immortality, and therefore wrote to the wise and good, knowing that they alone had immortality to bestow; but, now-a-days, men write chiefly for money, and they know well enough, that knaves and dunces have money to give quite as often as any others. Human life, too, was once a serious piece of work, and people could afford time for no reading but such as would tend to make them wiser and better; and hence authors crowded as much matter into as little space as possible. But now, since human life has become but an idle jest or farce, and people read only to have their brains tickled and time killed, or because they cannot sleep, authors of course spread as little matter over as much space as possible. And finally, men were sometime content to cast their gifts silently into the ocean of time, hoping, perhaps, that they might return after many days to elevate and bless a future age. Writing for all coming time, they of course sought to dip their pens in the colors of eternal truth, and baptise their offspring in the spirit of eternal beauty. Their works, therefore, appeal to the universal mind and heart of man, and are, in a greater or less degree, transcripts of universal humanity. But now it is rare for a man to cast his gifts into any other than some puddle of popular favor, that they may quickly return to flatter or feed himself. Writing only for the pudding or puffery of the time, he of course adopts the language of the time, and shapes his wares to suit the dullness of those whose custom he seeks. His writings, therefore, are but a transcript of the fashions and follies of the age; they are truly nothing, like their originals, and speedily sink, along with those originals, into their essential nonentity; while the vapor-bag, upon which he sits at noon, perched aloft in conspicuous littleness, collapses, perchance, into a winding sheet for him, as soon as the cool of evening visits it. But does any one say, he dare trust his own judgment, and follow his own taste? Most assuredly, then, neither his taste nor his judgment is worth a straw; for if it were, it would tell him at once that time is a far better test of excellence, than any faculties he can possess. Moreover, it is only what is superficial, what is on a level with ourselves, that immediately takes our ap-

proval, and marches off with our purse. A shallow, pretentious man, touching but the surface of the mind, acts quickly and noisily, but effects nothing; a genuine thinker, striking at the depths of the mind, acts slowly and silently, but does up the work. He, who would raise us, must first get above us, himself; and before he can exalt us to a just appreciation and remuneration of his gifts, he will have gone to a richer and purer reward than we can bestow. The visits of the gods, we read, were never known till after their departure. While they are with us, our "eyes are holden," that we cannot see them; and when they have opened our eyes their mission to us is discharged. He who has any true culture at all, cannot but know there is a height which he hath not reached; a glory which he hath not seen; a beauty which he hath not felt; and he will choose rather to visit the light, even though his ignorance should be put to shame, than to skulk in the dark, and fatten his pride by "sucking the paws of his own self-importance."

But there are other weighty reasons for cultivating an acquaintance with the literature of the past. If the present be the element in which we must live, and the material with which we must work, it would seem quite indispensable that we should know the present. But we can truly know the present only by studying the past; for "the present was born of the past." It was there that its infancy was nursed; that the foundations of its being were laid; and it is there, and there alone, that we can trace its pedigree and test its legitimacy—that we can study its actual developments in their rudiments and first principles. Now, the literature of an age unquestionably reveals its highest law, and affords the truest exponent of its manifold impulses and activities; it is, indeed, the very abstract and epitome of its many-colored, thousand-souled being. Every great author is, to some extent, a synoptical expression of his age; his mind is the concentrated essence of the innumerable minds that make up its character. He is, therefore, its true spiritual plenipotentiary—the heaven-selected organ, through whom it gets its fullest and faithfulest representation. Most people seem to think it the business of history to teach us all that can or need be known of the past; but the truth is, history could not do it, if she would; for what is history,

what can she be, but one age speaking about another age? But the literature of an age is the age itself, speaking for itself, and telling the tale of its own life; it is therefore a genuine autobiography of the age—an autobiography, too, that is always authentic, even when it lies; for it thereby discloses at least the fact of its own mendacity. If, then, we would truly know the present, we must study it through the past; and if we would truly know the past, we must study it in its literature. Edmund Spenser and rare old Ben Johnson will undoubtedly give us more real insight into the Elizabethan age, than all the Humes that ever have written, or ever will write.

Of the manifold attractions, too, that cluster around old authors, we cannot choose but say a few words. It is constantly manifest that they wrote, not from mere memory or hearsay, but from inspection and actual vision. It is from the very mines they have themselves labored in, that they bring their contributions; and their intensity of thought has penetrated their gifts with the effluence of their own souls. It is this ineffable charm of sincerity, this spirit-stirring earnestness of mind—a quality so rare, and yet so priceless—that forms their crowning beauty and worth. This quality is especially characteristic of the old English poets, imparting a manly vigor and truthfulness to their pages. They seem always trying how much truth they can speak, not how finely and elegantly they can write; and therefore give us something better than mere lip-blossoms and ruffle-bosoms. From most of modern poems, we should naturally infer poetry to be but a sort of unspoken and unspeakable language done into verse; it would hardly occur to us that anything deeper than a finished euphonious tongue could be concerned in its production. Finding but the tritest meaning, or the vapidest no-meaning, disguised in the most far-fetched words and figures, and thus embroidered out into seeming dignity, we get to think that profound and original thought has no fellowship with poetry. But in the elder poets we everywhere meet with the most original, sometimes even far-fetched thoughts, clothed in the simplest and commonest language; and we find, to our surprise perhaps, that poetry may be most deeply and beautifully true, without ceasing to be most truly and beautifully poetical. They had not

learned to drive verse-making as a trade—those old poets—heaven bless them! With them poetry was the noblest utterance of humanity, and for the noblest ends; not the mere urging of a craft. Full of freshness, simplicity, and sincerity, they seem to have written from the irrepressible strugglings of thought and feeling within them. No windy mouthings, no counterfeits of emotion, no apings of passion, no maudlin sentimentalities, no starched and crimped frivolities, no vapid truisms wrapped up in bombastic novelty, are here; they had thought deeply and felt strongly, and their poetry is the simple and natural expression of what had sprung up within them; nay, they seem to have written poetry because they could not help it, and because that is the form into which deep feeling and deep thought spontaneously shape themselves. They had communed deeply and silently with the divine beauty and soul of things; and their poetry seems to have risen up insensibly, like the fragrance of dew-sprinkled flowers, or like “new-born music from the fields of sleep.” They had studied the great permanent features of the human heart; they had conversed with nature in her loveliest and sublimest forms, and their minds mirrored forth, with all the traces of individual distinctness, the enduring spirit of her transpirations. If they were wild and irregular, it was because nature is so; if they were regardless of the forms and etiquette of art, it was because they saw and felt the deeper worth and power of truth; and they understood too well the harmony between the enduring features of nature and the universal laws of mind, to trick out and embellish the former to suit the accidental phases of the latter. Hence the simplicity and truthfulness of their poetry, as if it flowed spontaneous from the heart of nature; it is redolent as with the breath of morning; “a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in it.” Their delineations of character are not mere combinations of fragments, gleaned here and there by observation, and dovetailed together in the workshop of fancy, but living unities, with qualities of their own, expanded into life by their innate vitality, and traced in all their characteristic features to their full development. In a word, they are not aggregations, but creations; not descriptions, but representations. Nor are their poems mere collections of picked-

up accidents and far-sought particulars, bundled into some definite shape, and tied together with a string of art, but enduring principles and truths, embodied in expressive forms, and speaking an appropriate language. Instead of hollow abstractions, animated costumes, walking clothes-screens, and personifications of popular passion, they introduce us to real flesh and blood—living and breathing specimens of humanity, with its tears and smiles, its hopes and fears, its grovelings and aspirings: and we sympathize with their emotions, as the offspring of real individual bosoms.

One more paragraph, and we have done. Good people often seem laboring under a great mistake in regard to works of fiction. They appear to think of truth as synonymous with matters of fact, and of fiction as synonymous with falsehood. Now, there is probably nothing that lies so frequently or so abominably as narratives of facts. Why, if a man wants to make any falsehood go down, he always sweetens it with some "fact which came under his own observation." Facts, indeed, we know to be the readiest vehicle of lies in the world; and whenever one undertakes to inflict them on us, we take for granted that there is no truth in him; or that, if there be, it is not coming out this time. On the other hand, as some one has said, the purest fictions often contain more of truth than many histories and scientific theories. In a Spenser or Cervantes, for example, perhaps you shall not find a single falsehood, or a single fact; in a Gibbon or a Paley, you shall scarcely find a single fiction or a single truth. In the former all shall be true but the names; in the latter all but the names shall be false. Take, for example, Addison's Cato and Sancho Panza. Now, Cato is unquestionably a real name; nobody doubts the existence of such a man; or that he was a genuine old, eating, breathing, thinking and speaking Roman, of the staunchest and noblest make. But Addison's Cato is one of the sheerest falsehoods that ever was perpetrated; such a being never did exist, and never could exist; all the principles of human nature must be changed before his existence were possible. Sancho Panza, on the contrary, is doubtless a fictitious name; nobody pretends that a real man ever bore that

name; but the character is a perfect form of truth; is as real as the old Roman Cato himself was, whom Addison meant to give us, but could not; wants, in short, all that Addison's Cato has, and has all that Addison's Cato wants. And thus it is, that, in the hands of an artist, a fiction becomes the truest of realities, while, in the hands of a bungler, a fact becomes the emptiest of falsehoods. Again; take Spenser's Una and Johnson's Milton. Now, Una is a mere personification of truth—one of the purest abstractions which the mind can frame, and with which, as such, we could no more sympathize, than with a triangle or an octagon. And yet, in Spenser's hands, it has turned out a fair humanity, breathing and blushing before us, like life itself. Uniting all the purity of an abstraction, with the flesh-and-blood reality of an actual person, we at once revere her as truth, and feel for her as the real subject of sympathies and affections answering to our own. Here, then, is a genuine character; a pure abstraction has come out a living person; a perfect fiction has become a perfect truth. This is the miracle that genius performs. Milton, on the contrary, is an actual person; nay, he has stamped his individuality, as a full length portrait, on every page of his works, so that he who runs may read, provided he have eyes. In Johnson's hands, however, he becomes a mere abstraction; no longer *he*, but *it*; or rather, a bundle of the most inconsistent and irreconcilable abstractions. You could no more mould such elements into the same living character, than you could mix fire and water, without destroying either. Here is a genuine fact turned into a perfect falsehood. This is the miracle that genius does not perform. We could multiply instances beyond either our time or the reader's patience. It is truth, in this sense, that forms the substance and the soul of all true books; and we care not what form you give it, or into what name you christen it, it is as genuine and as indestructible as the eye of God.

But we must close this article, already longer than we intended, and longer, we fear, than our readers have wished. The subject, indeed, is a long one; and should we ever finish it, it will probably be at some future time.

THE MOCKING BIRD—AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY CHARLES WINTERFIELD.

"And still accepted king of all Earth's choir,
The elfish Mocker swells
In clear, melodious spells,
Its notes, that cling around the brain like fire."

READER, do you know the Mocking Bird? I warrant, if he is a familiar of your childhood, you have a thousand times wondered at the strange, malignant intelligence which characterizes his tyrannical supremacy over all the feathered singers. Not only is he "accepted king of song," but he is the pest and terror of the groves and meadows. Spiteful and subtle, he conquers in battle, or by *manœuvre*, all in reach of him; and you may easily detect his favorite haunts, by the incessant din and chatter of wrath and fear he keeps up by his malicious mockery among his neighbors. From my earliest boyhood, I can remember having been singularly impressed by the weird and curious humors of this creature. Since those times of innocent wonder, I have been a wide wanderer. The prepossessions of my fancy were irresistibly attracted by the wild legend I give below. It was told to me by an old Wako warrior. On a hill-side, above an ancient village of his tribe, while we were stretched upon the grass beneath a moss-hung live-oak, he related it. The moon was out, gilding with silver alchymy the shrub-crowned crests of prairie undulations—piled, as we may conceive the waves of Ocean would be—stilled by a word from heaven, while on the leap before a tempest. It was a fitting scene for such a story. Out from the dark gorges on every side around us ascended the night-song of the Mocking-Bird. The old man had listened to the rapid, gushing symphonies for some time in deep silence—then drawing a long breath, he remarked, "That is an evil bird!" I begged him for an explanation, and he proceeded.

Those peculiarities, indeed, of the Indian's phraseology—those broken, pointed expressions, so condensed and meaning, and eked out continually by significant gestures—I could hardly hope to set before the reader, were I fully able to remember them; but the wild, strange fancies of the Indian mind, believing what it

dwells upon, yet half conscious that it is dreaming, will be recognized in the legend, though conveyed under forms of expression altogether different.

"Yahshan—the Sun"—said the old chief, pausing reverently as he uttered the name—"in his great wigwam beyond the big waters, made the first Wako! He laid him in his fire-canoe, and oared his way up through the thick mists that hung everywhere. When his arm grew tired of pulling, he took him out and stretched him on his back upon a wide, dark bank, and then rowed on his path and left him. The Wako lay like the stem of an oak, still and cold. Before Yahshan entered his night-lodge in the West, a dim, hazy light had hung over him, but it only made his broad couch look blacker, for nothing that had form was to be seen. Yahshu, the Moon, and the pale squaw of Yahshan, came forth when he had gone in, and rowed her silver bark through the ugly shadows above the Wako, to watch lest the spirits that hated Yahshan should do harm to his work, which had taken him many long ages to finish. He was very proud of it, and evil spirits hated him that he had made a thing so goodly to look upon; and they drifted hideous phantom shapes across the way of Yahshu, and tried to overwhelm her light canoe, but its keen, shining prow cut through them all, and left them torn and ragged behind her. At last, they fled; for while her eye was on the mute form of the Wako, they feared to do it harm. When all were gone, and nothing that looked like mischief was to be seen, she too went in. And then they, flocking out from the deep places where they had been hid, gathered with hot fingers and red eyes about the quiet Wako. He did not stir, for his senses had not yet been waked. Quick they pried open his clenched teeth, and poured a green smoking fluid down his throat. Just then, the prow of the fire-canoe appeared parting the eastern mists, and they all fled.

Yahshan came on. He looked upon

his work and smiled—for he did not know that evil had been wrought—and came now in glory, riding on golden billows, scattering the chill mists that clung around the icy form—for it was time to wake it up with life. He rolled the yellow pregnant flood upon it and the figure shivered;—again the glowing waves pass over it—the figure was convulsed—tossed its limbs about, and rolled to and fro. Its eyes were open but it saw not, its ears were open but it heard not; it was tasteless and dumb; it smelt not, nor did it feel. Life had gone into it, and the heart beat, the pulses throbbed, the blood coursed fast, and it was wondrous strong. But what was this? Being, self-fed and self-consumed, hung upon the void of midnight, hurried and driven by its own still gathering impulse through a chaos of crude matter. That green liquid of the Evil One now seethed in burning currents through the veins, and it dashed away, crawling, leaping, tumbling, like a mad torrent, over piled up rocks, across the dark plain, striking against hard formless things, and rebounding to rush on more swiftly, till it had left the fire-canoe and Yahshan, all astounded, far behind, and the terror of darkness was beneath and above it. But what was this to it? On! on!—the green fire still burned within and it must go—chasms and cliffs with jagged rocks—into them, over them all. What were rough points and bruises and crashing-down steeps, and midnight, to it? There was no feeling, yet the heart leaped, the blood careered, the limbs must follow. Motion, blind motion—no control, no guide—but through and over everything, move it must! The bad spirits thronged after it, grating and clanging their scaly pinions against each other, and croaking their pleasant gibes, when suddenly there was no footing, and the headlong form pitched down, downward, whirling through the empty gloom, while all the herd of ill things laughed and flapped themselves in the prone wake behind it.

At once, with a sigh of wings, like a sharp moan of tree-harps, a shape of light shot arrowy down amidst them. They scattered, howling with affright.—It bore up the falling Wako on strong shining vans an instant, then stretching them out, subsided slowly down and laid him on a soft dark couch again. This was Ah-i-wee-o, the soul of harmonies, the good spirit of sweet sounds. She is the great queen of Spirit-Land; Yahshan

and Yahshu are her slaves; and all the lesser fire-canoes that skim in Yahshu's train obey her. She gives all life its outer being—to know and feel beyond itself;—without her, life is only motion. There is no form, no law, no existence beside; for she holds and grants them each sense, and in them reveals all these. Yahshan could give life, but not content with this, he was ambitious. The formless chaos his fire-canoe sailed over must be a world of beauty! A soul dwelt in it, but that soul was passionless and barren. Yahshan had given life to many shapes, but the cold spirit had scorned them all; and yet she must be wooed to wed herself to life, that out of the glow of that embrace might spring the eternal round of thoughts made vital, clothed out of shapeless matter with symmetry. He planned an impious scheme. He would not pray the good Ah-i-wee-o for aid, but would act alone and be the great Medicine Spirit. He would frame a creature from out the subtle elements within this chaos, so exquisite that when it came to live, confusion would be harmonized in it, and the order of its being go forth the law of beauty and of form to all. Then that coy spirit of desolation would be won at last, and passing into its life, a royal lineage would spring forth, and procreation wake insensate matter in myriad living things, gorgeous ideals, harmoniously wrought and self-producing forever. All these should be his subjects, and he would rule with Yahshu this most excellent show himself! So he labored on in the deep chambers of his night-lodge through many cycles. The work was finished. It lay in state within his golden wigwam at the East, that Yahshu and her glittering train might look upon it and wonder. Then he carried it forth; but evil spirits are wise, and though it was a mighty work, they knew it was too daring, and that Ah-i-wee-o would punish its presumption, and would not let the senses wake with life; so they poured that fearful fluid in, that fires the blood, and makes life slay itself.—They say the white man has dealt with them and learned the spell of that bad magic and makes his "fire water" by it!—So when Yahshan waked up life, its power waked too; for he knew not of the craft, and it tore the glorious work from out his hands, while they flew behind and mocked him.

Ah-i-wee-o bent over the swooning Wako, for the life that had been so tu-

multuous, scarcely now stirred his pulse. She was a thing of beams—silvery and clear:—a warm, lustrous light clung around her limbs, and showed their delicate outline. She floated on the air, her wings and figure waving with its eddies, like the shadow of a Lee-ka-loo bird on the sea; her eyes, deep as the fathomless blue heaven, looked down on him with pity and gentleness unutterable. It was a marvellous work the over-daring Yahshan had accomplished. Beautiful, exceedingly, was that mute form, and rarely exquisite its finish! Must that glorious mechanism be destroyed, and all the noble purpose of its framing lost? No! she moves her tiny pearl-like hand above it, and every blotch and all the bruises disappear, and it was fair to view, and perfect as when Yahshan had given it the last touch. Now she stooped beside and touched him—white sparks flew up, and she sang a low song; at the first note, the dark, formless masses round them quivered and rocked. The Wako smiled, for feeling now first thrilled along his nerves. The song rose—the dumb things shook and stirred the more. She touched his nostrils and his lips—the sparks played between her small fingers, and danced up. Yet a louder note swelled out, and the thick mists swayed and curled, and a cool wind rushed through them and dashed a stream of odors on his face. He drew long breaths, and sighed with the burden of delight, and moved his lips to inarticulate joy. And now that wondrous song pealed out clear, ringing bursts, that shook the blue arch, and swung the fire-boats cadent with its gushes; and through the dim mists great shapes, like rocks and trees, leaped to the measure, marshaling in lines and order. Now she pressed his eyelids with her fingers—the silver sparks sprung in exulting showers, snapping and bursting with sweet smells.—Once more, pealing triumphant, a keen, shining flood, that symphony poured wilder forth; his eyes fly open, and that heavy mist, like a great curtain, slowly rises. First, the green grass and the flowers, bending beneath the gentle breeze, turn their deep eyes and spotted cups towards him in salutation, and all the creeping things and birds that love the low herbs, dew-besprent, are there; and as the mist goes up majestically slow, other forms of bird and beast are seen; and dark trunks of mighty trees and great stems beside them, looking like trees, until his eye has trac-

ed them up to the great Moose, the Big-horned Stag, the Grizzly Bear and the vast, moving Mammoth. But then it has drank in the harmony of grades; for all are there; and side by side he marks how from the crawler every step ascends in beautiful gradation; the last linked to the first in one all-perfect chain. Then came the knotted limbs, with their burden of green leaves, and, underneath, the round yellow fruits, or purple-flushing of rich clusters and gay forms that flutter through them on wings of amethyst, or flame, or gold, their every movement a music note, though all were dumb to him as yet. Still higher the mist-curtain goes, and the grey cliffs with shining peaks, and a proud, fierce-eyed bird perched on them, meet his gaze, and then the mists float far away and scatter into clouds, and all the splendor and the pomp of the thronged earth, is spread a gorgeous but voiceless revelation to his new being. With every touch of the Enchantress, Ah-i-wee-o, the soul of chaos had passed into a sense; and all the pleasant harmonies the Wako felt, and all the scented harmonies the Wako tasted and inhaled—all the thoughts of harmony in grand or graceful forms the Wako saw—that blissful interpenetration gave conception to, and the magic of that powerful song brought forth! One more act, and his high marriage to Eternity is consummated; ecstasy has found a voice, and all these harmonies articulation! Yet his ears were sealed, and though music flowed in through every other sense, his dumb lips strove in vain to wake its language.

But this was the supremest gift of all. This was the charm that had drawn beauty out of chaos—the magic by which Ah-i-wee-o ruled in Spirit Land, and chained the powers of evil. It was death to spirits less than she, to hear the fierce crashing of those awful symphonies she knew. His nature could not bear the revelation. Besides, what had he to do with that celestial minstrelsy which led the heaven-fires on their rounds. There was ambition, full enough, up there; and Yahshan had been playing far too rashly on those burning keys. She would not curse this perfect being with a gift too high, and add another daring rebel to her realm. No! He must be ruler here, as she ruled every thing. From all these harmonies he must extract the tone, and on it weave his song of power to lead them captive. This divine music is the voice of all the beautiful, the higher language of every

sense ; and not until the soul is brimmed to overflowing with sparkling draughts of it, drank in through each of them, will the beamy current run, as streams do in the skies. He must lead the choir of all this being—yet this infinite sense would overbear his nature, suddenly revealed ; it can only wake in other creatures as its birth matures in him—and he shall go forth in'to silence—every living thing shall be mute—and from the low preluding of the waters and the winds, the first notes of his exulting pæans shall be learned, and they shall learn of him

“ Until all the air
Is one melody—
All breath takes music on ;
And echoes up-bear
The full-voiced glee,
Till fainter, more faint, its flood is gone ! ”

She touched his ears—the sparks leaped up—she pressed his lips with one entrancing kiss, and sprang away. The quick moan of her pinions, cleaving the air, is the first sound that steals on the new sense, and stirs the dead vast of silence that had weighed upon his being. And now myriad soft wavelets of the infinite ocean, follow, breaking gently over him—the whisper of quivering leaves to the caressing zephyr, the low tremble of the forest chords, and the deep booming of great waves afar, the ring and dash of cascades nearer, the tinkling of drops in caves, the gush and ripple of cold springs, the heat of pulses, the purr of breathings, and the hum of wings in gentlest ravishment, possess his soul—for now is the bridal of his immortality consummated in a delirium of bliss, and lulled upon its couch, he sweetly sinks into the first sleep.

The Wako is roused next morning by a warm flood from the fire canoe, for Yahshan had come forth right royally, and though Ah-i-wee-o had humbled his presumption and would not permit him to be sole lord, as he had hoped, yet all he had dared attempt had been accomplished, and he believed it to be, in full, his own work, and he wore all his panoply of splendor, in honor of his glorious creation. The Wako rose, and lo ! around him as far as the eye could reach, a mighty multitude of all the animals of earth was rising too. They waited for their king, and it was he. They came flocking around him to caress him, a gentle, eager throng. The panther rubbed his sleek, glossy fur against his legs, and

rolled and gambolled like a kitten at his feet. The great Bear of the North rubbed his jaws against his hand, and begged to be caressed. Big-Mountain (the Mammoth) thrust his huge tusks in for a touch ; and the wide-horned Stag bowed his smooth neck, and pleaded with meek black eyes for notice. All the huge, grotesque things pressed around, and the smaller creatures, pied, and flecked, and dotted, crowded beneath their heavy limbs, unhurt—all full of confidence and love, gracefully sporting to win one glance. Above him, the air was thick with wings, and the whirr and winnowing of soft plumes made pleasant music, and the play of brilliant hues was like a thousand rainbows, arched and waving over him, and the little flame-like things would flutter near his face, and gleam their sharp, bright eyes into his, and strive in vain to warble out their joy, for their sweet pipes were not yet tuned. All were there, great and small ; and the great eagle came from his high perch and circled round his head, and brushed his strong wings, with light caressing, through his hair. He went with them to the forest, groaning with rich fruits, and ate, and shook the clusters down for them. Then he went forth to look upon the land—the first shepherd, with that countless flock, thronging round his steps. It was a lovely land ! Here a rolling meadow, there a heavy wood ; the trees all bearing fruits, or hung with vines and bloom—a deep, still river doubled the sky and trees in its clear mirror, and he gazed in a half-waking wonder when the ripples the swan-trains made, shivered it to wrecks. But wander which way he might, he came to tall, grey bluffs, with small streams that pitched from their cloudy summits, and bounding off the rough crags below filled all the valley with cool spray. He found his lovely world was fenced about with square, towering rocks, that nothing without wings could scale. But there was room enough for them, and profuse plenty the fruitful earth supplied. At noon he went beneath a grove of sycamores, where a great spring gushed out, and laid him down beside its brink, with his subjects stretched and perched around him in the shade, to rest. His sleep was broken by strange new melodies. He opened his eyes—near him were two maidens, and all the birds and beasts were gathered round them, and they were singing gay, delicious airs, teaching the birds to warble.

One of them was fair, white as the milk-white Fawn that licked her hand, and gazed up at her musical lips. But her hair was dark, and a strong light gleamed in her small black eyes. This was Ki-ke-wee; she sung and laughed, and kissed the song-bird's bill that perched upon her finger, and when he tried to follow her wild carol, she mocked his blunders, and stamped her tiny foot, and frowned, and laughed, and warbled yet a wilder symphony, to puzzle him the more. The other was a darker maiden, with large gentle eyes. This was Mnemoia;—her voice was soft and low, and she sung sweet songs, and looked full of love and patience. The Wako half rose, in joy and wonder. They bounded towards him, sang a rapturous roundelay to a giddy, whirling dance, then threw their arms about his neck and kissed him. They became his squaws, and Yahshu smiled upon them as she sailed by that night.

The Wako was very happy, and Ki-ke-wee was his favorite. She was very lovely, but full of curious whims, that each day became more odd. She loved the Blue Jay most among the birds, and taught him all his antics; and the Magpie was a pet; and the passionate, bright Hummer lived about her lips. As yet, nothing but sounds and scenes of love were in that little world; and the strong, terrible brutes knew not they had passions or the taste for blood; but Ki-ke-wee would stand before the Grizzly Bear and pull his jaws, and switch his fierce eyeballs, until he learned to growl with pain, and then she would mock him; and when he growled louder, she would mock him still, until at last he raved with rage, and leaped upon the Panther—for he feared Ki-ke-wee's eye—and the Panther tasted blood, and sprang to the battle fiercely. And now the tempest broke, and every thing with claws and fangs howled in the savage discord. Ki-ke-wee clapped her hands and laughed. Mnemoia raised the enchantment of her song above it all, and it was stilled. Then Ki-ke-wee would tease the Eagle, and mock him till he screamed and dashed at the Black Vulture in his rage; and she would dance and shout for joy; and Mnemoia would

quell it, then go aside to weep. The Wako loved the beautiful witch, and when he plead with her she would mock even him; and every day, and every hour, this mocking elf stirred some new passion, until at last even Mnemoia's song had lost its charm, and the Bear sulked in the deep thickets, and shook them with his growl, and the Panther moaned from out the forest, and the gaunt wolves snapped their white teeth and howled; and all the timid things fled away from these fierce voices; and battle, and blood, and death were rife where love and peace had been. The birds scattered in affright, and sung their new songs by snatches only, and hateful sounds of deadly passions, and the screams and wails of fear, resounded everywhere.

Ki-ke-wee made a bow, and poisoned the barbed arrow, and mocked the death-bleat of the milk-white Fawn, when the Wako shot it at her tempting. This was too much! Ah-i-wee-o cursed her, and she fell. The Wako knelt over her, and wept; and when the dissolving spasm seemed upon her, he covered his face with his hands, and wailed aloud. A voice just above him wailed too! He looked up, surprised;—a strange bird, with graceful form and sharp, black, spiteful eyes, was mocking him! He looked down—Ki-ke-wee was gone; and the strange bird gaped its long bill, hissing at him; and when it spread its wings, to bound up from the twig, in an ecstasy of passion, he knew, by the broad white stripe across them, that it was Ki-ke-wee!

He found the neglected Mnemoia weeping in the forest; and, soon after, they scaled the cliffs, and fled from that fair land, to hide from Ki-ke-wee. But she has followed, and mocks their children yet; and we dare not slay her, for the wise men think she was a daughter of the evil spirits that poured the green fluid in the Wako's throat, and the same bad fire burns yet in our veins. Our hunters, chasing the mountain goat, sometimes look from the bluffs into that lovely vale that lies in the bosom of the Rocky Mountain chain, but they never venture to go down!

PAST AND PRESENT OF THE INDIAN TRIBES.

Picture to yourself a race, in their *physique* magnificent, affording breathing models for the sculptor, of severe and noble beauty, with faces instinct with the light man only exhibits in a state of personal as well as civil liberty, stately and dignified, not bent down with the burdens of labor, but with all the faculties kindled and kept alive by habits of perpetual exercise. Picture to yourself such a race, possessing one of the most beautiful countries upon which the sun ever looked—vast prairies, undulating and fertile, interspersed with groves, and divided by clear, deep streams—and you will have formed a not inapt idea of the character and condition of the present remoter tribes of the North American Indians, as well as of those that centuries ago possessed the entire continent. The prairies they inhabit are filled with deer, and bisected by the annual route of the buffalo, from the sierras of California to the vast plains that give birth to the rivers emptying into Hudson's Bay, and back again, with the winter, to the sunny plains of Texas and Soñora. The antelope and the elk are found in the level lands, and the beaver inhabits the clear, cold streams among the hills. Herds of wild horses, compared to which the famed droves of Tartary are small, bound over the unlimited and unclaimed fields.

To imagine that a people so situated should have a complex policy, would be contrary to the dictate of reason; for, accustomed as they are, at the promptings of fancy, to wander off from the body of the tribe and bury themselves among the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains, they are of course impatient, on their return, of the restraints of society; and as their habit of wandering is not, as with us, the exception but the universal rule, the laws of their unwritten code are adapted to it. Simple, indeed, is this code. To come to the council when it is convened, and attend to its deliberations with austere dignity—to follow and obey the chief in war, and to receive implicitly the customs of their fathers before them—constitute all its requirements. Offences against the persons of their brethren are the only ones known to them, and are always punished by the *lex talionis*. If murder is committed, the kinsmen of the

sufferer decide upon the atonement, and may either entirely remit or modify it. All other offences are as simply decided upon. Of religion, as a system, they are ignorant; believing in a great and good Spirit who rules all things for the good of man. Each one, upon this fundamental idea, builds up a religion for himself; and in the stillness of the quiet woods and prairies, and by the rivers and solemn lakes, pours out his voiceless orisons to the Beneficence which made the happy hunting grounds, where deer are plentiful as kine in the lands of the pale-faces, where wild vines cover the uncultured soil with fruit, and honey is laid up for them in the clefts of the trees. They are not, however, without a positive worship, for the writer of this has seen, more than once, members of the wild tribes lying in the tall grass, wet with dew and drooping above them, singing their own simple and uncouth, yet heart-felt hymns, in tones an Indian alone can utter.

Simple in their habits and wants, the skins of the deer and elk supply their moccasin, and the soft robe of the buffalo, their garb of luxury. Pigments obtained from the veins of colored clay, left bare by the torrents, and from the juices of the wood berries, constitute all the refinements of their toilet; and the belt of wampum and gaudy beads, or pieces of shell and stone pierced with patient skill, the jewels of their gala dress. From the horn of the elk and a wood peculiar to the country they inhabit, bearing a fruit like the apples of the Dead Sea, are fashioned their bows, and from the cane which is the growth of the low-lands upon their streams, the lance and arrow, deadly in their hands as the rifle's ball.

They have not, as we have said, the laws of a complex civilisation, because they need them not. Having nothing to tempt the cupidity of their neighbors, theft is rarely known among them, for it is as easy to obtain the bow and quiver from the forest amid which they dwell, as from the wigwam of their fellows; and there could be no natural depravity deep enough to induce them surreptitiously to obtain the means of life in a country abounding with all their simplicity of living makes desirable. They

know little of the sweet influences of domestic life, because women, with them, are in a manner slaves, and the warrior thinks not of telling his troubles to his wife, or of conversing with her upon anything that interests him. For these reasons society with the Indians, without this most attaching cord, is but a rope of sand, and an Indian nation always assumes the appearance of a fortuitous assemblage gathered by interest, as vultures are by the scent of prey, or the weaker members of the animal kingdom, by the necessity of defence. As we see a troop of the wild prairie horse governing their motions by the example of the most powerful stallion among them, the Indians, in their hours of danger, have ever obeyed the motions of some superior man, who, placing himself at their head, entirely superceded, for the time at least, their hereditary chiefs, and has been obeyed, *they* knew not why, by right of the power which mind exerts over grosser organizations, until a new emergency should call forth a new hero. Thus it is easy enough to find an exemplification, that in each man who is obeyed in dangerous conjunctures, there resides the *kenning* or *cunning*, or capacity which is the only right divine to power, and which is acknowledged always in every community—and that even in the heroes of savage tribes, there is a truth and reality which they partake with the great men who have modified the events of whatever has become history, and fashioned creeds which will be the rule of action somewhere long after their names are forgotten.

They have priests, and medicine-men, and sooth-sayers, quite as much given to mummery and deceit as any who have been the mode in the most civilized communities. In some respects, their medicine-men are better than ours—they take no fees, and their drugs are not very noisome. The bark and root of the sassafras and the seneca, and some mucilaginous plant—the bark, perhaps, of the *Ornus Fraxinus*—constitute the most of their pharmacopœia; add to these an exorcism, to cure the wind, and an invocation to Manito, to expel the shaking spirit from one stricken with the ague.

A mode of writing, too, they have, very graphically described by Dr. Robertson, and simple as the rest of their arts. Three blows with a hatchet, and the bark of the *Populus Americanus*, or

Tulip Tree, is loosened and stripped off, and figures traced here and there—pictures without light and shade—chronicle the valiant emprises, and preserve the memory of good blows struck by famous Sachems, until the bark has grown over the wounded trunk again. There will stand the tree, and for two hundred years, perhaps, its scars show that it commemorates something. The obelisks and pyramids of the Pharaohs can do nothing more distinct, and quite long enough they preserve the clear story—some three years; for the Duke of Wellington, in but little more than that time after the battle of Waterloo, was pelted by the mob of London.

Of civilization, these prairie tribes knew but little, and that little they have learned from two sources. The first was from the monks of the Society of Jesus, not a few of whom had been in other days soldiers, carbonari, men of adventurous lives, who had sighed away their youth unavailingly in hopes for the redemption of their own land, and now, grown hopeless for that, had become enthusiastic for the ultimate salvation of the red wanderers of the New World. Had the Indians no other tutors than such as these, their course would be onward. But other pale-faces, men of the *huckster* genus, who would sell the bones of their fathers if they could find a purchaser, have insinuated themselves among them, and dealing out deadly poison, sow physical and moral death around all who traffic with them, and make useless the labor of the *old soldier*, turned herald of the cross. Show us an Indian hamlet of fifty houses, or tents, and we will show you a trader, who purchases from its inhabitants the produce of their hunt for a trifle, and, in spite of non-intercourse laws, pays for it in whisky, or, as the Indian calls it, *fire-water*.

Such are the wild tribes now; good haters, therefore good lovers, with a fair capacity for being made true men—for as well might we call the babe in swaddling-clothes a man, as give the name to a being undeveloped in his mental faculties. Such, however, thus slightly sketched, are those tribes now; and such *were* another portion of the red race, whose present condition we seek briefly to lay before the public.

Tall and stalwart, perhaps, as their brethren in the prairie, are the remnant of the once mighty tribes whose homes on each side of the Alleghany have been

usurped by the white man. Seemingly exemplifying the truth of the innate depravity of man, they have adopted all the vices of the pale-face, and have not profited by the blessings his civilization confers. The most wretched of the wretched hamlets of our cultivated land becomes a metropolis, compared with the best of the villages of the most civilized of the tribes on the line. Situated near the whites, they have continual recourse to the *groceries*, where few groceries but rum are sold; and, continuing from day to day, the imbibing of poisonous spirits, acquire the hebetate air of stupidity or recklessness, which gives too often the foundation of the idea which most persons, who have merely looked into the Indian's country, entertain of his character. It is utterly in vain to labor to retrieve him from his fallen state, until this all-powerful influence be removed.

The worm of the still must be crushed, or civilization can do but little for him but to teach him its own peculiar vices, to drown his own savage virtues, and stifle the promptings of an erroneous, perhaps, but noble creed, whose teachings instructed them to more wisdom than multitudes have received into their minds, from all the doctrines of a high Christianity. Dearly have they learned the weight of the white man's power. We remember, not many years ago, to have heard one of the best of their speakers, a Choctaw warrior and orator, thus express himself in his own musical and deep accents, when appealed to, to sign a treaty by which he would have relinquished the last foothold upon the home of his fathers. "The red man loves not to write. The Great Spirit speaks: we hear his voice in the wailing of the winds, in the rushing of the mighty waters. He never writes."

"We will not write; we stand beside the graves of our fathers, and they speak to us. Could their voices have been heard by the white man ten suns ago, when their hearth-sides were sold, they would not now have been beyond the Father of waters, but would all have died where their sires did."

They learned to look upon the agent of the government of the United States as one sent to overreach them, and have therefore turned to the refugee whites, who, lost to the companionship of their own race, exert a baleful influence upon the people that have sheltered them. When will the government be awakened

to the voice of truth and justice, and drive from the vicinity of the Indian, where it has power to act, the living instrument of the destruction of those whom with no little arrogance it terms *its children*? Clad in tatters, like Tom of Bedlam in King Lear, with the garments of either race indiscriminately worn, they present pictures to harrow the hearts of those who have seen them in the wild prairie, and remember the glorious descriptions of them by the Spaniards, Mariana and Bernal Diez, or the true poetry of our own knight errant, Smith.

In those days, they were Homeric; and looking back at the traditions of their eloquence, of the scenes of daring presented constantly by their history, we recall such harangues as an Ulysses might have made to his Islanders, and such bold feats as inspired Arminius with his eloquence. A recent writer (Mr. Brown, in his history of Illinois,) has attempted to throw some discredit on the genuineness of the harangues handed down to us from Logan and others, by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Erskine, and on those of Tecumseh and Red Jacket. That a phrase or two may have been added and a prurience lopped away, all familiar with the mysteries of reporting can well understand; but that the winged thoughts remain as they were uttered is beyond a doubt. The white man has not in his bosom a well of such deep emotions as that to which they constantly give utterance. To support this, one has but to stand in the midst of an Indian council, with a competent interpreter, and listen how all subjects, however trivial, become dignified; how the glorious images gathered from the scenery of their mighty forests and endless plains, come rolling forth, unforced, uncalled for, like the streams of the great rivers whose torrents are among the first objects they look upon. Such beings are yet the most degenerate of the broken bands along our frontier. They come always to the council grand and dignified: those who on the day before were prostrate and degraded in the filth of a drinking hut, there assume and wear the port of bronzed Apollos. Certainly, the Indian has many elements of a noble being. Unlike the white man, or the negro, he never grovels—a redeeming trait; a memory of what he was ever exists in his mind, and the fine passage in Erskine's speech, at Hasting's trial, if false as regards mankind, was altogether true as far as the people from whom he drew his

observation, are concerned.* The race, that in memory of two generations, produced a Pontiac and a Logan, a Tecumseh, a McIntosh and a Black-Hawk, not to speak of earlier names in their history, was, we cannot but hope, notwithstanding all the melancholy past, formed for brighter and better days.

But whatever of good is to arise for them, must come from their connection with the white race on this continent. We propose to consider the manner in which our government has acted towards them.

Of the conduct of the early colonists it is, of course, somewhat aside from our present field of remark to speak—as all that occurred before the United States were a nation. It may be well, however, as it certainly is just, to observe that the whole course of events on the American continent previous to the revolution, if it afford no satisfactory apology for our own conduct, is at least a bar to extreme censure from other nations.

The country on the Atlantic, at the time of the discovery, was not densely populated. The eastern declivity of the Alleghanies did not contain over one person to three square miles. The cold winds from the ocean were not congenial to them, and the population of the continent having proceeded from some point on its western coast, the regions first visited by the white man may be considered the *ultima thule* for the inhabitants of the centre of the continent, and not fair enough to tempt them to leave the fertile valleys and broad plains of which they were already possessed. The English found, therefore, but abrasions from the larger tribes—scattered, naked and poor—and were under no necessity to begin the usurpation of their hunting grounds, much less so sorrowful an extermination. That the transactions, however, of nearly all the colonial governments were little else than this, will be made but too apparent, we fear, on the pages of history. Much, undoubtedly, is due to those lawless men, whom the disturbances of the English revolution, the wars of the reformation, and the various other conflicts that convulsed for a series of years the heart of Europe, flung in such numbers upon the shores of the New World. Straggling always to the borders of savage life, these vagrants, heartless and grasping, were ready, for

gain, to commit any act of violence. Still, it was the duty of the British authorities to interpose a speedy and thorough check to such ceaseless aggressions.

Having possessed themselves of the country bordering upon the sea-shore, and driven back those they found there into the narrow regions, which constituted a kind of debateable land between them and the larger tribes, the English then commenced the system of extending their agencies and trading houses far into the interior of the continent, corrupting, and thereby enfeebling all that came within their influence. England and France were, indeed, but renewing their old-world jealousies in the unexplored depths of the new, both pressing on to compass the empire of the wilderness; and they used the original lords of the river and forest only as serviceable instruments.

The events we are now beholding are the inevitable consequences of the course thus early begun by British cupidity. That no greater progress was made in actual occupation, was only owing to the fact, that under the royal government emigration was counted by scores, instead of the thousands now arriving monthly at our ports from every thoroughfare of Europe. The royal government was more peaceable than our own, because it had not equal capacity to be offensive, nor equal interest in such a policy, as the value of the Indian fur-trade was then of tenfold the annual worth of their territories.

At the very commencement of the revolutionary war, a system of acquisition was commenced at Kaskaskia, whose radiations had already reached the heart of the Potawatamies, and prepared the way for that proneness to be controlled by British influence, which has not yet disappeared. During the Revolution the various tribes, with the exception, perhaps, of the Lenapé and Choctaw, seem to have fought for that power which, only till then, they had known.

The war had closed—the Cherokees and Muscogees who, under the wise government of Washington had learned to love the new Republic, remained peaceful, and the Shawnees and Potawatamies, among whom British influence yet preserved alive the embers of war, by the continued though sometimes unsuccessful efforts of Harmer, St. Clair and Wayne, were reduced to terms. In the

* Brown's History of Illinois, p. 26.

meantime, the Alleghanies could not restrain the increasing population. Men who had left their hearth-sides in old England would not be content with meaner homesteads, and in the Edens of the West sought something to recompense them for the loss of their domestic possessions. Then the bitter fruits sown by the parent government, began to ripen. The early colonists had in New England looked upon the Indians as peculiarly liege servants of Beelzebub, to be destroyed, of course, by the children of the Lord; in New York and Pennsylvania, as simple people not really in possession of their wild lands, since they knew not their value; and in the southern colonies, yet tinctured with the spirit of chivalry, as heathen and pagans whom it was an honor to slay. Thus actuated from the Atlantic to the Spanish borders, they began to conduct in such a manner as to call forth from Washington the following remark in a letter to Col. Humphreys: "I must confess, I cannot see much prospect of living in tranquillity with these people, so long as the spirit of land-jobbing prevails, and our frontier sufferers consider it no crime to murder an Indian."

This state of things prevailed everywhere, but was carried to the extremest limit perhaps in Kentucky, where Boone and his coadventurers canonized themselves by the slaughter of their foes, and by winning for their adopted country the name of the "dark and bloody ground." Is it then singular, says Mr. Wirt, that the Indian should be implacable, since *"they have been driven from river to river, from forest to forest, and through a period of two hundred years rolled back, nation upon nation, till they have found themselves fugitives, vagrants and strangers in their own country;—and look forward to the time when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars—driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid—the condition of slaves?"* And when awakened to this necessity, when forced to fly like beasts of prey into the wilderness, what has been our course? Followed up to their very lairs, when crouching like Van Amburgh's lions at the foot of the civilized man, even then we have not left them what the subdued beast has in sovereignty, his cage; but we have forced them to move here and there, at the call of each new comer, to lick the hand which subdued them, to submit to the control of a

race they scorn—or one other choice, to fly yet farther into the desert; or, sacrificing nationality, to amalgamate with the hereditary enemies of their race. This last has been the sad lot of a people from whom most of our instances will be drawn, the Cherokee.

Peculiar in their language, or, at least, differing from the tribes which surrounded them, in this respect, their kindred races must probably be sought for among the relics of the first inhabitants we know of, in the West Indian Archipelago, and the main land of South America. The fact of their looking upon the sun with peculiar veneration, if not worship, may also lead us to such a conjecture. They were powerful at the first coming of the white man, extending over the greater part of Georgia, Tennessee, with portions of Virginia, and the Carolinas; to speak concisely, occupying, with the Creeks, the whole country south of the Ohio, and west of the confederacy of Onasahunkanok—or Powhattan. The whites for a long time forbore to interfere with them, and those who lived in their vicinity, far from molesting, esteemed themselves happy that their fate was cast in the neighborhood of a people, so well disposed to be friendly. One of the first steps taken by the Government during the revolution was to send an agent among them to win their silence, and prevent so formidable a people from becoming hostile. Had they not succeeded—had the weight of the Cherokee people been made a *point d'appui* for the Tories of the Carolinas and Georgia, throwing the whole force of the terrible warriors of the southern tribes among the scattered homes of the planters, who can say how much more severe would have been the struggle for our independence!

Their forbearance, however, and general good faith, did not avail for their security, beyond that which other powerful and more hostile tribes had found. Many incidental events, indeed, helped to prepare the way for the difficulties that followed. The acquisition of Louisiana was peculiarly fatal to them. The cities of New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Louis had formed around them already the nucleus of thriving population, and the filling up of the old States placed them, as it were, within the midst of the country, though not of it; and a cry was raised, that they obstructed the march of civilization, and threw obstacles in the way of the execution of the laws of the country. Alarmed by this cry, a portion of the nation, in

1818, or about that time, set out, as Cæsar represents the Gauls of old to have done, *novas quærere sedes*, and marched onwards, until the fertile plains, near the present port of Arkansas, between the fork of the Arkansas and White rivers, induced them to pause in their course. But the emigrants were not more prosperous than those whom they left behind. The country was too beautiful not to have attracted the cupidity of the white as well as of the red man—and ere long they found themselves closely enclosed on the banks of the western rivers as they had been in the depth of the Alleghany mountains. They moved higher up the river to the site occupied by their tribe at present, and where the government has shown a disposition to protect them against the frequent clamors of the people. It is still disposed to do so, but if Texas is annexed to the Union, will it be able to preserve, to a feeble race comparatively, the sovereignty of so narrow a strip of territory, as that now guaranteed to them, and which is already looked forward to by the idlers who infest every frontier city of our land as the ELDORADO, the possession of which is to realize the dreams of their vagabond cupidity?

Those, meanwhile, whom they had left behind them, as sentinels near the graves of their ancestors, had not stood still in the march of civilization, but taught in the rough school of the world, that the devil must be fought with fire, had learned to cheat, lie, and steal as dexterously, as if the knowledge they had acquired were an heir-loom. All things seemed to tend to the ruin of the Cherokee. The discovery of mineral wealth—which, under a truly paternal government such as ours over the Indians professes to be, would have rendered them wealthy and prosperous—but added to their danger, by holding forth a new temptation to the unprincipled men whom the rumor of gold mines, in all ages, has sufficed to entice from their settled homes. And the aggressors not only injured the Cherokee, by possessing themselves ultimately of their land, but they injured the morals of the nation, by their influence over the women, who strangely enough learned to prefer the most ordinary and illiterate White to a Cherokee, whatever might be his fortune, and though his education should qualify him to take a high position among the gentlemen of any land. This state of things continued; the anxiety which had originated among

the lower classes of the counties immediately upon their border was communicated to the better orders, in their vicinity, and from them to the whole state. The popular clamor increased, till at length the State of Georgia decreed the extension of their laws over the Indians within their limits, whose sires had been the hosts of their fathers.

They appealed to the United States, pledged by long treaties, by honor, by all that dignified humanity, to preserve inviolate the Cherokee nationality. If they did so, let the records of the United States show. It is true the legal functionaries did their duty, but the executive of the land failed in executing that command which it was pledged and sworn to enforce. Public opinion—at least, that which is worth consideration—the opinion of good men, which we are still fain to hope in a free country, always must prevail; sympathy, the talent and education of the land—all were united to sustain them. The eloquence of Wirt, the bitter sarcasm of Randolph, the polished and earnest reasoning of Everett, all were thrown into the scale of justice and honor; the learned and lofty Marshal was there to vouch for the correctness of each act; yet the executive shrunk from the discharge of his duty—and henceforth existed that accusation abroad, so hard to be borne—yet supported, we fear, by too many like results since then—that the power of the United States, for unbending adherence to Law and the Right, is but a reed before the headstrong will of any party of recusants that may choose to rise up and dispute its authority.

There was indeed, in this case, an unforeseen difficulty in the way of abiding by covenant. The Government was undoubtedly in an apparent dilemma. It was pledged to the Cherokee to do one thing; it seemed pledged to Georgia to effect the reverse. There are not wanting candid men who think the predicament constitutional. We shall not argue the point. Out of these conflicting obligations, the one or the other was to be got rid of. It could not long hesitate; the Cherokees were to go by the board. Yet some nicety of tactics was to be displayed. They still mustered some thousand warriors, who, both by the side of, and against our own troops, had shown what they could do. A treaty was to be made—chiefs were to be bribed—the nation to be corrupted—and no small

tact was necessary to do this effectively. An agent was to be provided. Treaties, till then, had always been made with the Indian tribes by the officers of the army. They were not now to be thought of. It is to their credit that they could not be expected to pander to the cupidity of either a party or the nation. The senators of the land—her eminent men—were passed by, and a wretch found, whose name should not be written, lest he attain the fame of him who fired the temple of Diana. Even he seemed anxious to act honestly if possible, and proposed to the nation to sell or exchange their lands. They refused indignantly, and it became necessary to use the force of guile.

It is due to John Howard Payne, who had been one of the most powerful advocates of their cause, and to the capacity with which God had endowed various of the chiefs and principal men of the nation, that the vile plot was not unknown, and at first met with small success. The laws of Georgia, it is true, had been extended over them technically; but the sheriff would have been a bold man who would have dared to execute a legal process within the Cherokee lands. They grew, however, less powerful daily in comparison with the whites; and to avoid the frequent discrepancies of testimony which occurred in their courts whenever a Cherokee was impeached by a white man, or *vice versa*, the Indian was placed upon the footing of a free negro, and his testimony rejected. All drawback upon the villainy of the frontier desperado was thus removed; and thenceforward a white man might rob, steal, and murder with impunity; for the testimony of the whole Cherokee people, unsupported by that of a white, would have infringed as little on a white man's impunity as the blowing of the wind.

It was then that Boudinot, the great benefactor of the people, and editor and controller of their public press, forgetful of his duty to his nation, and of the obligation of a law of which he himself was the proposer, awarding the penalty of death to whomsoever should, in council, advocate the sale of one foot of Cherokee land, suffered himself to be deluded, and signed, or induced others to sign, a treaty. The treaty was invalid of course, because they who did so were entirely without authority from their countrymen; but it afforded a pretext to the

Government to remove them by force. The decree was carried into speedy execution, and one of the noblest of the native tribes of the continent were driven from their homes and ancestral graves, by the descendants of those to whom, but two centuries before, few and unprotected, their fathers had extended, in peace and war, the simple hand of Indian friendship.

The Cherokees were no longer savages, having more of the luxuries of life around them than the common people of Ireland, Spain, or Scotland ever possessed, with large mills, orchards and farms, and many good mechanics of their own, and reaping constantly the benefits of education. The sight was peculiar and touching—grandsires, fathers and children, moved in the same procession—the one sad with the memories of the past, the other sorrowful for the loss of the present, and the aged ones hopeless for the future. They yet seemed to nerve themselves for the struggle; and, led on by the hope, that in their new home they would at least find the part of their nation which, in a day of comparative prosperity, had preceded them, *edailleurs* of the wilderness, as it were, they showed at least a new feature of good in the red man's character.

The shattered nation arrived at the settlements of their brethren; but they were not received, they thought, with the kindness they expected. Twenty years frequently work great changes, and the old emigrants had forgotten those whom they left behind them. Much had occurred to distract their attention from the past. They had striven against a climate to which they were unused; they had fought with the Osage and predatory tribes of the prairie, unassisted, and ceased to look upon themselves as a colony, but as a separate people. Contentment and what Sallust so expressively terms *rixa*, occurred; yet, after some time passing, and the death of Boudinot and other chiefs, they succeeded in establishing a government upon the basis of a constitution similar to our own, with a well regulated police and school system.

Under the care of Ross, their principal chief, they are progressing in power and population, and the appreciation of personal comfort. With the exception of a band known as the North Carolina Indians, established in a spur of the Ozark mountains, they have ceased to be characterized by the traits of savage life. It

is not unusual to see upon the table of the better classes, the last new book and the daily papers of the eastern cities; and the writer has heard the young daughter of a Cherokee chief laugh at a visit she had received from a storekeeper of some wealth, who lived near the line of the United States, because the vulgar man did not know how to use a silver fork. Such are they at present. If unmolested, their friendship cultivated, and a fixed confidence established, their condition may still improve; they may become the supporters of civilization, and have rank among the nations of the earth. But very much remains to be done before such a consummation—as we shall briefly point out.

One of the first necessities of good government is, that the people should have confidence in the laws, and their ministration; that they should believe, not only that the laws are, in themselves, just, but that they will be certain in their execution—no extraneous power intervening to set aside their solemn sanction, and render nugatory the ancestral right and the codified tradition of their race. For Indians, especially, there should be a firm and regular government, fashioned according to their native institutions. The commands of the chief should be enforced; he should have control over the soil of his tribe, as the territory of the United States is obedient to the Constitution. He should have cognizance of all offences committed thereon, and the executive or military power should no more interfere to screen or save from punishment, any one obnoxious to the requirements of their law, than in the United States they should dare to anticipate or correct the decisions of judicial authority.

Now, if a Cherokee commits an offence, he is not left to their own law; if guilty, he is not punished, because, it may be, some meddling commanding officer, not content with tyrannizing over the officers and men under his control, is ambitious to govern a nation, and to show his power by setting at defiance their lawfully constituted authorities. Lately, an officer of the United States army shot down a Cherokee citizen, in cold blood, it is said, and certainly with most culpable carelessness; yet he, by a system of connivance and false certificates, was allowed to escape, not only from charges which might properly have been taken cognizance of by the military court, but from the higher penalty to be laid on such as anywhere de-

stroy God's image. Now this cannot but have a bad effect. The Cherokee knows that, technically, the laws of the United States protect *him*, when within their boundaries; and when he sees the manner in which these laws are enforced, he necessarily feels himself wronged; and it is not to be wondered at if the bitter animosity, for which they have had always but too much cause, but which has been made to smoulder in the ashes, begins to burn again with redoubled violence. For the white man, on the other hand, beyond the line of the United States, there is no law—as the Buccaneers admitted no peace south of the equator. If offences are punished among the Cherokees and other tribes, when committed by one red man against another, it is because they are a law-fearing people, and their chiefs men of justice and intellect. An *imperium in imperio* cannot exist. The Cherokee law and courts either should be annihilated or be made supreme. The first of these alternatives the stipulations of solemn treaties forbid; and the other becomes the only means of escape from the renewal of a state of savage warfare and retrogression to a worse state of barbarity than the Red Man existed in before the landing of Raleigh and the adventurers who followed him.

The next necessity of the well-being of a people, is that they should be satisfied with their laws. It is idle to expect so complex a piece of machinery, as the polity of a people, to work well without that consent which alone can take off the friction of their contact and pressure. To ensure this, they should be allowed to frame the whole superstructure of their government themselves. The expediency of interference by the United States, even to keep the peace, may be doubted, except in case of war among the tribes; for armed interventions terminate mostly in the destruction of the party for whose preservation the first steps were taken. If they are to walk or run with a strong step, they must learn to rise by their own efforts. For a people, self education is the only kind that can shape out a prosperous and permanent existence. The experience of the world strengthens the position we have assumed. Every great nation has arrived at abiding strength by the cumbersome and difficult steps of a first progress. The object is to civilize the Cherokee and other Indians in the broadest signification of the term. We have but to leave them alone, and time, the great

improver and soother of evils, will enable them to look upwards, in spite of the mighty weight imposed upon them.

Let the Indian make his own laws. They may at first be bad ones, but so were all the externals of his life; he has improved the one—he may equally improve the other. Suffer no interference with them; let men be sent to watch over them, to foster them, but not to govern. It is especially necessary to do away with the present Indian agency, which embraces in one person, the multiform capacity of soldier, governor, ambassador, and trader. Let these persons be forbidden to be any thing but guardians of the rights of the white man, and agents of communication between the tribes among which they shall respectively be located, and the government of the United States—standing somewhat in the capacity of our Consuls abroad.

Has it ever been conceived as possible, that an Indian Agent, with a salary of \$750 per annum, is the repository of the dangerous power of making an Indian Chief? of granting away the power of life and death over a people? Such is the case. Some years since, so great a violence was committed upon the Ojibwas; a people who, at that time, were in a perilous condition, especially requiring that their Chief should be possessed, if possible, of their fullest confidence, and

not only the objective but subjective affection of his tribe. Was it ever imagined, that an Indian Agent should dictate to the tribe to which he was commissioned, what treaty they should make with the power from whom he was commissioned? Yet, that such a wrong has been suffered, is witnessed by the treaties recently made with the POTAWATOMIES of the Lakes, with the Seminoles, and others. Must not this be reformed? Shall it continue a reproach to the Government, that it farms out its subject states, as the Roman emperors did their provinces—a reward for political partizanship and corruption? Will it not now, by thus reforming this method of communicating with the native tribes, reform all their abuses? Will it not raise to the dignity of true manhood a people surely worthy of some higher destiny, than that to which the fatality of their race, and the course of circumstances over which they could have no control, seem hopelessly committing them? Let these things be considered with the attention and generous bearing, which an enlightened and powerful nation should hold towards one broken and feeble, but struggling to redeem themselves from the depths of a savage existence, nor yet able to forget that they are of the ancient inheritors of the land.

THE LAWS OF MENU.*

BY JAMES D. WHELPLEY.

MENU, the legislator of the Hindoos, and, in their belief, the grandson of Brahma, is said to have lived at the beginning of the world, and to have given laws for all the ages. The antiquity of the dialect in which the code of Menu is composed, makes it probable, that his laws were promulgated as early as the thirteenth century, B. C.

The word *menu*, is supposed to be the same in origin with the Latin *mens*, and the English *mind*, and so nearly resembles *Menai*, the name of the first king and lawgiver of Egypt, it is easy to conjecture that Menu and Menai are the same person.

Vyasa, the ancient compiler and commentator of Hindoo scripture, classes the books of Menu among writings that cannot be impugned by an authority merely human. So sacred are they, none but the 'twice-born' may read them; and the neglect of their perusal, to the third generation, is punished by loss of caste.

Of this code, the sage Vrihaspati (who is believed to be at this time the regent of the planet Jupiter,) declares, that it is the most perfect in the world, because it expresses the whole spirit of the Vedas.

The body of the law is named, in Sanscrit, *dharma-shastra*; *dharma*, like the

* Institutes of Menu, translated by Sir William Jones.

† Ibid. (Preface.)

Latin term, meaning law, or limit; and *shastra*, any inspired work.

The most learned and respectable of the Brahmins, who filled the civil and judicial offices, were anciently devoted to the study of the law and its commentaries; but at this day, the original code is known only to the few, and is becoming obsolete.

It is said to have been communicated by the divine lawgiver to certain of the celestial sages; who, in their turn, gave it by inspiration to Bhrigu, a learned Brahmin. This first communication was the ancient and original law, of which portions are quoted in the Vedas; and from which the present code was compiled and modified.

The divine sages, wishing to learn of Menu the origin of law and of the world, approached him while he sat absorbed in the contemplation of Supreme Good; and with every testimony of respect, made known their desire. Menu, in compliance, began with a history of creation, and of the institution of caste.

Creation, as it is described by Menu, was a work of Brahma, who is the principal person of the three that emanated from Brehm, the Vast, ineffable, One. Brahma, the first of created gods, gave origin to the world by conceiving it in his thought. While he wakes, all things exist; his sleep is their dissolution, and is periodic; and, during its continuance, all things are dissolved and reabsorbed; being forms only, of which his thought is the substance.

The first thought of Brahma was, to produce the world like an egg, in the ocean of Being. *But he was in the egg, and resolved himself therein; producing the male and female principle:* but these were at the first confused and mingled together. By other efforts of thought, Brahma originated the forms of things, in succession, ending with Man.

Matter is of a feminine, *form* of a masculine, nature: their conjunction gives origin to Maia, or Nature; who is Delusion (appearance).

The cosmogony of Menu bears only a remote resemblance to that of Moses, and is debased by many puerilities and barbarisms. Although an easy conjecture may derive it from the books of Hermes,

it has a character and method that is unlike anything Egyptian: and the description of the four castes, which are declared, by Menu, to have sprung from the mouth, the arm, the thigh, and the foot, of Brahma, carries the difference of orders to a height unimagined by the Egyptians; for that people regarded all castes (if we may believe Diodorus,) as equal before God. Nor is there anything of puerility or formality, equal to this derivation of castes, in what is left to us of Egyptian mythology; but, in all, a certain antique grandeur and simplicity, though defaced by many grossnesses.

Menu, continuing his conversation with the sages, describes the duties that were allotted to the four classes, and dwells upon the sacredness of Brahmins, affirming, that their very birth is an incarnation of Dherma, the Spirit of Justice, for that the priest is born to promote justice; and, by right of primogeniture, (being first created,) is the virtual sovereign and possessor of the world.

Menu takes especial care to impress the sacredness of custom; declaring that it is transcendent law, and commanding all twice-born persons (as they revere the divine Spirit that is within* them,) to observe it with the utmost reverence.

The twice-born classes are commanded by the lawgiver, to dwell in the region of the Ganges and its tributaries; as in the only region, suitable for sacrifice and ablation; but a soudra may dwell where he best can; and it is evident, the Hindoo lawgiver regards him as but little elevated above brutes, and esteems his salvation to be of no greater moment than that of a bull or a serpent.

Anciently, when the laws of Menu were first promulgated, the young Brahmin, after initiation, became a mendicant; begging food, from door to door, for the sustenance of his preceptor and himself.

Menu commands him to beg first of his relations, beginning with the nearest; and, growing bolder, to ask food of any respectable person; taking care to betray no shame, but to beg as though it was lawful, and his right: and accordingly, nothing is more impudent than one of these sacred vagabonds.

The preceptor, becoming a kind of

* Man, according to Menu, has a three-fold life; the organic soul of the body, which is transmigratory; the passion, intelligence and affection; and that Divine Spirit, which is the source of Justice, and one with God.

chief of beggars, and supported by his student's earnings, is commanded, in his turn, to observe a thousand austerities and ceremonies.

The duties prescribed to a pupil, are a mixture of dietetics and mysticism, ingeniously adapted to preserve health, while they enslave the imagination. If he desires long life, he must take food, while looking toward the east; if fame, toward the south; if prosperity, toward the west; if truth and its reward, toward the north: "and let him honor his food," says Menu, "and eat it without contempt; for food, eaten with respect, gives health and force; but taken irreverently, destroys both."

With the greatest ingenuity, rules for cleanliness and worship are so blended as to produce an impression on the superstitious mind; making daily necessities received of religious duty, and religious duty compel to the care of health.

It is apparent that this code had not justice for its aim, nor the good of the people, nor the common weal of the nation; but only to uphold and continue unimpaired, the power and number of the priestly order.

Girls, of the sacred caste, are subjected to a very strict and careful regimen; but are forbidden the Vedas, and limited to the duties of a wife and mother.

Great care is taken, lest the preceptor abuse his pupil; and the student is forbidden to perform for him any gross or personal offices. At the beginning and close of each reading in the Veda, he must reverently embrace the feet of his preceptor; and the preceptor must pronounce silently the mysterious O'M, the initials of the unknown name; for, it is added, unless that syllable be said, at the beginning and end of each reading, the remembrance of what was read will slip away from the reader's mind.

Nothing is more earnestly inculcated than the repetition of prayers; they are to be said at food, and before and after bathing; at sunrise and sunset, and on all occasions, where any pretext will serve to introduce them. The prayer of prayers is the Gayatri; whose repetition is alone sufficient to expiate all sin, and secure immortal bliss.

The student must suppress his breath, and with a subdued mind, silently adore the Supreme. "The act," says Menu, "of repeating His holy name is ten times better than the appointed sacrifice; an hundred times, when no man hears it;

and a thousand, when it is purely mental."

All sensualities are forbidden to the young Brahmin who is a student of the Vedas; only, at certain times, he may hear music, and wear a chaplet of flowers.

The greatest humility is commanded toward superiors;—"For," says Menu, "the vital spirits of a young man mount upward, to depart from him, when an elder approaches; but, by rising and salutation, he recovers them."

Salutations must be suitable to the rank of the person who is saluted; and women, (especially when they are near relations,) must receive the kindest and the most respectful of all. The conduct of the preceptor is guarded with no less care. He must do nothing to the degradation or injury of his pupil; his gesture and behavior must be such as may ensure respect. Among the multitude, silence is enjoined upon him; and his knowledge and advice must be given to those only who need and ask it.

The whole duty of veneration seems to be exhausted in this law; nor is it easy to conceive a code that should enforce it better. "Wealth, kindred, aye, moral conduct, and divine knowledge," says the legislator, "entitle men to respect, but the last, most;" and, in rank, the youngest initiated Brahmin is held to be more venerable than the oldest soldier.

He commands all persons, of whatever condition, to observe open civilities, and to grade them with the nicest attention. Hindoo courtesy is easy and prompt, unincumbered by such formalities as are used in China. The traveler must not force a woman, or a very old man, to turn from the path; and must give way to one afflicted with disease, or carrying a burden; to a prince, a bridegroom, a priest, or one borne upon a wheeled car.

It is remarked of this people, that none are more polite in intercourse with strangers; and that in the streets of their cities, they glide easily along without jostling or crowding.

Menu enforces obedience to parents; declaring, that, by honoring his mother, a young man gains happiness in the present life; but that by obeying his father, he secures an ethereal, and by his preceptor, a celestial beatitude.

Above all, the pupil must learn goodness, and study to imitate the excellence he sees in others. "A believer in scripture," says the lawgiver, "may receive

a lesson of the highest virtue even from the meanest of men; from poison, nectar may be taken; from gross matters, gold; from a foe, prudence; and from a child, gentleness of speech."

The third chapter of the code of Menu, treats of marriage. Eight kinds are mentioned, of which two are illicit. The holiest wedlock, is by the gift of a daughter to a learned Brahmin, by the intervention of a pious priest. The bride must be clad only in a white robe, divested of all ornament. In the inferior forms less ceremony is observed, and the bride may be gaily adorned. The relations make gifts to the bride, which are her dowry and paraphernalia. But gifts are often given by the bridegroom, to serve as a kind of purchase; though Menu forbids the purchase of a wife, condemning the custom as barbarous and unlawful.

A young Brahmin, with the consent of his preceptor, may marry as soon as he has committed a portion of each of the four Vedas; but this condition is no longer enforced. Marriages, in India, are now made by the parents, between very young children. Marriages must not be contracted, within the sixth degree of consanguinity; nor must the Brahmin take to wife a girl who is deformed, or subject to any loathsome, or fatal disease; nor one who has an inauspicious or barbarous name. The young man is commanded to choose a girl of good family, who is delicate, and well formed; and to avoid one of a family in which all the children are daughters.

For the violation of these laws, Menu apportioned penances of every degree; and threatens torments, in the world to come. Every unexpiated offence has its punishment appointed in the future state; and the degree of purgatorial pain is fitted to the enormity of the sin.

The idea of the Hindoo purgatory may be traced to the Egyptian doctrine of transmigration. At an uncertain period, or immediately after death, the *animal soul*,* (upon which the punishment of sin was believed to fall,) must enter another body, that it may suffer torment. As the degree and number of offences is infinite, the gradations of punishment must be fitted to these degrees: Since that existence itself is painful, and a kind

of imprisonment of the soul: and that there are believed to be many existences, both in inferior and superior worlds; making an unbroken scale, from demons in the lower deep, to vehicles of ether inhabited by blessed spirits;—all conditions of life, (even among gods,) are regarded by the Vedas, as probationary, and subject to pain. Where there is existence, says Menu, there is pain and desire: and every state from fire to ether, is a state of change and strife: the soul struggles to ascend, inhabiting all bodies in turn from devils to Brahmins; and thence to genii and deities, until it is lost again in the Ineffable.

The redemption of souls out of purgatory, is supposed to be effected by the prayers of their children. Hence in the ancient poetry of India, Woman is named the giver of heaven;† for, by her, the son is born, whose prayers and offerings shall redeem the soul. The son of a wife by the most sacred form of marriage, is able, by the monthly offering, to redeem the souls of six generations of his ancestors; and a Brahmin by force of piety alone, in this life, may rescue ten of his descendants from the pains of hell.

A portion of the third chapter of Menu's institutes is devoted to conjectures that even now exercise the ingenuity of physiologists. The husband is commanded to indulge his wife in every innocent gratification, "for if she be not elegantly attired," says Menu, "she will not please her husband; but if the wife is beautifully adorned, the whole house is embellished."

A householder, if he be religious, must observe *five* sacraments; to atone for the death of small animals and insects, which he destroys unguardedly in his house. These sacraments are, the reading of scripture; the offering of cakes and water to the manes of ancestors; the offering to fire, which is a sacrament of gods; giving food to animals, which is a sacrament of spirits; and the entertaining guests, the sacrament of men. "He who fails of these, lives not, though he breathes."

The rules of each sacrament are minutely given. A daily sacrifice to the spirits and sages must be made in the house; that to deities, in the open air.

* Or vital spirit, (supposed to be "a spark from the Eternal.")

† Colebrooke, As. Res.

"To all the gods, let him throw up an oblation of food; by day, to the spirits that walk in light, and by night, to those that walk in darkness."

He must throw a portion behind him for the good of living things, and cast what remains toward the south, in honor of the great ancestors of all.

Daily hospitality is enjoined. "Let the entertainer, inquire the ancestry of his venerated guest;" that he may do him honor; for even in hospitality rank must be observed.

Of these sacraments, the most important is the *sraddha*, a monthly offering to the manes of ancestors. Menu commands, that they be worshipped as gods. "The divine manes are pleased with an offering in empty glades, on the banks of rivers, and in solitary places." Here, the Brahmin must consecrate a circle upon the turf, by smearing it with dung of cows. Many Brahmins must be assembled as guests, and must share the offering with gods and manes. But those, only, who are of repute for piety and learning may partake of the oblation; and Menu even enumerates the particular torments and transmigrations, that shall be suffered by the householder who gives consecrated rice to unclean, ignorant or inferior persons.

A fire having been kindled in the consecrated circle, and the guests in attendance crowned with perfumed garlands, an offering of food is cast upon the flame. Walking from east to south, the sacrificer casts in a portion for the gods, and another for the manes; and sprinkles water upon the earth from his right hand. The ceremony is tedious in description, and but for the dainty feast it brings, must be equally so, in practice, for the guests within the consecrated circle. Every kind of food and condiment, permitted by the law, may be offered to the manes; and the guests being witnesses, the piety of the householder is estimated by the richness of the oblation.

"Let the dressed food," says Menu, "be very hot, and let the Brahmins eat it in silence." The minds of the sacrificer and his guests, must be free of care and full of contentment. "A tear sends the offering to restless ghosts; anger to foes; falsehood, to the dogs;" &c.

One of the three cakes offered to the manes may be eaten by a lawful and dutiful wife; but if he gives any part of

it to a *soudra*, the household shall be cast headlong into the hell called *Calasutra*.

Nothing must be offered to the manes by night, for the night is infested by demons. The consecrations of the circle is to prevent the intrusion of evil spirits, who are perpetually on the watch to interrupt and divert the offices and effects of piety.

Devout Brahmins must keep a sacred fire perpetually burning in their house. They are commanded to make the *sraddha* on that day of the moon's dark fortnight when she is in conjunction with the sun. At the close of this chapter, Menu commands, "that the manes be revered as gods," adding, that "the Veda commands it;" but in Egypt, the manes were not looked upon as deities.* Another proof, that the worship, and apotheosis of human souls, is a superstition of Japetian, or at least of Indian origin, averse from the prejudice of Syrian and Egyptian nations.

The fourth chapter of Menu, treats of economics and private morality. A Brahmin under pressure of poverty is permitted to gain a livelihood by any honest occupation, except service for hire. But the holy saint, who lives upon the offerings of the pious, is preferred above all others. The devout Brahmin must live in a manner, and with a decency, in every particular conformable to his age. He must avoid all luxury, and with equal care, eschew parsimony and meanness. He must solicitously avoid impurity, and observe neatness and cleanliness of dress and person.

He may not hold intercourse with crafty or unjust persons; nor do the least thing that is derogatory to his family or reputation.

A multitude of inauspicious acts are enumerated, which the devout Brahmin must avoid. Such are—to behold the sun, or to see his own image in water; to step over the string by which a calf is tied, or to run when it rains; to go by on the left side of a pot of butter; or, to look upon or stand by anything unclean.

So numerous are these particulars with their penances by prayer and bathings, it would seem almost the business of a life to observe them. The Brahmin must not eat with his wife, nor see her adorning or dressing herself: he must not bathe quite naked; nor defile water. He must

* Wilkinson's Egypt.

not wear the clothes of another; nor bite his own nails; nor must he read in a sacred book, when anything has happened that may discompose his mind, or dispose it to indifference.

Among violations of law the "*giving of food to a worshipper of images*," is expressly mentioned; a proof if such were needed, that the Brahmins were not, at first, idolatrous; but only tolerated image worship, as it was tolerated in Egypt, to gratify the inclination of the lower classes, and to maintain over them a more absolute authority.

A Brahmin must never be in rage or terror; nor must he shed the blood of a Brahmin. "As many particles of dust," says Menu, "as the blood so shed shall roll up, for so many years shall he be mangled by animals in another life."

"Let him," concludes the sage, "observe the speedy overthrow of the workers of iniquity;" "yes, evil once committed, fails not of its fruit; if not in himself, yet in his children to the second generation." For whatever purpose he bestows a gift, or in whatever hope he makes a sacrifice, he shall receive a similar reward. "Giving pain to no living thing, let him gather virtue by degrees, to be a companion in the next world. Single is each man borne; by himself, he dies; alone he takes his reward." "When he leaves his body, like a lump of clay, upon the earth—his kindred retire with averted faces; but his virtue accompanies his soul. With virtue for his guide, he will traverse a gloom now hard to be traversed!"

The fifth chapter is of diet, purification, and women; and in a number of particulars, resembles the Levitical law.* Garlicks, leeks, and onions, beside all forced vegetables, are forbidden, (as in Egypt,) to be used as food by a person of the sacred caste. "Many kinds of animals are enumerated as unclean, and the use of flesh meats is, in general, condemned. "The man who forsakes not the law, and eats not flesh meat, like a blood-thirsty demon, *shall attain good in this world, and shall not be afflicted with disease.*" By the touch of impure or decaying substances, impurity, says the lawgiver, is conveyed to the whole person, and must be removed by ablution. Land is to be cleansed, by smearing it with cow-dung, or by letting a cow pass over it. "A thing nibbled by a

bird, or sneered on, or otherwise defiled, is purified by sprinkling earth upon it." "Every thing is pure which a Brahmin has either praised or sprinkled with water." "The hand of an artist in his work is always pure." So is "the mouth of a woman;" and so are gnats; sprinklings "from the lips of a speaker," "a horse, a cow, a shadow; dust, sunbeams, earth, air, and fire."

Married women are commanded to be of a cheerful temper, and, for the hope of paradise, to honor their husbands.

The sixth chapter treats of devotion, and of the life of a hermit. A householder, weary of the world, who has faithfully performed its duties, may retire into the forest, and practice various degrees of fasting and penance, with the intention of subduing all desires and affections, that he may obtain absorption at the instant of death. Such are the Sanyassies and Yogies, who practice extraordinary penance. Their food is roots and herbs, and the wild rice. They endeavor, by gradations of self-denial, to touch the verge of famine, without actually dying. The most remarkable of these are the Yogies; *yoga* meaning beatitude, or absorption into the divine Essence. In the Sacontala of Colidos, a Yogi is described, sitting in the sacred mountain of Indra; his body covered with an ant's nest, and the flesh of his neck perforated by the arms of shrubs, that had grown about him. The sitting Yogies were once numerous about the sacred sources of the Ganges, and were supported by the contributions of pilgrims. But asceticism is less practiced than formerly, there being, in all India, a general decline of the severer heathenism.

The modes of self-torment to be used by the devotee, are minutely described by Menu. "Let him slide backwards and forwards upon the ground; or, let him stand the whole day on tiptoe; or let him continue in motion, rising and sitting alternately." "Let him sit exposed, in the hot season, between four fires, and in the sun," &c.

A Brahmin who has performed all his duties as a student and housekeeper, may become an anchorite in the house of his son, giving his whole mind to meditation and prayer. Religious suicide, (by penance,) is commanded; and to die under torment, is a surety for paradise.

* For the parallel, consult Ward on the Hindoos, *passim*.

The seventh chapter is the most important of the whole book, being a summary of public and civil law; but the mind of the lawgiver is evidently more impressed with religious, than with civil duties. Kings must be held sacred, and treated with respect, even in childhood. "He must be, indeed, the perfect essence of majesty, by whose favor comes abundance; by whose valor, conquest; and by whose anger, death." The king is named the "punisher," and "punishment" declared to be the true governor; a proof that the composers of this code did not regard the law as established for protection only, and not for punishment. The code of Menu, like all others that have emanated from an ascetical or fanatical legislation, aims rather to control and punish the individual, than to protect him in his civil and moral freedom. A just legislation, assuming no jurisdiction over conscience, dares not assume the office of a punisher; and aims only to protect one against another.

Menu is full of wisdom in his advice to kings. After dwelling upon the necessity for a single head, to be the arbiter of right and the punisher of wrong, he commends humility in the sovereign, accounting it the greatest of virtues, more especially when exercised toward Brahmins. To Brahmins, the sovereign must make many and splendid gifts, to secure his happiness in this and in a future world. He must be brave and merciful, protecting the weak and suppressing the strong. He is commanded to enlarge his empire, and to subdue neighboring nations; as though the rule of more than one despot, were an anamoly in nature.

The soldier is instructed to forbear injuring a sleeping foe, or one who has broken his weapon; with many other precepts of generosity and valor; nor are the free tribes of India unworthy of such admonition; the best of them are described as possessed of many chivalrous traits. The richest spoils, in battle, must be reserved for the king. The thoughts of the monarch must be wholly occupied with war. "Like the heron," says Menu, "let him muse on gaining advantages; like a wolf, let him steal upon his prey; like a lion, let him put forth his strength; like a hare, let him double to secure retreat."

To win by presents, to create divisions, and to gain by force, are reckoned as the lawful means of conquest.

The civil duties of the sovereign are much less insisted on, excepting that he must assiduously cultivate the good will of Brahmins, and be always guided by their advice. Taxes must be as light as possible, and justice suddenly and cruelly inflicted. Thieves are to be discovered, by tempting them to commit theft; and to that end, skillful persons must be employed as spies and bailiffs. The king's private conduct is carefully regulated, and many politic rules suggested for the quiet of the nation and the advancement of the priests. The king is advised to employ a number of informers, to whom he must devote a portion of each day. He is commanded to retire early, and be up betimes, to meet his council in the morning.

The eighth chapter is of the judicature. All causes are to be decided by the rayah, or king, in his council of priests, unless he chooses to appoint a Brahmin as his substitute. The ordinary crimes are enumerated, and various punishments, of a cruel nature, appointed for them. Mutilation and whipping, are the most usual. Indeed, the Hindoo notions of justice are described as singularly false and imperfect: though in this chapter the metaphysical idea of it is clearly expressed. "The only firm friend," says Menu, "who follows men even after death, is justice. Being destroyed it will destroy, being observed it will preserve."

Eighteen titles of law are enumerated, which are declared by Menu to be the ground of all judicial procedure, but nothing is said of the statutes, or of equity; the religious and civil ordinances of the law, interpreted by the judge, being deemed sufficient to meet any case. Advocates and attorneys are very numerous in the Hindoo courts, and find abundant employment; for all ranks of this people are exceedingly litigious. False swearing is a very common and trivial offence among them; and for a trifling sum, any number of witnesses may be suborned: nor do they esteem forgery a crime, but count it among venial offences. The judge, says Menu, must learn to read the thoughts of offenders, "since the motions of the body discover the internal workings of the mind. The king must inquire into the usages of towns and neighborhoods, and establish them as law. The foundation of law in usage is clearly recognized by Menu; "All men, who mind their own

customary ways of living, and are fixed in the discharge of their several duties, become united with the people at large, even though they dwell far asunder."

Custom, among all nations, whether barbarous or civilized, is known to have the force of law; but with none more than with this people, whose every action and opinion is modified by immemorial custom; and to this trait, as to the same in the Egyptians, may be ascribed the wonderful duration of their governments. Though they seem to have sense of political nationality, their sociality, by caste and sect, preserves the lesser portions of society, and the power of their foreign masters holds them together as a nation.

The customs and rules of Hindoo courts are complicated and exact, particularly in regard to testimony; for in the days of Menu, (as at present,) it seems to have been a point of difficulty to secure true testimony. Punishments of perjury are threatened with visitation in the future life, and Menu prescribes the following admonition for a witness. "The soul itself is its own witness; offend not thy conscious soul: The sinful have said in their hearts, 'none see us;' Yes, the gods distinctly see them, and so does the spirit within their breasts." The judge must admonish the witness, thus: "O, friend to virtue, that supreme Spirit,* which thou believest to be one and the same with thyself, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness, and of thy wickedness."

When true evidence may cause the death of a man who has not been a grievous offender, Menu advises the witness to speak falsely, in order to save his life from the unjust severity of the law, or of the king. Such witnesses must make expiation for perjury with cakes of rice and milk, to Saraswati, the goddess of speech; for thus, says Menu, "they shall expiate the venial sin of benevolent falsehood." Most remarkable of all is the provision, that if any sickness or misfortune happens to a witness within seven days after the giving of his testimony, in a case of debt, he must pay the litigated demand, and costs of court; the sickness or misfortune being looked upon as a warning against him from the gods.

Oaths, says Menu, must not be taken

lightly; "let no man of sense take an oath in vain, for the man who takes an oath in vain, shall be punished in this life and in the next." Lovers' oaths, and light asseverations, are specified as venial and inoffensive. A soldier must swear by his weapons, a priest by his veracity, a merchant by his gold. "On great occasions, let the judge cause the party to hold fire, or dive under water, or severally to touch the heads of his wife and children: He whom fire burns not, whom the water soon forces not up, or who meets with no speedy misfortune, must be held to be veracious." Regulations for the interest of money are minute; and a larger per centage is allowed, when the adventure is hazardous. Things lent, must not, do not, by length of time, or use, become the property of the user or borrower. *Compound* interest is expressly forbidden, nor can the total of interest demanded, ever exceed the principal.

"On failure of witnesses to a debt," says the law-giver, "let the judge actually deposite gold, or precious things, with the defendant, by the artful contrivance of spies whose persons are engaging. Should the defendant restore that deposite, in the manner and shape in which it was entrusted to him by the spies, there is nothing in his hands for which others can justly accuse him;" but if the defendant, thus tempted, fails to restore the deposit, he must pay both that and the debt in suit."

"Written titles, and not occupation, though for the longest period, are essential to support of claims."

Very minute directions are given for the wages of servants. The hired soudra, whose wages are paid in milk, may milk the best cow in ten.

Menu commands, that commons for pasture shall be left, of sufficient breadth, about the skirt of every village. For the preservation of boundaries, secret landmarks are to be buried in the earth.

Slander is severely punished. "If a soudra contumeliously mentions a Brahmin, an iron style, ten fingers long, shall be thrust, red hot, into his mouth." "A man who reproaches another with blindness or deformity, must be punished, though he speak truth."

"A blow given to cattle, or to a human being, must be punished with a pain inflicted, equal to the pain given." It is

* Not the soul, nor the life subject to transmigration, but the infusion or emanation of Brehm, the One.

forbidden to beat a pupil, or a child, upon any noble part of the body, on pain of fine; to be inflicted upon the guardian or preceptor.

For stealing men, the penalty is capital. For a theft of small value, the judge must exact twice the worth of the thing stolen. But the taking of roots, or fruit, from a large tree, a forest, or an unenclosed field, is not to be accounted theft. If any person injures another, in body or limb, he must bear the cost of a perfect cure of the injury. Adultery must be punished, in the woman, by being torn to pieces by dogs; and the adulterer, by roasting upon an iron bed: but the frequency of the crime and the severity of the punishment combine to frustrate the law-giver's intention.

The various possibilities of impurity are specified by Menu, and severe inflictions appointed against each. The desertion of parents by their children, or of children by their parents, is made punishable by fine. Social insults are classed among offences; "A priest who gives an entertainment to twenty respectable persons, without inviting his worthy neighbor, shall be fined one pana of silver." The laws of trade are exact and severe. *Smuggling*, subjects the offender to confiscation. Weights and measures must be known, and examined, twice a year, by the kings officer. Slavery is made legal; and a soudra, or a prisoner of war, may be bought or sold. Menu enumerates several classes of slaves, namely: those taken in battle, bond servants, the children of slaves, and persons enslaved because of inability to pay a fine. Slaves cannot have property of their own; "a Brahmin," says the law-giver, "if he be distressed for subsistence, may seize without hesitation, the goods of his soudra slave; for that slave can have no property of his own."

The ninth chapter is on judicature, social and criminal law, and the duties of relatives and classes.

Concerning women, Menu decrees, that they be held by their protectors in a state of dependence. "Their fathers protect them in childhood, their husbands in youth, their sons in age; a woman is never fit for independence." Learned women, in India, are usually of bad reputation, and connected with a sect, or temple: they are employed to draw votaries.

"The husband," says Menu, "must vigilantly guard his wife, and keep her

employed in the collection and expenditure of wealth, in the preparation of food, and the duties of the house." "But those women are truly secure, who are guarded by their own good inclinations." Drinking, bad company, gadding, unseasonable sleep, and living in the house of another, are enumerated among the faults that bring infamy upon a woman.

She must purify herself and expiate her errors by stated ceremonies, prayers, and offerings.

The good conduct of a woman is supposed to confer happiness upon the manes of her own and her husband's ancestors. "Then only," says Menu, "is a man perfect, when he consists of three persons united—his wife, himself, and his son." "the husband is even one person with the wife; and, neither by sale, nor by desertion, can a wife be released from her husband."

The limits of consanguinity, appointed by the lawgiver, within which marriage may be contracted, are such as are established among civilized nations, agreeably to the law of nature.

A husband is commanded to bear with a vicious wife, for one year; after which she may be repudiated. A wife, whose children are all daughters, may be superseded by another, after the tenth or eleventh year; but she must be treated with tenderness. "She who is afflicted with incurable illness, but is beloved and virtuous, must never be disgraced, though, with her own consent, she may be superseded by another."

Girls may marry in their ninth year. They must wait three years to be chosen; and if none offers, they may then choose for themselves; but the choice is always made by the parents. "Let mutual fidelity," says the legislator, "continue till death; this is the supreme law."

The remainder of this chapter is occupied with the duties of family and caste. Gambling, and the use of *spirituous liquors*, are enumerated among grievous offences. For a priest to drink spirituous liquor, is accounted by Menu, a crime nearly equal in enormity to the murder of a Brahmin. "Dancers and singers, revilers of Scripture, open heretics, men who perform not the duties of their several classes, and *sellors of spirituous liquor*, let the king instantly banish from the town; these wretches, lurking like unseen thieves in the dominions of a prince, continually harass his good

subjects with their vicious conduct." If a priest or soldier is detected in the use of spiritous liquor, he must be branded with the mark of a vintner's flag, and becomes an outcast.

The king is commanded to keep up an efficient police, and to watch every nook and hidden recess, of his province. The enumeration of royal duties makes it apparent, that the king was regarded by Menu as the sole source and depositary of power and of justice: he is at once judge, king and legislator. He represents the four ages of time; "when asleep he is the Cali," or age of earth, (*cal* signifying the decay and change of all things by time); "waking he is the Dwapara," or age of violence, (corresponding with the iron age of the Greek Mythology); "in action, he is the Treta; and doing virtuously, the Satya," (or golden—the age of fruition.) His functions are compared to those of Deity; but Menu gives him a caution against offending Brahmins. "*Who, without perishing, could provoke those holy men, by whose ancestors the all-devouring fire was created?*"

The tenth chapter is occupied with an enumeration of the pure and mixed castes, and of their duties. The eleventh treats of penance and purification. The means of purification are, bathing, prayer and reading in the Vedas. Penance is by fasting and the repetition of prayers. Confession is equivalent to expiation, and to confess publicly is a great merit.

Revenge is approved; and Menu reminds the priest that he need not complain to his sovereign of any grievous injury; since his own power, which depends on himself, is mightier than that of the king, which depends on other men. This power consists in curses and incantations against enemies; the holiest of the Vedas contains a great number of these weapons in the form of prayers.

The penances for all offences are carefully appointed. The same offence may be expiated by walking on a tedious pilgrimage, or by fasting, or a little food, or by repeating the whole Veda. The accidental death of a cow must be atoned for, by following a herd of cows, for several years; serving them, and inhaling the dust of their sacred feet. But to slay a cow, or a bull, intentionally, is the greatest of crimes, and must be expi-

ated by a voluntary death, (the method of which is prescribed.)

The least insult to a Brahmin, is met with a severe penance.

The method of self-mortification, for the attainment of beatitude, is described in this chapter with the greatest circumstance. "He, who, for a whole month, eats no more than thrice eighty mouthfuls of wild rice, as he happens to find them, keeping all his appetites in subjection, shall attain the same abode with the regent of the moon," &c. Saints and demigods are supposed to have attained their present elevation by penance. Almsgiving is another appointed means of expiation, but none are more effectual than open confession; "He who truly and voluntarily confesses his sin, is disengaged from it, as a snake from its slough. As his heart loathes the evil deed, so far shall his spirit be freed from the taint of it."

But no penance is comparable, for power, with the repetition of the Vedas. "A priest, who should retain in his memory the whole Rig-Veda, would be absolved from guilt, though he had slain the inhabitants of the three worlds,* and had eaten food from the foulest hands." "As a clod of earth, cast into a great lake, sinks into it, so is every sinful act submerged in the triple Veda." The following is the concluding verse of the chapter. "The primary tri-literal syllable O'M", (or A, U, M,) "in which the sense of the three Vedas" (i. e. the Unity of the Divine Being,) "is comprised, must be kept secret, like another triple Veda: he knows the Veda, who distinctly knows the sense of that word." A knowledge carefully concealed from the people, for whom it was esteemed fit that they remain idolaters, unconscious of the Divine Essence. So, in Egypt, the knowledge of the One God was hidden from the people, and they remained idolaters. The priest only saw in the sacred idol or animal, a symbol, and not a presence, of divinity.

The twelfth and last chapter of these Institutes contains the whole doctrine of transmigration, and of the final absorption of the soul.†

Actions, says Menu, bear fruit according to their spirit, whether good or evil; and from the actions of men proceed their various transmigrations. Bad thoughts

* These are, the world of serpents and hydras, the world of men, and the world of spirits.—See KAMAYANA OF VALMECKI, (trans. by Carey and Marshman,) p. 4, v. 1

† "And the Spirit shall return to God who gave it."—Eccles.

are held equivalent to bad actions. "For sinful acts of the body, a man shall assume a vegetable or mineral form," &c. Sins of the mind are punished in other degrees.

Three souls inspire every human being:—"the vital spirit, which gives motion to the body, and an internal spirit, named *Mahat*, or the Great Soul," (the *Anima Mundi*, Intellect and Passion.) "These two, the vital spirit and the reasonable soul, are closely connected with the Supreme Spirit, or Divine soul, which pervades all beings, high and low." "From the substance of that Supreme Spirit, are diffused, like sparks from fire, innumerable vital spirits" (souls subject to transmigration, *species*,) which perpetually give motion to creatures." "By the vital spirits of those men who have committed crimes, another body, composed of nerves (that it may feel torture,) shall be assumed after death." After a certain period of suffering, "it approaches again those two most effulgent essences, the intellectual soul (*Mahat*) and the divine spirit." This latter is conceived to be one and the same in all human beings, as if that spirit of man from which virtue comes, were one with the divine spirit. If the vital spirit has practiced virtue, it shall enjoy an ethereal body hereafter, and be capable of happiness.

The three qualities of the mind are,— "a tendency to goodness, and to passion, and to darkness." Calmness of mind and virtuous inclinations, flow from the divine, passion and restless desire from the intellectual, (or *Mahat*), sensuality from the vital spirit. "To the quality of goodness, belongs every act by which he (the man) hopes to acquire divine knowledge,—which he is never ashamed of doing,—and which brings placid joy to his conscience."

"Souls endued with goodness," (*i.e.* with the divine spirit), "attain always the state of deities; those filled with ambitious passions," (*Mahat*; intellect and passion), "pass into the bodies of men; and those immersed in darkness," (*i.e.* instigated by the vital spirit alone), "into those of beasts." Mean and sensual persons are declared to be actuated by the tendency to darkness; kings, soldiers, ambitious and contentious persons, generally, by *Mahat*; holy sages, and hermits, and the genii who are wafted in airy cars, by the divine spirit. Finally, a pure mortal, or a demi-god, may aspire to be united with *Brahma*, or

with his immediate emanation; but at the end of time, *Brahma* and the gods, are to become one with *Brehm*, the vast One, in whom all is lost.

Sinners in the first degree, having passed through millenia of torture in fire, are to be born again into living bodies. "A priest who has drunk spiritous liquor, shall migrate into the form of a larger worm, or of a fly breeding in ordure." "Should a Brahmin omit his peculiar duty, he shall become a demon called *Ulcamuca*, (or, 'with a firebrand mouth,') who devours what has been vomited." "Sensualists shall suffer agony in *Tamisra*, or utter darkness; or in *Asipatravana*, the sword-leaved forest," and in other seats of horror: "they shall be torn and mangled, or baked like the vessels of the potter."

Brighu, who is supposed to communicate the law, as he received it from the holy sages, declares, that the *Veda*, or Divine Word, is one with the Preserving Power, (who is the first born of *Brahma*.) "All creatures are sustained by the primeval *Veda*, which the wise hold to be supreme." "He who completely knows the sense of the *Vedas*, while he remains in any of the castes, approaches the divine nature."

Two classes of duties are described,— those which are interested, whose aim is worldly prosperity and a paradise hereafter; and those which are disinterested, for attaining purity of soul and union with *Brehm*.

Menu commands, that disputed questions, in theology and morals, shall be solved by a council of learned Brahmins. Three of the council must be skilled in the *Vedas*; one, in the *Nyaya*, or logical philosophy, and one in the *Vedanta*, or mystical: others must be present, who are learned in the law; and three who are universal scholars. The opinion of one priest, learned in the Scripture, is declared to be more powerful than the voice of all the people.

The book concludes with an enunciation of the esoteric doctrine of the Brahmins; which may be communicated to those only who are twice-born. "All nature must be considered as existing in the divine spirit; for, when he (the priest), contemplates all nature as existing in the divine spirit, he cannot give his heart to iniquity." "The divine spirit alone is the assemblage of gods, and doubtless produces the connected series of acts performed by embodied

souls." "He (the Brahmin), may contemplate the subtle ether in the cavities of his body," (animal spirits), "the air in his muscular motion and sensitive nerves; the supreme solar and igneous light in his digestive heat and his visual organs; in his corporeal fluids, water; in his flesh, earth; in his heart, the moon; in his auditory nerves, (the genii, or) guardians of the eight regions of the world:" "in his progressive motion, Vishnu," (the preserving deity), &c. "But he must consider the supreme omnipresent Intelligence as the sovereign lord of them all; *by whose energy alone*," (adds Culluca,* the learned commentator), "*they exist*." Then follows a passage, which is doubtless the key of all heathen mystery. "Him, some adore, as transcendently present in elementary fire; others, in Menu, lord of creatures;" (who is affirmed to be the intermediate agent in creation): "Some, as more distinctly present in Indra;" (Zeus, Diespiter, the clouds and atmosphere, kingly wisdom), "others in pure air; others as the most high eternal Spirit." "It is he, who, pervading all beings in five elemental forms"—(earth, water, air, fire, and ether),—"causes them, by the gradations of birth, growth, and dissolution to revolve in this world like the wheels of a

car," (passing the round of transmigrations, becoming absorbed, and again projected into the world.

"Thus, the man who perceives in his own soul that Supreme Soul, which is present in all creatures, acquires equanimity toward them all, and shall be absorbed at last into the highest essence, even that of" the Vast One "himself." Here ended the sacred instructor; and every twice-born man, who attentively reading this Manava Sastra," (holy writ of Menu), "promulgated by Brighu, shall become habitually virtuous, will attain the beatitude which he seeks."

Thus ends the law of Menu; recognizing the one God, but reserving that knowledge for a class, elected from the beginning, to be saints and sages; conniving at idolatry, and perpetuating the degradation of the weak and ignorant. It secured the permanency of its institutions by founding them in the grossness of the many and the pride of the few. By occupying the imagination with superstitious terrors, it made itself necessary to one half the human race: while by the wise admixture of philosophy and morals, it secured the admiration and veneration of the ancient world.

"BOOKS WHICH ARE BOOKS."†

WE have entered this somewhat imposing array of names at the head of this article, because they constitute the series thus far issued by Wiley and Putnam, in their "Library of Choice Reading." We regard the starting of this series, in the cheap yet beautiful form in which they are issued, as a new era in our publishing history. Publishers are *school teachers*, and the books they print and circulate, the lessons they teach. We have been amazed at the stupidity of our countrymen on this topic. Give us the exclusive control of the literature of the country, and we could undermine half the churches of the land, and render half the statutes

of our courts nugatory. Books educate the people, and publishers are responsible for the mental and moral training they impart. To make money is not to be the sole motive of the publisher, and the reckless profusion with which *cheap* works of doubtful morality have been sent abroad, will meet with its reward. What is true of books of immoral tendency, is also true of those written in bad taste, and ministering to our lower feelings. The entire taste of a people may be changed, in a short time, by the kind of books furnished them, and we venture to say, that the tens of thousands miserably written, and worsely printed novels, that have

* Culluca, a learned Hindoo of recent times, whose gloss and commentary are incorporated with the text of the translation.

† "Eöthen," "Undine," and "Sintram," Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," "Amber Witch," "Lady Willoughby," Hazlitt's "Table Talk," "The Indicator."

been floating, in pamphlet form, thick as autumn leaves over the country, have done more than all other causes combined to corrupt our taste, and degenerate our literature. After the passions and love of the intensely exciting and tragic have been fed sufficiently long, a good book, appealing to our intellect, and higher tastes and better sympathies, is the stupidest of all things. The effect of literature on a country is greater than any one is conscious of, because its influence is silent and unobtrusive. The ten thousand copies of a cheap edition of a corrupt romance, bring back no report of their mission, yet they have one to make, in the character and taste they form. Even in despotic countries they feel the influence of letters, and censors of the press are indispensable to a tyrant's throne. Alfieri, through literature, reformed the whole Italian stage, and it is through her literature alone that Italy now has hope. France, before she began to heave on the volcanic bosom of the revolution, became enlightened in the great principles of freedom through her literature. Jacoby, by a single book, is now shaking Prussia to her centre, and making her cry out for a constitution and Congress, so earnest and strong, that we cannot see how that kingdom can well escape a limited monarchy. A single national song may create a revolution, and yet the character of *our* literature is thought to be a thing that will take care of itself. The press is involved in the guilt of this thoughtlessness. It is the only censorship of books we have, and it has too often betrayed its trust.

There is a class of books, neither antiquated nor dull, that a good taste and wide knowledge of English literature can bring to our firesides, whose power to entertain is equalled only by their tendency to elevate and improve. Classic and true minds have written as agreeable and intensely exciting books, as the morbid and vulgar, and we want them—not in the costly form they have heretofore been furnished for the libraries of the wealthy—but in a cheap, yet tasteful dress, for the *people*. This, Messrs. Wiley and Putnam are doing, in their new series, and we hail their project with no ordinary pleasure. "Eöthen," which opens this series, has already been noticed in a preceding number of this magazine. Its rapid and racy style, and spirited manner, have won a place for it already. It is simply an independent, intellectual and good-hearted man, talking to himself as he goes, while

some one near by puts down his natural rapid soliloquies, so that the narrative is constantly telling us two things at the same time—the scenes through which it moves, and the feelings and character of the narrator himself, while the narrator is evidently well worth knowing.

Next comes the "Amber Witch;" as beautiful a witch story as ever was told, while it was not written merely for its interest as a tale, but to confound one form of German infidelity. Some German neologists declared the Scriptures false, on the ground that they were opposed to consciousness itself. They affirmed that every narrative carried with it the proof of its own truth, and that it was impossible to deceive them with regard to any book. A poor clergyman wrote this pure fiction as a pretended narrative of facts that occurred in olden time. The simplicity and naturalness with which everything is told, completely blinded the German philosophers, and the book was pronounced, without hesitation, a true history. So much for infallible consciousness. Strauss & Co., whose spiritual eyes, so accustomed to truth, that, as the jeweler can detect the genuine diamond soon as it touches his hand, so they could discover the *myth* in whatever dress it appeared. There are wit, humor and pathos, mixed up in endless variety, and often before the tears of mirth are dried from our cheeks, the tears of sympathy are blended with them. We hardly know which to admire most, the genius that could create such a fiction, or the art that could give it the simplicity and truthfulness of nature. The good Dr. Meinhold has as much nature as genius in him, and though the German philosophers, who were caught by his *ruse*, may condemn his deception, we admire his skill and success.

"Undine" and "Sintram" next appear, with their strange and beautiful stories. Most novels that wish to succeed, often devote whole chapters to very moral reflections, which shall counterbalance the bad influence conveyed by the fictitious narrative itself. This rather doubtful way of preventing evil, by exciting our passions in the story, and correcting them by wholesome counsel afterwards, is not the mode pursued by the authors of these works. They carry their moral with them as they proceed, and we have nature speaking to us in her best and noblest accents.

"Sintram" is, perhaps, less known—and, indeed, we suspect, quite new to

most American readers; yet, it richly merits universal and repeated perusal. It is not quite equal to "Undine," as a mere work of art; yet fully equal to it in tendency and spirit; not, perhaps, so fine and aerial a poetic picture, yet invested with an atmosphere of perfect purity and the truest sentiment. There is no weakness in the feeling, nor extravagance in the imagination of Fouqué's fictions; but the sure, clear, unsullied light of genius shines through them all—a light both brilliant and divine. Fouqué is the German Scott, with a higher sense of the Ideal, a finer feeling of the beautiful, and a greater delicacy of execution. He is, unquestionably, a prose poet. With him, the Christian knight, all-accomplished, magnanimous, brave, gentle, religious, and pure, is the perfect man—a noble model, and worthy of his genius.

"Fancy and Imagination," by Leigh Hunt, has an essay in the commencement, containing an answer to the question, "What is poetry?" worth three times the price of the volume. We are not as great admirers of Leigh Hunt as some. He has all the heart, and taste, and intellect to make him interesting, but he lacks the fire, the impulsiveness and naturalness that constitute the charms of a poet to us. Much more do we doubt the great success of such a work as this in a cheap form. It will do far better for a *library* book than a reading book. It possesses none of the elements of popularity, and can be appreciated only by the scholar and cultivated man. Besides, we have no *penchant* for the beauties of authors illustrated with comments. We like much to have a distinguished author run his pencil-mark round the lines he admires—or turn them into italics if he likes—but to stop every now and then, and tell us *why* he put this interrogation point here, and that exclamation point there—why, in short, he wished us to pause and admire in one place more than another, annoys, more than it pleases us. But the book is full of nice discrimination, and those delicate touches of thought and expression peculiar to the writer; and such are needed to give variety to the verses, and meet the tastes of, not a large, but a very intellectual class of readers. And here we would remark, that *taste* is not to be the criterion on which books are to be selected or rejected for this series, but taste and judgment combined. An artist is not to paint

or describe so that *he* can see what he represents, but so that the *world* can see it—that is, he must look through other eyes as well as his own. In making up such a library of choice reading as this, one must combine the taste of the whole public with its own.

"Diary of Lady Willoughby" is another pure fiction which one can hardly believe to be so, abounding as it does in touches of nature. The work personates a lady of the seventeenth century, and the style and orthography both are made to correspond to that age. It gives simply a picture of the first fourteen years of married life, with its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments, its suspense, ecstasies and agonies. Though the time of civil war is chosen, we find none of the ravages or terrors of battle described. Domestic life, with its quiet scenes and deep, silent enjoyments, is here painted in the master-strokes of nature. A pure and a pious heart lays open to us its struggles, its fears, its conquests, and its griefs. A *mother* is constantly before us, with all her intense feelings, and strong endurance, and fervent prayer.

But perhaps the most piquant thing of the whole is Hazlitt's "Table-talk." Full of wit and truth, direct and pithy in style, and natural in expression, it treats the driest topics in a way that imparts to them the freshness and charm of novelty. This same Hazlitt is a plain-spoken man, and witty withal. Speaking of old age among artists, he says:

"Artists in general, (poor devils!) I am afraid, are not a long-lived race. They break up commonly about forty, their spirits giving way with the disappointment of their hopes of excellence, or the want of encouragement for that which they have attained, their plans disconcerted, and their affairs irretrievable; and in this state of mortification and embarrassment (more or less prolonged and aggravated) they are either starved or else drink themselves to death. But your Academician is quite a different person. He 'bears a charmed life, that must not yield' to duns, or critics, or patrons. He is free of Parnassus, and claims all the immunities of fame in his life-time. He has but to paint (as the sun has but to shine) to baffle envious maligners. He has but to send his pictures to the Exhibition at Somerset-House, in order to have them hung up: he has but to dine once a year with the Academy, the Nobility, the Cabinet-Ministers, and the Members of the Royal Family, in order not to

want a dinner all the rest of the year. Shall hunger come near the man that has feasted with princes—shall a bailiff tap the shoulder on which a Marquis has familiarly leaned, that has been dubbed with knighthood? No, even 'the fell Sergeant Death' stands as it were aloof; and he enjoys a kind of premature immortality in recorded honors and endless labors. Oh! what golden hours are his! In the short days of winter he husbands time; the long evenings of summer still find him employed! He paints on, and takes no thought for tomorrow. All is right in that respect. His bills are regularly paid; his drafts are duly honored. He has exercise for his body, employment for his mind in his profession, and without ever stirring out of his painting-room. He studies as much of other things as he pleases. He goes into the best company, or talks with his sitters—attends at the Academy Meetings, and enters into their intrigues and cabals, or stays at home, and enjoys the *otium cum dignitate*. If he is fond of reputation, Fame watches him at work, and weaves a woof, like Iris, over his head—if he is fond of money, Plutus digs a mine under his feet. Whatever he touches becomes gold. He is paid half-price before he begins; and commissions pour in upon commissions. His portraits are like, and his historical pieces fine; for to question the talents or success of a Royal Academician is to betray your own want of taste. Or if his pictures are not quite approved, he is an agreeable man, and converses well. Or he is a person of elegant accomplishments, dresses well, and is an ornament to a private circle. A man is not an Academician for nothing. 'His life spins round on its soft axle;' and in the lapse of uninterrupted thoughts and pleasing avocations, without any of the *wear and tear* of the world or of business, there seems no reason why it should not run smoothly on to its last sand!"

Again speaking of "royal characters," and of the "divinity that doth hedge a king," and the awe they inspire in those about them, he relates the following anecdotes that are severer than any satire:

"As kings have the sagacity of pride, courtiers have the cunning of fear. They watch their own behavior and that of others with breathless apprehension, and move amidst the artificial forms of court-etiquette, as if the least error must be fatal to them. Their sense of personal propriety is heightened by servility: every faculty is wound up to flatter the vanity and prejudices of their superiors. When Coates painted a portrait in crayon of Queen Charlotte on her first arrival in this country, the King, followed by a train of attendants, went to look at it. The trembling artist stood by,

'Well, what do you think?' said the King to those in waiting. Not a word in reply. 'Do you think it like?' Still all was hushed as death. 'Why, yes,' (he added,) 'I think it is like, very like.' A buzz of admiration instantly filled the room; and the old Duchess of Northumberland, going up to the artist, and tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said, 'Remember, Mr. Coates, I am to have the first copy!' On another occasion, when the Queen had sat for her portrait, one of the maids of honor coming into the room curtsied to the reflection in the glass, affecting to mistake it for the Queen. The picture was, you may be sure, a flattering likeness. In the Memoirs of Count Grammont, it is related of Louis XIV. that having a dispute at chess with one of his courtiers, no one present would give an opinion. 'Oh,' said he, 'here comes Count Hamilton, he shall decide which of us is in the right.' 'Your Majesty is in the wrong,' replied the Count, without looking at the board. On which the King remonstrating with him on the impossibility of his judging till he saw the state of the game, he answered, 'Does your Majesty suppose that if you were in the right, all these Noblemen would stand by and say nothing?' A King was once curious to know, which was the tallest, himself or a certain courtier. 'Let us measure,' said the King. The King stood up to be measured first; but when the person who was fixed upon to take their height came to measure the Nobleman, he found it quite impossible, as he first rose on tip-toe, then crouched down, now shrugged up his shoulders to the right, then twisted his body to the left. Afterwards his friend asking him the reason of these unaccountable gesticulations, he replied, 'I could not tell whether the King wished me to be taller or shorter than himself; and all the time I was making those odd movements, I was watching his countenance to see what I ought to do.' If such is the exquisite pliability of the inmates of a court in trifles like these, what must be their independence of spirit and disinterested integrity in questions of peace and war, that involve the rights of Sovereigns or the liberties of the people?"

And again; nothing can be better put, or more caustic, than the following paragraph:

"When we see a poor creature like Ferdinand VII., who can hardly gabble out his words like a human being, more imbecile than a woman, more hypocritical than a priest, decked and dandled in the long robes and swaddling clothes of Legitimacy, lulled to rest with the dreams of superstition, drunk with the patriot-blood of his country, and launching the thunders of his coward-arm against the rising liberties of a

new world, while he claims the style and title of Image of the Divinity, we may laugh or weep, but there is nothing to wonder at. Tyrants forego all respect for humanity in proportion as they are sunk beneath it:—taught to believe themselves of a different species, they really become so; lose their participation with the kind; and in mimicking the God, dwindle into the brute! Blind with prejudices as a mole, stung with truth as with scorpions, sore all over with wounded pride like a boil, their minds a morbid heap of proud flesh and bloated humors, a disease and gangrene in the State, instead of its life-blood and vital principle;—foreign despots claim mankind as their property, 'independently of their

conduct or merits,' and there is one Englishman found base enough to echo the foul calumny against his country and his kind."

"The Indicator," by Leigh Hunt, the last of the series yet issued, we find we have not room now to notice. Each of the books we have merely named, scarcely more, deserves a much longer article than is here given to all. Wiley & Putnam deserve well for this cheap, and choice, and beautiful series; and if the numbers already issued, are a pledge of what they will continue to do, this library will be the *marked* thing of our present literature.

VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.*

"Nulli est Naturæ obediens aut subjectus Deus."—CICERO.

THE spirit of infidelity is as malignant as ever, but it has lost the boldness and openness which formerly characterized its attacks upon revelation. Hume, Voltaire, Volney, and Paine, never disguised the object of their hostility. It was the Bible, professedly, and by name, which they assailed, and they fearlessly avowed their purpose to rid the world of what they styled a superstitious reverence for its authority. The sneers of Gibbon were not intended to deceive, and his ironical sarcasms never passed, and were never designed to pass, even for the appearance of friendship. If it was most odious and malignant even with this redeeming trait of comparative fairness and frankness in its mode of attack, in what strong terms are we justified in expressing our deepest indignation and abhorrence at its present method of warfare. None but the lowest class of vulgar infidels now assail the Bible openly. Its enemies have changed their tactics wholly. The Scriptures are to be treated with a bland respect, the more hollow and insulting, as it is often made the ground of the most insidious attempts to undermine their authority. 'The Bible was not given to teach us moral truth; it is not its province to meddle with natural science.' This is the present cry, and then under this latter term is

brought any theory which the assailant chooses to exempt from the jurisdiction of revelation, until the natural becomes everything; the moral, the spiritual, and the religious, are either wholly overlooked, or crowded within whatever narrow limits the claims of physical science may seek to confine them. The Scriptural account of the Creation is first attacked, as something with which revelation has nothing to do; so that if science, or whatever chooses to call itself by that name, sees fit to pronounce the world eternal, he who suggests that this subject has moral bearings, and is most intimately connected with certain elementary theological truths, or should refer to the Bible in proof that the "worlds were made by the word of God," is immediately denounced as encroaching on the domains of natural science. Should any one be so unscientific as to feel a moral dislike at speculations which utterly deny a particular providence, and, of consequence, a moral government, or that resolve all things into a vast system of machinery, of which the power, which this naturalist chooses to style God, forms but the dynamic element, he is told that with all this the Bible has nothing to do; that such speculations are perfectly consistent with a rational scheme of interpretation,

and then comes on again that most profound and convenient declaration—the *Scriptures were not given to teach us natural, but moral science*. If complaint is made that theories denying the unity of of the race, the immediate creation of man by the special act of God, and the impartation to him of a principle of life direct from the Deity himself, do really conflict with high spiritual truths, or what the Bible declares to be such—truths most intimately connected with the great doctrines of a fall and of the redemption of the race in any sense in which these terms can be taken, still the same old stereotyped reply—the *Bible was not given to teach us natural, but moral science*—only varied occasionally by those equally profound and original *petitiones principii*, that all truths must be consistent with each other, and that revelation must contain nothing contrary to true science and right reason. Those who would thus confine the Bible to its appropriate jurisdiction, are declared to be its truest friends. Its mistaken advocates are told to read the Sermon on the Mount, to “do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God;” they are reminded of the story of Galileo, and advised to be more modest in setting up the uncertain dogmas of theology against the decisions of the exact sciences.

Now against all this there should be, and there can be, but one feeling of righteous, irrepressible indignation, on the part of all serious minded men, who, without the least intention or wish to derogate from the just claims of natural science, are firmly convinced, on higher grounds, that there is a system of moral and religious truth, which gives to natural knowledge all its value; and without which, geology, and cosmology, and even astronomy, are but a science of shadows, destitute of any true interest for the rational soul, and of no more real comparative importance, than the speculations of the Ephemeron, who may be supposed to frame a science of the leaf on which he spends his brief existence of a day.

Our language is not too strong when we bear in mind how, at the present day, every sciolist, every itinerant lecturer, adopts this mode of treating themes so sacred, because so important to the highest good and highest hopes of the race both here and hereafter. Especially must this feeling be awakened in all its strength, when it is understood, how utterly ignorant many of these men of science

are of the first principles of that great domain of moral and religious truth, into which they propose to make such fearful incursions, and with what arrogance, ignorance, unfairness, and corresponding flippancy the controversy is waged with those who cannot digest all their unproved assumptions, or surrender the most precious truths, even the very science of sciences, at the demand of every smatterer whose knowledge, perhaps, does not extend beyond Lyell's, or Lardner's lectures, or Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens. Almost every one must be familiar with cases which would furnish perfect illustrations of these remarks. An itinerant lecturer, for example, undertakes to prove that mankind are from separate and distinct origins. He goes on without seeming to know or care whether he is in conflict with the Scriptures or not; and, in reply to a suggestion to that effect, makes the very original answer, that the *Bible was not given to teach us natural science*; all this time, too, in his great simplicity, as ignorant as an infant, of any propositions of a moral or religious kind having any connection with the positions assailed. This man, however, would most strenuously disclaim the name of infidel. Not he: he has the most profound respect for our *holy religion*; he honors the Scriptures, and bows to them with the most reverent condescension, provided always they are kept within their own proper province, the *teaching of moral truth*. He does not assail the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the Book of Proverbs, or any of those purely moral precepts for which “our holy religion” is so distinguished above all heathen systems, and, why then should he be required to confine his speculations within the narrow dogmas of such as persecuted Galileo, and have ever shown themselves the enemies of the progress of science.

It is time for us to take up the work which has occasioned these remarks. It stands in the front rank of the class we have described, holding this station, not by its superior science, but by its possessing, in a supereminent degree, all those traits of impudence, arrogance, and profound ignorance of Revelation, that characterize the whole genus. We mean to deal plainly with it, and without further introduction. In so doing, however, we shall give special attention to its theological and philosophical bear-

ings, without dwelling much on what claims to be purely scientific, and in which it has made no advance at all beyond several late popular works belonging to the same class. To style this book infidel, would be pronouncing upon it too mild a condemnation. No man could become thoroughly imbued with the spirit which dwells in every page, and retain any higher reverence for the Bible than he might feel for any other venerable monument of an ancient, unscientific age. But we go farther than this, and assert what may be sustained by the most conclusive proofs. The doctrine of the book is atheism,—blank atheism, cold, cheerless, heartless, atheism. The author, it is true, does not deny the existence of a God in express terms. He seems to acknowledge such a power in every chapter, and sometimes even to glow with a sort of sentimental piety in the indulgence of those views of the Divine Greatness, by which he would fain believe that he excels the crowd of vulgar religionists; but yet, we again repeat it, the doctrine of the book is atheism, and the author is an atheist. His God, if he insist upon the name, is the hearer of no prayer; he is the administrator of no particular providence; he has no love for right, and no burning indignation against wrong; he has no positive or penal statutes aside from physical laws, no retributive justice, no moral government in any sense of these terms, as they have ever been sanctioned in the universal language of mankind. This deity never wrought a miracle, never created a world in time by any special act aside from necessarily eternal influences, never was the author of any new state of things, or ever brought to a special end any old dispensation; he never originated a new and distinct species of animals; he was not “the former of our bodies, or the father of our spirits;” he has, in fact, no existence except as a law, or rather a nature, with which from the very necessity of his being he is eternally identified. We defy any admirer of the author to point out a single fundamental difference between his God and the *φύσις*, or nature of the ancient atheists, who were far more honest, and who also reasoned more consecutively, although without any of that great parade of science for which their modern imitator seeks to be distinguished. We cannot, after the most careful examination, discover wherein

his system differs from that of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius; we mean, in its fundamental principles. The scientific details of course vary, although even here, it may well be doubted whether there is not as much real science in the atoms of the old atheist as in the nebular star-dust of the modern. There is in both schemes the same utter denial of any thing like a particular Providence, the same exclusion of all rational grounds on which could be placed the propriety of prayer, the belief in any moral government, in any law except the ancient maxim, *vivere secundum naturam*, or in any recognition and punishment of sin, except under the misnomer of physical evil and physical consequences. The eternally moving atoms of the one, dispersed through all space, condensing and combining into worlds and systems, strongly call to mind the nebular star-dust of the other. We have been accustomed, when speaking of these old systems, to talk of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, but the fact is, that Lucretius holds as strongly, and as consistently as the author of this book, to an eternal law, nature, or principle of adaptation, which, after a sufficient time—and eternity is a most convenient season for all such speculations—brought all things into their present state, and will carry them on to higher and still higher developments. The ancient Epicurean sets out with his two *primordia*, something and nothing, or matter and inanity—

Omnis, ut est, igitur, per se, natura
duabus
Constitit in rebus, nam corpora sunt et
inane—
Præterea nihil est.

Our modern philosopher, it is true, etherealizes matter and makes it in the beginning, that is, at the other end of Eternity, only an inconceivable shade above inanity, but he equally with his ancient masters ascribes to its inherent properties, and to its eternal cooling and condensation, all the phenomena of organic, vegetable, animal, and finally, rational life.

Democritus and Leucippus did not trouble themselves about any deity; they clearly enough saw that in their system of eternal progression from the lower to the higher, if a God, or some superhuman being, ever existed at all, it must be as the last work in the ascending scale of *φύσις*. They had acuteness and

philosophy enough to discover that a system of consistent theism must be directly the reverse of this, and commence with the idea of the perfect, from which all imperfection must be regarded as a departure in the scale of being. Epicurus and Lucretius, on the other hand, bowed, like our author, to the religion of the day, and by a slight concession recognized the existence of gods, whilst at the same time they assigned them a seat *extra mundum*,

Semoti ab rebus nostris longaque sejuncti,

entirely released from the onerous administration of a world perfectly capable of taking care of itself—by the aid alone of its own laws and developments.

Now we would ask, on a review both of the ancient and the modern system, what is such a belief in such a Deity worth? Wherein, as to all moral and religious purposes, does it differ from atheism? Is not, in fact, such a deceptive scientific theism by far the worst and most pernicious of the two? Blank and awowed atheism may leave behind it a painful void which the soul cannot well endure. The very horror at the thought of the last plunge may frighten it back to firmer ground and a more tenacious grasp of the great truth which it fears to quit forever. Even some who have the deepest moral interest in banishing the belief in a God, cannot bear the desolation of the thought, and unconsciously endeavor to recall the idea in their unmeaning personifications of Fortune, Fate, or Destiny; but a speculative belief in a power or intelligence which it styles God whilst it denies him any moral attributes, puts the soul at rest, and at the same time takes away all the interest and all the fears to be derived from any moral sanctions. In these respects the characteristics of the work before us may be best tested by a direct appeal to the moral and religious sense of its readers. No man, we believe, can read it and feel for a moment that the writer has the least faith in prayer and Providence, the only grounds on which any religious belief worthy of the name can ever repose. We say worthy of the name, because we are aware that there is a species of Spinozism which is in perfect harmony with the theology of this book, and which in its "*awe of the infinite*," and its "*adoration of the Eternal*" affects a piety far above the commonplace religion of the vulgar.

We cannot give a better view of the work in question than by stating, first the common belief of all those serious and sober believers in revelation who have been the farthest removed from all fanatical extravagance, and then contrasting it with the theory against which we are contending. The very lowest elements of a religious Christian creed must be regarded as embracing these positions, namely: that the Deity originally created from nothing, or rather called from a state of previous non-existence, the matter of which our earth and all the worlds is composed,—that this, although it may have been at a period most remote, was yet when certain bounds of time, capable, if revealed to us, of being computed and assigned by the power of numbers—that at some subsequent period, and that not many thousand years ago, there was a fashioning, a construction, or if some choose thus to call it, a reconstruction or refitting up of our own globe and the other members of the solar system, which construction is generally regarded as being that described by Moses in the first chapter of Genesis. With the length of its previous existence this belief does not meddle, nor with its previous history, epochs, dispensations, or transformations, but leaves to geology as wide an extent as it may choose, within which to amuse itself by blowing up and exploding as many theoretical bubbles as it pleases. In respect also to the time supposed to be occupied in this construction or reconstruction, it allows a liberal and charitable latitude of interpretation, permitting those, who are thus inclined, to believe that it was the work of longer periods than the present natural day of twenty-four hours, provided that such interpretation is fairly made on pure philological grounds, unwarping by any belief in any inherent necessities aside from the moral designs of God which may have required such long periods, or by any deference to the arrogant assumptions of the geologist, any farther than as they may clearly coincide with such unforced interpretation. The next article in this common belief of all who would claim to be regarded as having any religious creed at all, would be that God, who created all things, subsequently exercises a moral and physical government (the latter, however, entirely subservient to the former) carried on, in the main, by general and uniform modes of proceeding, commonly styled laws;

which laws, however, are as much the direct creation of the Deity as the world itself, and made, not for his aid and in order to relieve himself by machinery from so burdensome a charge, but for the sake of his rational creatures, that in the study of nature, or, in other words, the Divine operations, they might have certain *indicia* or signs by which to regulate their present conduct, and to some extent, and as far as for their good, to vaticinate the future; thus making nature the ordinary language through which God speaks to man, and true natural science synonymous with faith in the regularity and uniformity of the Divine proceedings in the physical world. It also maintains that these laws instead of being immutable may at any time be suspended by the same power that made, or rather appointed them, and that on occasions worthy of such a procedure they have been thus visibly and miraculously suspended in the presence of men. It likewise holds, that in perfect consistency with these methods of a general providence, there is also a special or particular providence, conducted by a supernatural power which ever sits behind this law of nature to direct them to this or that special result, which, without such invisible interventions they would not have effected; thus giving rise to what are called special interpositions, yet in a sense short of the miracle or open suspension, and furnishing the ground for the belief in the rationality of special prayer for special blessings. Now without specifying any other truths of revelation, we venture to affirm that no one can believe the Scriptures in any, even the lowest sense, and on the lowest scheme of interpretation, without admitting that, to this extent at least, these doctrines of creation, providence and prayer, are found therein, and that without these elements no scheme of moral government, in any consistent sense of the word moral, could be maintained.

The book we are examining, is at war with every one of these positions. The author would doubtless claim to be regarded as a theist, and we will therefore, in the first place, endeavor to state with all fairness the extent of his right to such an appellation. He acknowledges, then, it is admitted, a power, or principle which he styles, sometimes, The First Cause, sometimes, The Eternal, and sometimes, A God. The most rigorous analysis, however, of his idea must fail to discover

anything more than a vital power, which, an eternity ago, *developed* itself into a law; this law being the expression of all the phenomena which have ever taken place, which are yet taking place, and in all time to come will take place in the visible universe. The writer, when inclined to ascribe a little more personality to this First Cause, or principle, sometimes speaks of this single development which requires an eternity within which to unfold itself, as the expression of the Divine will; but this is clearly a misnomer, since, in other places, he treats this law or this development as belonging to the very necessities of things; the first origination being in fact as necessary (by which we mean, and he means, physically necessary,) as any subsequent phenomena. Indeed, so strongly does he set forth his views on these points, that his occasional theistical language can no more counter-vail them than the mere fact that he has commenced the names to which we allude in capital letters. If we should grant that he allows matter, at some immensely remote period, to have proceeded from a state of non-existence at the command of God, still the position is at war with all his subsequent reasoning, which is grounded upon its possessing *necessary, inherent* properties of motion, attraction, &c.; and which reasoning, therefore, if consistently carried out, would make matter itself a necessary substance, and consequently eternal. From this point, however, there is no room for mistaking the writer's meaning. Subsequently to the origination of matter, at a period as nearly coeval with eternity as the author dares venture to make it without an open avowal of atheism, and which a consistent regard to his own principles would have made absolutely eternal—from this period, we say, according to this theory, God has had nothing more to do with the universe than the extra-mundane deities of Epicurus and Lucretius: he has created no new worlds, he has originated no new forms of life, he has never stepped from his hiding place to suspend any law of nature. All has been carried on by a machinery which has entirely superseded and will for ever supersede any intervention of his own; for this apparatus, be it remembered, is a necessary part of the nature of things,—necessary, not for our convenience and knowledge, but for the Deity himself. We would remark here, that this feeling which prompts some

writers to carry all the Divine agency so far back into the most remote ages of Eternity, is easily understood by any one who has studied human nature in the light of the Bible. To suppose that any supernatural event has taken place within six thousand years of our own time, is bringing the Deity quite too near. To some minds there is something terrible in the very thought that God's presence has actually been manifested within fifty or sixty centuries of our own day. But why, then, does this irrational and most anthropomorphic prejudice hesitate on this side of an absolute eternity? To whatever period short of that they may assign the commencement of things, the universe must at some one time have been just five thousand years old, and every objection of this kind that applies to any one date, applies with equal force to every other.

Before proceeding to examine the absurdities and inconsistencies of this scheme, we appeal again to the moral sense. In what possible way could such a theism, if it must have the name, operate in checking a wicked action, or in changing a depraved disposition? If it be said that we have in this scheme the "awe of the Infinite," and the adoration of the Eternal, when, we would ask, has the moral power of such an appeal been ever felt in turning the sinner from the error of his ways? Has not atheism, too, its awe and its dreadful, desolating gloom? May there not be minds so fond of dark imaginings, that, like Shelley, they might find a fearful and gloomy sublimity in the thought of a universe without God? producing a feeling which such souls might easily mistake for a moral emotion as pure as any that was ever felt by the most mystic transcendentalist? We ask again, what is there in this creed, as we have fairly stated it—and for its correctness we appeal to all the readers of the book—to which Abner Kneeland would not have assented, provided he had been allowed to give his own name to this primordial development thus continued in unchanging physical laws, and to have called it nature, gravitation, galvanism, or anything else which might be found most in accordance with his own poor smattering of science and philosophy?

The author occasionally indulges in admiration of the divine Intelligence, as manifested in the development of this primal idea, and the workings of this eter-

nal nature. But here again, what great advantage has he over the avowed atheist. The latter certainly must admit, and does admit, that there is *reason, intelligence, science*, call it what you will, in the heavens. Scientific atheists certainly know that the exact or even proximate determination of the celestial motions, requires the highest powers of their highest calculus. They well know that there is intelligence there, but they can as readily and consistently believe it a result or property of matter, as that their own intelligence is the mere effect of the position of the particles of the brain; for materialism in respect to man, is identical with atheism in regard to the universe. They well know, too, that there is the highest degree of mathematical science in the cell of the bee, but in neither case do they feel themselves compelled to acknowledge anything more than what arises from the adaptations of a nature, which, during an eternity, has been wending its way from the lower to the higher, and thus ever approaching that *truth of things* which exists, as they would maintain, in itself, and has no relation to a personal eternal Mind. *Things*, said the ancient atheists, must have been older than *knowledge of things*, and therefore matter and its laws must have been older than mind. If the foundation laid by our author be sound, they reasoned correctly. Their eternal plastic *εὐνοία*, with its infinite, yet unconscious and impersonal skill in working, was only another name for the Deity of this book. In fact, the mind never forms the right notion of a personal God, while it rests in the inferior attributes of power and intelligence. It is only when to these, as subordinates, are superadded those moral attributes which are associated with thoughts of moral law and moral government, that we rise to the true idea. All below this, is of no moral value, and produces no moral interest, whether it take the form of a scientific theism, a vulgar atheism, or a philosophical pantheism. In these respects, they are all alike, and there is no reason why the more odious name should be applied to one more than to the other.

We would remark here, in passing, that there are two words, which, in their varied use, may be said to constitute the very soul of this work; if such a production can, with any propriety of language, be said to have a soul. They are the terms *law* and *development*. Remove them from the book, and its philosophy, its profound-

ity, and its science are all gone. The author, however, takes good care to define neither. The very awkward phrase *law-creation*, is frequently employed, to denote the opposite of that common view which acknowledges the direct act of God; but all that we can ascertain in reference to its meaning is this—Law is the order in which events take place, and whatever that order may be, that is law. Again, whatever is, is, and whatever is, is necessary, and, therefore, everything takes place by law, because law is the expression of this eternal development. After great show of statement and argument, as is often the case with those unskillful mathematicians who are ignorant how many identical propositions are contained in their hypothesis, the algebraic process returns to the original formula, or finally comes out, $x = x$.

The whole scheme may be represented something after the following manner:—Law and development, which are the substitutes for providence and creation, may be compared to an immense machine, which was originally constructed by, or rather developed out of the First Cause. This machine contains in itself all subsequent developments. Nothing is external to it; nothing *has* happened, nothing *is* happening, and nothing *can* happen, which is not *now* provided for in it, and which has not made a part of its complicated structure *from the beginning*. It has great wheels for great events, and small wheels for small events. The bursting of a planet, the eruption of a volcano, the rustle of a leaf, and the motion of the almost invisible particle of dust as it floats in the air, have each had, from all eternity, some part assigned for their future production. Some little spring or cog, which for ages has revolved in some great wheel, invisible and without effect, has been so adjusted as to strike in its appointed place and time, thus producing a new development, having the appearance, indeed, of a new creation, and yet, in fact, from all eternity contained in the infinitely numerous wheels of this most complex apparatus of law and development.

It may be seen from this, that the author is prepared for anything. However puzzling, when viewed in connection with its immediate antecedents and consequents, any event may be, there is no need of bringing in the idea of any creating power, or of any special Divine intervention. All that is required, is to suppose some secret wheel or spring be-

longing to the machine, and so adjusted, in its original construction, as to act at the proper time and place, and the work is done. "When I formed this idea," says the author in a note, page 154, "I was not aware of one which seems faintly to foreshadow it—namely, Socrates' doctrine, afterwards dilated on by Plato, that previous to the existence of the world there existed certain archetypes, the embodiment (if we may use such a word,) of general ideas, and that these archetypes were models in imitation of which all particular things were created." It must have been exceedingly painful and mortifying to the writer to find that his brilliant scheme had been anticipated so many ages before, but he may certainly set his mind at ease on that point. The glory is all his own. Socrates, were he now upon the earth, would never attempt to deprive him of the credit of this discovery, nor ever dream that there was the least resemblance between his own glorious doctrine of eternal truths which have no relation to matter, time or space, and the dynamical machine of the work before us. Nothing but the most superficial acquaintance with the real doctrine of ideas, could have led any one to think, for a moment, that there was the slightest coincidence between the two systems. With far more propriety may it be compared to the apparatus of the Ptolemaic astronomers. In its most profound and original method of explaining every event by supposing it to have happened in obedience to some hidden law or development, it is strikingly similar to the course pursued by these most rigid and consistent Baconians, who, although they lived before Bacon's time, furnished far better illustrations of some of his favorite positions, than the world has ever witnessed since. When these most strict experimentalists and accurate observers of Nature discovered a new celestial motion, they immediately, in perfect consistency with their philosophy, and with the most scientific induction from observed facts, applied a new cycle, or epicycle, and the harmony of the system remained unimpaired—it could account for anything.

In a similar manner, this machine of our author's is evidently capable of most immense expansion to suit any purpose, and to explain any phenomena. It is even capable of being reconciled with any system of religion, even with the most rigid orthodoxy, if there should be any special occasion for such a proceeding.

It is true, he most expressly denies the Mosaic account of the Creation, and thinks it altogether out of place "to *adduce it in support, or in objection to any natural hypothesis.*" It is true, that he has gone a step or two beyond any other naturalist, at least of modern times, in asserting that man himself has been developed out of some inferior species of animal, and remotely from the lowest forms of matter, instead of having been created by a special act of God; yet still the machine affords a prompt mode of reconciling and explaining all this. Homines, simiæ, mammalia, ichthyosauri, polypi and fungi, were all contained in this original development of the primal vital power and the primal Intelligence, and are therefore as much the work of the First Cause on this hypothesis, as on that of Moses. Here also is ample room for a special Providence and for special prayer. Even the latter may be regarded as adjusted by a preëstablished harmony to a connection with the event which is the object of the petition. Miracles likewise, may thus have place in the scheme; only they are no longer miracles, but hidden developments of higher laws; and all our old theology, although in rather a questionable shape, comes back again. But then, wherein will the system differ from the vulgar belief? where will be its profundity, its philosophy, its science? All gone, notwithstanding the labor and ingenuity bestowed on the apparatus. After all the eliminations and equations the algebraic process, instead of discovering the unknown quantity, comes out again, $x=x$.

A few years ago the whole scientific world was astonished by the announcement, that a new species of animal life had been produced by the action of a voltaic battery. Our author takes sides with the experimenter, and undertakes to explain the phenomenon, although almost all scientific men have regarded the processes in that case as utterly defective, and the results as by no means sustaining the hypotheses they were brought to support. This mode of reasoning furnishes one of the best illustrations that can be brought, of the remarks we have just made. The production of a new species of life has ever been regarded as so peculiar a prerogative of the Divine power, and all arguments for the existence of a Deity are so utterly destroyed by supposing it to be, in any way, an *inherent property* of matter, that the writer

had some reason to fear the charge of impiety, even for defending the hypothesis, and he therefore labors with great earnestness to protect himself, and his friend, Mr Cross, the insect maker, against it. "*The supposition of impiety,*" says he, "*arises from an entire misconception of what is implied by the oboriginal creation of insects. The experimentalist could never be considered as the author of the existence of these creatures, except by the most unreasoning ignorance.*" We would simply remark on this, that no one ever condemned the hypothesis, simply because it made Mr. Cross the real or seeming author of the animals—that was a matter of perfect indifference. The startling impiety was the assumption that life could be an inherent property of matter in itself—and under any circumstances. But we proceed with the quotation. "The utmost," says our author, "that can be claimed for Mr. Cross, is, that he arranged the natural conditions under which the true creative energy was pleased to work in that instance. On the hypothesis here brought forward, the *acarus Crossii* was a type of being arranged from the beginning, and destined to be realized under certain physical conditions. The production of the insect, therefore, was as clearly an act of the Almighty himself, as if he had fashioned it with hands." There is a little of the Jews' language here mixed up with the dialect of Ashdod, but translate it into the proper phraseology of the system, and it would mean, that in this eternal development of law which he sometimes is inclined to deify, this little insect of Mr. Cross' manufacturing was as much provided for as the solar system. In the great machine of the universe, some secret spring, representing Mr. Cross and his voltaic battery, had been contained from all eternity, until the working of the other parts brought them in such a position as "to produce the natural conditions under which the true creative energy was pleased to work in that instance." (See page 143.) There would be but little in this worth noticing, were it not for the more important consideration, that according to this theory, man also was, in a similar way, a type of being developed by the fortunate combination of those "conditions under which the vital power could act," and the sublime account which Moses gives us of the origin of our race, is to be set aside as a mythical legend, only adapted to the

infancy of the human intellect, before it was capable of understanding this most profound scheme of law and developments.

Another favorite term of which this writer makes great use, and which forms no inconsiderable item in his work, is anthropomorphism. He cannot bear the thought of anything derogatory to the Divine honor, and has no patience with those narrow souls that can believe that God is personally engaged in the minute operations of nature. "To a reasonable mind," he says, "the Divine attributes must appear not diminished by supposing a *creation* by law. It is the narrowest of all views of the Deity, and characteristic of a *humble class of intellects* to suppose him acting in particular ways for particular occasions. It lowers him to the level of our own minds. Much more worthy of him, surely, is it, to suppose that all things have been commissioned by him from the first; *though neither is he absent from the current of affairs*, seeing the whole system is *continually supported by his providence*." We are strongly tempted to examine the force of these last words, which we have italicised in the above extract, and ascertain what they can possibly mean in such a system, but a regard to our limits requires us to content only with the main and more prominent positions of the scheme. A similar specimen of the writer's abhorrence of anthropomorphism, may be found on page 116. "It may now," says he, "be inquired—In what way was the creation of animated beings effected? The ordinary notion may, I think, be not unjustly described as this:—that the Almighty Author produced the progenitors of all existing species by some sort of personal or immediate exertion. But how can we suppose an immediate exertion of this creative power at one time to produce zoophytes, another time to add a few marine mollusks, another to bring in one or two conchifers, again to produce crustaceous fishes, again perfect fishes, and so on to the end. This would surely be to take a very mean view of the Creative power—to, in short, *anthropomorphize* it, or reduce it to some such character as that borne by the ordinary proceedings of mankind." Again, he says: "How can we suppose that the august Being who brought all these worlds into power by the simple establishment of a natural principle, was to interfere, personally, on every occasion, when a new fish or rep-

tile was to be ushered into existence on one of these worlds. Surely, *this idea is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment*." Again, in a subsequent passage, but on the same subject, he says: "Keeping this in view, the words, '*God formed man in his own image*,' cannot well be understood as implying any more than what was implied before, namely, that man was produced *in consequence* of an expression of the Divine Will to that effect. Thus the Scriptural objection quickly vanishes, and the prevalent ideas about the organic creation appear only a mistaken inference from the text, formed at a time when man's ignorance prevented him from drawing therefrom a just conclusion." The author, however, cannot stand his own exegesis. He is evidently ashamed of the miserable distortion he has been compelled to put upon the Scripture record, and he therefore proceeds with more boldness. "At the same time *I freely own*,"—it seems he is conscious that he had been doing something which can only be purged by a confession—"at the same time I freely own that I do not think it right to adduce the Mosaic record, either in objection to, or in support of any *natural hypothesis*."—Again—for we wish to bring in here all the most important quotations which have reference to this head—we are told, page 122, that "the commencements of species would have been an inconceivably paltry exercise for an immediately creative power."

Now, in respect to all this, we charge upon the author himself, the grossest anthropomorphism. His arguments, if they deserve the name at all, are not addressed to the reason, but to the imagination, or the feelings. They are directly liable to the very charge he makes against that humble class of intellects who believe that the Deity is daily providing for their least wants, and displeased with their least sins. He contends that it is a narrow view to suppose God personally acting in the more minute operations of the universe, or even in those more important agencies that are concerned in the origination of new species of life.

Now here, we repeat it, is the grossest anthropomorphism, to use the writer's own phrase, although anthropopathy would have been more correct. It is emphatically judging the Almighty by our own low standards. "Ye thought that I was altogether such a one as yourselves." Human care and human provi-

dence towards particular objects, are necessarily diminished in proportion to the enlargement of the field on which they are to be exercised. The one must always be in an inverse ratio to the other. This results from that most distinguishing difference which exists between the Divine and the human, the Infinite and the finite. Thought, knowledge, and ideas, are present to our minds by succession. With him "who filleth all things" it is directly the reverse. His care for any one object, and his personal agency in the production of any one result, cannot be at all diminished by his attention at the same moment to millions of similar objects, and similar agencies. It is therefore one of the most rigid conclusions of reason, flowing directly and irresistibly from the *à priori* idea of infinite perfection, that the most special Divine care of any, even the smallest, part of his works, is not in the least affected, diminished, or rendered incredible by the extent of the whole. In other words, if a certain exercise of a minute and particular providence, or moral legislation, toward our world would be perfectly credible, on the supposition that that one world was the whole of God's dominions; or to present the case in a still stronger light,—if a very high degree of the special care of the Deity towards one individual man, and of intense interest in his moral state and conduct, would be perfectly credible, on the supposition that that individual was alone with his Maker, the only subject of his natural and moral kingdom—then we say, that that credibility is not in the smallest particle diminished, and that care, and that special providence, and that moral superintendence would be none the less, when millions of other beings, and millions of other worlds and systems, with all their inhabitants, are discovered to be under the same government. What would be worthy of belief in the one case remains equally worthy of belief in the other, and is not in an infinitesimal degree varied by the new and more enlarged aspect of the Divine Providence. This is as rigid and as irresistible a conclusion of right reason as any to be found in the mathematical sciences, and as long as reason alone is consulted the mind is steady, and no difficulty is felt.

Far different, however, is it when the matter is transferred from the reason to the imagination. It is then truly that

we anthropomorphize. We turn our telescopes to the heavens and our microscopes to the earth. And as, in either extreme, worlds of life crowd into our dilated angle of vision, this weak faculty of the soul is overpowered, becomes astonished, and faints and staggers under the boundless prospect. In its feebleness, however, it assumes the airs of philosophy, arrays itself in the robes of its strong brother, Reason, and wonders at the narrow views of those who can believe that the Deity is personally engaged in such "paltry exercises" as the direct origination of the lower forms of animal life.

Now, notwithstanding all his parade of reason and science, it is to this weak and lower faculty of the soul that the author actually, although perhaps unconsciously, addresses himself. "How can we suppose," says this man of enlarged and elevated views, "an immediate exertion of this creative power to produce zoophytes, &c.?" In another place, he has a like difficulty in respect to the hydatid (which, for the sake of our unscientific readers, may be explained as meaning the small animated vesicle that produces the measles in swine), and he asks with all earnestness, and as though the inquiry could not fail effectually to gravel every obstinate opponent, Whence came this hydatid? He is in the same distress about the *tineæ* and the *pymelodes Cyclopus*. To regard the original production of any of these inferior beings as proceeding from any immediate act, would be "taking a very mean view of creative power." But why? Let us examine the author's own hypothesis, and see if he is consistent even with himself.

These zoophytes and hydatids and *tineæ* must each have had something representing them in this vast and complicated system of media, some little cog or spring in some little wheel concealed for ages in some greater wheel,—some hidden apparatus, which, although actually existing, remains outwardly inert, until the time comes and the conditions are brought about for the production of these new species of life. All this time, we say, the zoophytes and hydatid must have been in the machine as much as the earth or the sun. If this is simply the result of the inherent, necessary, and eternal laws of matter, without any higher agency, let the author say so, and be consistent. But if there is this higher

or Divine agency, then it follows that provision must have been made by it for these cases in the originating act or development. Besides all this, there is required an additional agency in preserving these hidden and inoperative parts until the conditions are fulfilled for their outward action; for the author says that "the Divine power is never absent from a particle of the current of affairs, but that the whole system is continually supported by his providence;" and we must be so charitable as to suppose that he means something by this, however much we may be puzzled to understand what possible place this presence, or this providence, can have in his theory of eternal developments. Now, where is the economy of means produced by this labor-saving machine? If God did not directly make the hydatid he made the media which were to produce that result, and that, too, in such a way, that for every effect, and every part of every effect; there must have been something corresponding in the cause. Away back, then, at the very commencement of eternity, there must have been made, in the originating development, the same provision for the zoophyte and tinea, as though the Deity, according to "the conception of those humble intellects" worked in particular ways for particular occasions. Surely it is no more "a paltry exercise of creative power" to make hydatids directly than to create archetypes of hydatids; to make use of the term employed by our author in his absurd misconception of the philosophy of Plato. Surely those who thus reason must imagine the Deity "altogether such an one as themselves."

This whole doctrine of machinery comes from the grossest anthropomorphism. We mean, when it is regarded as a necessary medium and essential *in itself* to the Divine operations. We all admit—the most humble Sabbath scholar knows as well as our author, that God does use general methods styled laws or media; but, as we have stated before, the view which regards them as used for our sakes and for the sake of other rational beings, as indicia of the Divine operations, for the regulation of human conduct, for the purpose of furnishing to us the grounds of practical science, and as having a moral end in view even when suspended—in short, as something wholly subordinate to a moral system, and which the Deity has at times laid aside and

can lay aside whenever he pleases,—this view, we say, presents a very different doctrine from the one with which we are contending. The hypothesis of our author regards them as necessary to God himself and as required for the preservation of his dignity. Now this we charge as being the very lowest form of anthropomorphism. We ourselves, it is true, perform many operations much more easily by machinery than by direct personal exertion; but in such cases nothing can be more evident than that we employ means external to ourselves and prepared to our hands. When we make use of wind, or water, or steam, or gravitation, or mechanical power, we do nothing else than commit ourselves to the Divine agencies, and thus, *to us*, Nature becomes a labor-saving machine; but how low that view, and "how unreasoning that mind" which is led to conclude that such a process of external media is necessary for the Divine ease or essential to the Divine dignity. Most truly and forcibly does the declaration of Scripture continually come to mind in the contemplation of all such speculations—"Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." In respect to the Deity, too, machinery cannot, as with us, be external to himself. Whether a material or an immaterial agency it must be created, or rather, on this system, developed out of his own nature. It must be, likewise, a machinery containing the most minute provisions for every event which is to form a part of the great series of developments, and for every part of that event, and for all its collaterals, and for all things leading to it, and for all their collaterals, as particularly and specifically as though each part were formed just at the very time when it was required to be brought into being. If, instead of employing the natural media furnished to our hand, we had to create and keep in existence the force of water, air, and steam, it would soon be found that the direct exertion of our own muscular strength would be the simplest, easiest, and most labor-saving process we could employ.

We cannot help adverting, in this connection, to a very singular statement which the author makes, page 150. "After what we have seen," he says, "the idea of a separate exertion for each (form of life) must appear totally inadmissible. The single fact of *abortive or rudimentary* organs condemns it; for these, on such a

supposition, could be regarded in no other light than as blemishes or blunders—the thing, of all others, most irreconcilable with the idea of Almighty perfection. On the other hand, when the organic creation is admitted to have been effected by a general law, we see nothing in these abortive parts, but *harmless* peculiarities of development, and interesting evidences of the manner in which the divine author has been pleased to work.” Now can any thing be more absurd than this? What must we think of the commendations which have every where been bestowed upon the logic of one who reasons in this manner? Can anything be more intuitively certain than that every physical effect, and every part of every physical effect, must find an exact correspondent in its immediate cause, and that cause, in like manner, in its own antecedent, and so on, as long as the chain of agency continues? Without, therefore, stopping to discuss the question whether there are any physical blemishes in the universe, or any apparent physical disorders which God did not design for some higher moral end, and which are, therefore, not disorders, we ask whether a blemish in the effect does not necessarily imply a blemish somewhere in the cause, until we ascend to the first originating development; and how, in the name of common sense, can there be any difference, in this case, whether the agency be mediate or immediate, since it must certainly be immediate in some stage of the process? Has the architect of a machine any right to excuse himself by attributing a blemish or bungle in its work to an imperfect wheel, or to a defective spring, or a misplaced cog? Can we justify the printer, by imputing the blame of a mistake to a wrong position of the types, or a defect in the press? How much more justly, then, if there are physical blemishes in the creation—by which we mean real mistakes, and not apparent evils, actually designed in reference to moral ends—must they be charged upon the power which not simply employs, but has actually created, or, if you please, developed all the materials, energies and qualities of the very machinery through which the blemish is produced.

But we would dwell no longer on this. All that we style the laws of nature must either be necessary and inherent properties of matter—or they must be something immaterial, yet apart from a Deity who employs them, and can give them a substantive existence separate from himself—

or they must be invisible spiritual agencies—or they are only convenient names for the direct yet regular action of Divine power in every case. The first is unqualified atheism. The second is incomprehensible. The two last are both properly consistent with a moral government, and with the declarations of the Scripture. But the doctrine of machinery, as machinery, necessary for the Divine operations in themselves, and essential to the Divine dignity, is the sheerest anthropomorphism, into which a pretended philosophy, in its insane attempt to avoid the recognition of a personal God, has ever fallen.

Let us lay the Scriptures entirely out of the question, and confine ourselves to the most rigid induction from present and known phenomena. Let this induction be carried on according to the strictest Baconian rules. We believe that on such a process, almost all sober scientific men, who are really such, would arrive at one and the same conclusion. The only theory which would *embrace all the facts*, and account for all the phenomena, would be this—namely, that our earth had been the theatre of two distinct kinds of causes, and of two distinct agencies. The one would be a series of regular, gradual, long continued influences, between which an apparent mutual dependence and interdependence could be traced, like links in a chain. The other would present features, no less manifest, of sudden, violent, disconnected, and apparently irregular agencies, breaking up abruptly the continuity of the former, ending old epochs that had been marked by long periods of these slow, uniform progressions, and introducing other dispensations and other forms of life destined to fall again under that same connected chain of gradual workings, which, from the regularity of sequence, we call law, cause and effect. Now, if we style the first class of agencies *natural*, which is a very good name, the most appropriate title for the other would be *supernatural*—indicating a power above nature, breaking up, or changing, or suspending natural laws for higher purposes, at the close of old and the introduction of new dispensations; one of which higher purposes may be to prevent rational beings from falling into an atheistical habit of thinking, and to startle them back again into the almost vanished belief that there is a God behind the screen of nature. Now if any man will be so perverse as to call this class of phenomena by the

same name with the first, and to consider them all alike as the results of hidden laws; if he will envelope everything in that unmeaning word *development*; if he will use the terms First Cause, originating vital power, &c., for God, and employ the word *law* for all the Divine operations of every kind, be they ordinary or extraordinary; if he will thus confound all language, the office of which is to distinguish things that differ; if he will by such a course utterly annihilate true science, notwithstanding the exclusive claims he advances to its possession—all that we can say is, that such a one should not complain if the ruling principle of his life is suspected to be an utter aversion to the recognition of a personal God, nor think himself unjustly treated when his system is declared to be atheism, sheer atheism, dark, chilly, soulless atheism.

While on this part of the work, we cannot help devoting a short space to another egregious fallacy for which the author egregiously the support of Mr. Babbage in one of the Bridgewater Treatises—a series of works, by the way, which we verily believe have made more infidels than they have ever cured. If we understand him aright, he would illustrate his doctrine of developments by the following supposition. An arithmetical machine is imagined, so constructed, that a wheel revolving round an axis presents successively to the eye a series of numbers engraved on its divided circumference. "Let the figures thus seen," says Mr. Babbage, "be the series, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c." How long, (he asks,) would the operation be witnessed before the observer would think he recognized the existence of a law, by virtue of which each succeeding number exceeds the one preceding by unity? This process is supposed to go on until we reach 100,000,000. "True to this vast induction," says the contriver of this machine, "the next number will be 100,000,001; but the next presented by the rim of the wheel, instead of being 100,000,002, is 100,010,002, at which point the law seems to change, and every succeeding number exceeds its predecessor by ten thousand." "The principle which seems at first to govern," says the author, "fails at the one hundred million and second term, and a new order takes its place." "If now," he proceeds, "we continue to observe the numbers presented, we shall find that for a hundred or even a thou-

sand terms, they continue to follow the new law; but after watching them for 2761 terms, we find that it fails in the case of the two thousand seven hundred sixty-second. Then comes a new law continuing through about 1430 terms, when it gives place to another, &c. &c. &c." (See page 157, 158.) On first reading this, we were for some time puzzled to know what application could possibly be made of it. Any one can see, at a glance, that as far as the construction of the machine is concerned, the whole process is entirely arbitrary. After presenting numbers increasing by unity up to 100,000,001, the next presented is suddenly 100,010,002, simply because it was placed next on the rim of the machine. As far as the idea of law is concerned, (we mean the law of the machine irrespective of any laws of numbers, which are in all cases necessary laws,) it might as well have been kept in the hands of the maker, and dropped into its proper place at the very time it was wanted, and so of all the other changes, or developments, as the author would style them. We discover nothing here like law, which always implies some relations of antecedent and consequents, and where, of course, something of the effect must be seen in the cause to make the links continuous. But it cannot be pretended that any of these sudden changes are in any way to be regarded as regular functions of any of the preceding terms, or combinations of terms.

We are asked to take this as a good illustration of this theory of developments, or what are styled sudden transitions to higher states of being. For example, a certain species of vegetation, after having for one hundred million and one times produced its like, is by virtue of a hidden law contained in its organization, but all this time concealed and inert, suddenly developed into a new species in the first stage of animal life;—"a process by which," says our author, "*the whole train of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are to be regarded as a series of advances of this principle of development.*" In this way the plant becomes an animal, the reptile a fish, the fish an inhabitant of the dry ground, and terrestrial animals rise in the ascending scale, until the *development* reaches the Simia tribe. From this the machine goes on, age after age, apes begetting apes, each one in his own likeness and after his own kind, until at

last some one revolution of the wheel brings everything into that state in which the "conditions are fulfilled;"—the hidden spring is touched; the monkey loses his tail, and man comes out No. 2762. Oh, shade of Moses! We cannot help apostrophising thy meek spirit, thou ancient man of God! Is it for this that we are called upon, in the nineteenth century, to reject that sublime account, the superhuman grandeur and simplicity of which furnish evidence that thou couldst have derived it only from the voice of inspiration?—*And God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them; and God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.* Now, we ask again, what is gained by all this? The vegetable, reptile, fish, monkey, and man, must have been all in the primal development, and they must have each required a special provision corresponding to every variety and change of their being. The numbers must all have been placed on the circumference of the revolving wheel so as to come out in the actual order. Each subsequent form of life must have been particularly represented in each prior development; and then again, what is saved on the score of economy of means? Why not the man directly without the monkey? The only answer is, that there is a spurious philosophy, whose chief element is a most hearty and yet, it may be, unconscious dislike of the idea of a personal Deity. If it cannot bear the name of atheism, it at least wishes a God afar off;—anything but an ever-present, ever-energizing, ever-watchful moral governor.

What makes all this most odious to those acquainted with the history of philosophy, is the fact, that it is one of the oldest of errors dressed up in the guise of modern science. The ancient atheists were full of it as far as its elementary principles are concerned, although differing in immaterial details. It forms the very substance of the philosophy of Epicurus, and the Latin atheist Lucretius abounds with it *ad nauseam*.

Man our author regards as but the *initial* of a grand crowning type. The present race is only performing the office of the simia or monkey tribe in the development of some nobler species. We must expect that there will be higher varieties of the being *homo*, as well as of the hydatid and tinea. This is what the

writer calls a *startling idea*,—a phrase which is a great favorite with this whole class of thaumaturgic, or wonder-making sciolists. The reader might indeed be startled by this, and regard it as springing from a desire to make atonement, by the hopes of future greatness, for the disparagement cast upon our origin. It looks something like the doctrine of future existence, and may possibly recognize the humble claim of the Scriptures to teach something on this head, without violating the higher prerogatives of natural science. But no—he means no such thing. Be quiet, *individual* reader! You are altogether too small and too insignificant to indulge in any such lofty aspirations. Let us read farther. "It is clear," says our author, page 181—"it is clear, moreover, from the whole scope of the natural laws, that the individual, as far as the present sphere of being is concerned, is to the Author of nature a consideration of inferior moment. Everywhere we see the arrangements for the species perfect; the individual is left, as it were, to take his chance amidst the mêlée of the various laws affecting him. If ill befalls him, there was at least no partiality against him. "The system has the fairness of a lottery, in which every one has the like chance of drawing a prize." In the above extract the author uses the qualifying words, "as far as the present state of being is concerned," but nothing can be clearer than that they are inconsistent with the entire argument. No reason can be assigned why this system of law and developments should not be carried throughout all existence. In such a scheme the individual must everywhere be comparatively of no importance. The parts are all for the whole, and the whole in no sense for the parts; whereas in a true system of philosophy, this second position would be recognized as strongly as the first, and both maintained in harmonious consistency. We must give way simply because higher species need the space we occupy. We must die, not for the reason which the Scriptures assign, but that future geologists of a superior order may find in our decayed fossil remains the grounds of a higher science, and evidences of a farther progress in this infinite series of developments. What strange aversion to an individual future state, and to a personal God, must be at the bottom of a philosophy so utterly repulsive as this, and which sends such a chill of death over

every warm feeling of the soul. The *immortality of the race*, and that, too, in ever-varying forms of life, is all that it presents as a consolation for the miseries which here the individual must suffer whilst nature is grinding out some higher development.

Irrespective of its direct collision with the plainest teachings of the Scriptures, this doctrine is, in itself, utterly unphilosophical and inconsistent with every rational view of the true ends of being. It is a philosophy of *means* without *ends*. There is nothing final about it. The *τέλειον*, has no place in the scheme. It is all media—eternal cause and effect—eternal, never-resting development,—eternal physical progress, and, of course, eternal imperfection. We say this, because each stage is relatively as unfinished as the one before, and is imperatively, and in endless succession, required to give way to something which, in comparison with succeeding developments, is itself equally imperfect, and must therefore share the same fate: thus forever leaving behind it zoophytes, and hydatids, and tinæ, and simiæ, and the species homo, in undistinguished insignificance. And thus the law goes on, forever and forever, aiming only at that unmeaning abstraction, *the whole*, (unmeaning, we say, in a scheme which makes so little or no account of a moral system) whilst the individuals, without which these wholes have no reality, are regarded as of no importance, or, in our author's language, "left to take their chance amidst the mêlée of the various laws affecting them, with the fairness of a lottery in which every one has the like chance of drawing a prize."—page 281. O, how alien is all this, both to the language and the spirit of Jesus,—"*For I say unto you that the very hairs of your head are all numbered.*" How infinitely superior is the philosophy of the Bible. The Scriptures reveal a system of *ends*, of moral purposes, to which the physical in all its departments is the mere temporary scaffolding. The Bible has something final. It reveals a *fixed* state, in which perhaps it may be found that science and philosophy are secondary things, but small matters, compared with that moral perfection which awaits the soul, to which the whole machinery of the physical is intended to be subservient, and for the sake of which, perhaps, when it hath performed its office, it is to be removed forever. Let us hear one of the

ancient Hebrew school of philosophy. Aside from its exceeding sublimity, the passage has something which, we would fain hope, may not be unworthy the attention of even our author's class of "lofty intellects."—"Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath you; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wear old like a garment, but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness (that is my moral government) shall never fail."

This doctrine of eternal physical progress, which is so great a favorite with so many of our natural men, furnishes in itself no security for the realization of the bright visions which it presents respecting the destinies of the world we inhabit. It assumes that the course of things has been an eternal progression from the lower to the higher, from the more imperfect to the less imperfect. Matter, it tells us, has been for everlasting ages advancing from a state so rare as to be almost inanity, or infinite diffusion, to a more solid condition; and in its course progressively giving rise to vegetable, animal, and rational life. Now take away the Bible, from which we derive all our knowledge of what is final in the scheme of the universe, and what security have we in science against the probability of any conjectures in regard to the destiny and duration of our earth. We say, in science,—for whenever we find ourselves resorting to moral considerations, and reposing on certain moral attributes, we are at once building on a different foundation, and unconsciously resting on the Scriptures. If we will take induction as our only guide, it cannot be denied that there have been, and therefore may be again, retrograde periods in the history of our little earth. Yes,—but says the progressionist, there has been, on the whole, an advance. Still, individual men and individual nations, and even races have suffered and perished in those backward cycles which the scheme admits to be necessary to the general progress; and why should we stop here and not embrace worlds themselves in the same startling view? Setting out from this very nebular hypothesis, it may be shown with almost mathematical certainty, that such retrogradations, and on a most immense scale, and for most immense periods, must be the inevitable result. In the progress of the visible celestial system to condensation, solidity, regular form, and life, the great means,

according to this theory, as most fully stated in the book itself, consists in the loss of heat, or a gradual cooling which goes on through a length of time, defying calculation. Now the heat that thus radiates must make its escape to some other part of the infinite universe, (for all space is supposed to be occupied) and there perform the contrary work, and with a contrary effect. Of course other parts which come within this great reflux of the universal fluid, must have more than their due proportion of caloric, and, as a necessary consequence, there must be a process of rarefaction, expansion, disorganization, dissolution of parts, and loss of life, the very opposite of that which prevails in our, at present, more favored quarter of the universe; until, in this immensely long and inverted progress from life to death, all things finally return again to that rudimentary state from which our own system is supposed to set out. Here, then, to say nothing of partial deteriorations, there must be retrograde cycles on a most immense scale, and during their continuance the most frightful and destructive changes may take place. This is a most rigid and sober conclusion from a wild hypothesis, and all its array of science, if it reject the Bible, can offer no security against the realizing of the gloomy prospects which are legitimately to be deduced from it.

But, without viewing the matter on so large a scale, we may say, that, if science alone be consulted, all this is more than possible of our individual world. Some backward cycle, which is a necessary link in the general advance, may require that we should all perish, zoophytes, homines, world and all. A vacuum may be wanted in the space which we now occupy. The Bible, although it does not fix the precise dates, yet, in the general details which it gives us of the plans and purposes of God's moral system, furnishes satisfactory grounds on which faith can rest; but in this philosophy of developments, what security have we that before the lapse of twenty-four hours, our continent, which, it is fondly imagined, is going to be the theatre of so many brilliant achievements in science and philosophy, may not be submerged by the upheaving of the ocean, or our world itself dashed into ten million fragments? And all in consequence of some law, or some hidden wheel, which, for ages, has been nearing the spring des-

tined to produce the catastrophe and thus subserve the evolution of some other development. Will any one, unless he clings to the Scriptures, dare to say that the supposition is incredible, or even extravagant? What is our position, with infinite space all around us, and two infinite eternities before and behind us, and an infinite law embracing us whose infinitesimal link is infinitely beyond our means of determining its true relations?—What, we would ask again, is there in our position, which can enable us to decide whether we are physically nearer our ascending or descending node—whether we are marching on in the advance of the great whole, or destined, like other parts, to be crushed by the retrograding wheels of a relentless nature—whether we are in the ebb or flood of the universal tide of life—whether we are yet cooling and condensing, or have passed the minimum point and commenced the reverse period of rarefaction and dissolution—whether our system is rising upwards from death to life, or sinking down in the scale from life to death,—whether the floating nebular star-dust, which our telescopes bring to view, and of which so much is made in the present work, is really the rudimentary *semen* of future growing systems, or the rarefied remains of evanescent and worn out worlds, just ready to vanish away into their primitive inanity.

As well might the fly on the dome of St. Peter's speculate on the origin, history, and final destiny of that magnificent structure, from the almost invisible strata which her microscopic eyes have traced in a few inches of the marble on which she sits. In defence of these views, how easy is it to turn against our author a supposition which he himself makes, for another purpose, on the 159th page of his work. "Suppose," says he, "that an Ephemeron, hovering over a pool for its one April day of life, were capable of observing the fry of the frog in the water below. In its aged afternoon, having seen no change upon it for such a length of time, it would be little qualified to conceive that the external branchiæ of these creatures were to decay, and to be replaced by lungs, that feet were to be developed, the tail erased, and the animal then to become a denizen of the land." Now, to make a statement in the rule of proportion, just as that ephemeron would be to the frog-fry and the pool of water, so is our author to the purpose and des-

tiny of that universe of whose progression he talks so flippantly. Since, however, he has furnished the comparison, we will imagine a parallel case, which may be introduced here, although a little out of the course of our present remarks. Suppose that an ephemeral philosopher, who knew nothing, and had heard nothing, of the production of the human fœtus, and of the rapid infant growth, should closely observe the almost imperceptible enlargement of the teeth and bones of one who was just attaining the period of perfect manhood. Suppose him to study this natural phenomenon according to the strictest rules of experimental induction, proceeding solely by facts and appearances, and assuming that the laws of growth and change, as they now appear to him in the human body, have ever been the same, both in the manner and rapidity of their action. Suppose that after having thus carefully observed all the maxims of the most rigid Baconianism, he should deduce the irrefutable conclusion, that the individual aforesaid must have occupied about 700,000 years in coming to his present condition and magnitude. In what respect, we ask, would the speculations of such an ephemeral philosopher differ from some of the hypotheses which have been put forth respecting the age of the present dispensation of our globe?

In no part of this work have we been more amused, if it is not too light a term, than with the author's attempts, on his hypothesis, to reconcile men to the physical evils they are forced to suffer. He evidently feels, that to beings situated as we are, there is but cold comfort in the glory of being subservient to the Great Whole. Of a moral scheme, except as confounded with the physical after the style of Combe and Spurzheim, he seems to have no conception. Still, notwithstanding all progress and developments, he has to confess that men are afflicted with disease, and that the world is full of misery and death. In his great perplexity, he turns ever and anon to the consoling position, that the Deity must proceed by fixed laws, and that their operation is generally useful. Gravitation was not intended to injure legs, but to keep things stable upon the earth,—still, those who will break it, (just as though a man really could break the law of gravitation) must suffer the consequences. "If the rash boy lose his hold of the branch, it will unrelentingly pull him down; and yet

it was not a primary object of this great law of gravitation to hurt boys—the evil is, therefore, only a casual exception from something in the main good." And so he goes on, selecting his own easy examples, carefully avoiding all real difficulties, and sometimes, when he finds himself hard pushed, talking very piously, but in a style utterly inconsistent with the boasting and confident tone of other parts, of "the little we know of the designs of Providence."

This method is pursued until he comes to the place where we would expect him to grapple with the difficult subjects of disease and death. Even in treating of the first, he exhibits evidence that he is entirely beyond his depth, and that, do what he will, the theme is ever bearing him nearer and nearer the confines of a true moral system which he ever wishes to avoid. But when we expect him to bring the light of his philosophy to bear upon the grave, when we are anxious to see how far its feeble beams can penetrate the dread gloom of the sepulchre, we find only a silent and unanswering void. He evidently shrinks from the conflict. The awful theme brings him too near those troublesome ideas of penalty, or retribution for sin, which no babble about physical laws, and physical consequences can keep off. He therefore preserves an ominous yet most significant silence in relation to the whole subject, and winds up this most feeble chapter "on the purpose of the animated creation," with that sentimental drivel to which we have already alluded, respecting the subserviency of the individual to the interests of the whole. "If the individual be found inferiorly endowed, or ill befalls him, there was at least no partiality against him: the system has the fairness of a lottery in which every one has the like chance of drawing a prize!"

The difficulties encountered in this chapter seem to have had some effect, and to have brought about a faint recognition of something higher than the natural. In this concession, however, there is one declaration so remarkable, that we cannot pass it by without special remark. "*It may be*," he observes, "*it may be*, that whilst we are committed to take our chance in a natural system, &c., there is a system of grace and mercy behind the screen." And this is the language of one who would repel the name of infidel, and who professes respect for the Scriptures. A religious friend, who, in some strange

way, had become a great admirer of this book, pointed out this passage as conclusive evidence that the author was not an infidel, and did not deserve the censures with which religionists might be inclined to visit him. Now, of all the sentences in the book, this one furnishes the strongest evidence that the author is what we have called him, an infidel, a disingenuous, unmanly infidel. "There *may*, perhaps, be a system of grace and mercy behind the screen of nature!" and all this said with as much simplicity, as though just such a system of grace and mercy was not the subject which occupies the whole Bible from its commencement to its close.

We had intended to have said something more particularly respecting the scientific merits of this nebular hypothesis, if our limits had not prevented. We believe the whole theory to be false, and that it has received but little countenance from any men of real science. Whatever may be its merits, it is absolutely incapable of verification. It is said, in page 18, that M. Comte, of Paris, has made some approach to a mathematical demonstration. We, however, more than doubt its correctness. Although not inclined to speak dogmatically on a question of science, still we venture to affirm, that there are too many hypothetical data to be assumed and taken into the account, to allow us to attach any weight to calculations grounded upon them. Its hypothesis of condensation by the radiation of caloric to other parts of the universe, and the consequent alternation of immense periods marked by the predominance respectively of heat and cold, is an old thing under the sun. It resembles very much some of the ancient systems of dualism, and does not differ in its principle from the poetical *Ἐπος* and *Ἐρις*, or the contracting and separating powers of Empedocles. Such dualistic views, under various names, were very common in the ancient world, even at a very early date, and their reappearance at the present day furnishes a most striking proof of the truth of Aristotle's remark in his *Meteorologica*, Lib. I, c. 3—"Thus must we say that not once, or twice, or a few times, but with almost infinite repetitions the same opinions come round in a circle among men."

A few words in regard to the style of this book, and we have done with it. We would venture to designate it by a name that is not to be found in Blair's

classification. It may be called the puffy or bladder style. There is a continual inflation, utterly inconsistent with the modesty of true science,—a continual attempt at thaumaturgic display. The reader is everlastingly called upon to wonder at something, and sometimes statements seem made for no other purpose, and without much, if any, regard to scientific correctness. To combine two favorite expressions of the author which occur in almost every page, it is full of *startling developments*. It is very much in the manner of a certain lecturer, who has often enlightened the inhabitants of this city, and who, when he has occasion to state the sober fact of science that light moves at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, prefers to *startle* his hearers by telling them that a stream of rays *two hundred thousand miles long* enters the eye and passes up the optic nerve every time we wink. The author improves upon this statement, and attempts to render it still more *startling*. He applies it to a calculation of the rapidity of *mental action*, and to the measurement of the time during which the electric fluid, which constitutes will, passes from the brain into the limb to be moved. "If mental action," says he, "is electric, the proverbial quickness of thought—that is the quickness of the transmission of sensation and will—may be presumed to have been brought to an *exact* measurement. The speed of light has long been known to be about 192,000 miles per second, and the experiments of Wheatstone have shown, that the electric agent travels (if I may so speak,) at the same rate; thus showing a likelihood that one law rules the movement of all the imponderable bodies. *Mental action may accordingly be presumed to have a rapidity equal to one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second.*" Tausend Millionen—says the philosophical king, in Tieck's comedy of Puss in Boots—Millionen Trillionen—Ich mag auf der Welt nichts lieber hören, als so grose Nummern—"Millions, trillions, nothing in the world would I rather hear than these big numbers; how the very mention of them makes the soul swell and grow." Had we known physical science only from such works and such lectures as these, one might well suppose that the name was not derived from φύσις (nature) as is commonly supposed, but from φυσίω to puff, to inflate, to blow up like a bladder, and that it was the very knowledge

which Paul describes by this term, 1 Corinthians viii. 1. The whole amount of real science contained in the work is very small; just about as much as any man might have picked up from attending a course of Dr. Lardner's lectures. Even a less quantity would have enabled any one to have written this book, so far as the scientific statements are concerned. The author's name is not attached, but

we are certain it is not the production of a Davy, a Draper, or a Herschell. True science ever loves a chaste and simple style. We venture to predict that the present popularity of the work we have reviewed will be as transient as its amount of real science is small, and that Moses will be revered long after it has passed into its merited oblivion.

C. M. Upham

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.)

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is one of those men whose history is so marked and signalized by the events that crowd into their lives, and the variety and greatness of the services they have rendered, that no mere language of eulogy can be compared in impressiveness with the simplest narrative of their actions. We may dismiss the entire vocabulary of superlatives, and set aside all the terms that are used to describe the qualities of objects, and in the plainest possible language, mention, in order, the posts he has occupied, and the public labors he has performed, and the reader will rise from the bare record with an appreciating sense of his usefulness and greatness, such as no high-flown general panegyric could possibly produce.

No American has had the opportunities and privileges he has enjoyed; and no one, it is probable, ever will. He was the child of parents, so great and so good, that it would have been strange, indeed, if his character had not received a deep and permanent impression from their examples and influence. It was his singular privilege to receive the most precious boon of a benignant Providence, in the original constitution and innate ingredients of his mental and spiritual nature—a full measure of the excellent qualities of both his father and his mother. In the strength of his intellect, in the largeness of his political views, and the fervent energy of his impulses, we behold the traits of that character which made John Adams a master-spirit of the American revolution; and whoever reads the letters, or retains in his memory an image of his mother, will trace the influence of that admirable woman in many of the finer features of the mind and spirit of her son. It was his privilege

to receive, in his earliest youth, lessons of piety, morality and patriotism from the lips of parents whose lives enforced their precepts, and presented bright and noble examples of the virtues they inculcated.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born in Braintree, in Massachusetts, in that part of the town which has since been set off and incorporated by the name of Quincy, on Saturday, July 11th, 1767. He was named "John Quincy," from the following circumstances. His mother was the daughter of Rev. Wm. Smith, pastor of the Congregational church, in the neighboring town of Weymouth. The wife of Mr. Smith, the maternal grandmother of the subject of this memoir, was Elizabeth Quincy, daughter of John Quincy, who is mentioned by Hutchinson as the owner of Mount Wollaston, had shared largely in the civil and military distinctions of his time and country, and in honor of him the present town of Quincy received its name. When Quincy was on his death-bed, and expired a few hours after the birth of his great grandchild—at the special request of the grandmother the name of her father, then lying dead, was given to the new-born infant, who was baptized the next day, in the Congregational church of the Free Parish of Braintree.

Mr. Adams has been favored in the period which his life has covered, as well as in the influences under which it commenced. His history runs back to the beginning of the revolution, embraces its trying and stimulating experiences, and includes the entire range of wonderful events which have been accumulated within the last seventy years.

The earlier years of most men that have become eminent in after life are not found

to have been remarkable for any great variety of adventure or extraordinary positions in society. But the youth of Mr. Adams, dating even into his childhood, was certainly marked by very many circumstances as unusual and memorable as the long and eminent career of his public life since has proved a fitting sequence to them. Towards the close of the year 1777, John Adams was appointed Joint Commissioner, with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, to the Court of Versailles. The boy, John Quincy, then in the eleventh year of his age, accompanied his father to France. They sailed from Boston in February, 1778, and arrived at Bordeaux, early in April. During the period of their stay in France, which was about eighteen months, young Adams was kept in a French school, studying the native language, with the usual classical exercises, which were nowhere better taught, at that time, than in the institutions of Paris. The diplomatic arrangements with the French Government having been brought to a fortunate close, they returned to America, in the French *La Sensible*, and in company with the Chevalier de la Luzerne, who had been despatched by the government as minister to the United States. They arrived in Boston on the 1st of August, 1779; but the great talents and prosperous services of John Adams, as manifested on both sides of the water, and the perilous circumstances of the country—for it was really one of the darkest periods of the Revolutionary struggle—still turned the eyes of the National Council upon him. Within three months after his return he was again despatched to Europe by Congress. Resolving to educate his son not more by books than an early familiarity with important scenes and events, and a full comprehension of the characters and positions of different nations, he took his son with him on this second voyage. The frigate they sailed in was commanded by the celebrated naval character, Commodore Tucker. The ocean was covered with the fleets of the enemy; and the whole passage was a succession of hazardous adventures and narrow escapes, as well from hostile squadrons as the severity of tempests. They were frequently pursued by enemies of vastly superior force, and once or twice were on the very point of capture. The commander had determined to yield to no force, however great, without a struggle, and as the pursuing vessel approached, all hands were

beat to quarters, and the frigate cleared for action. It was on this occasion that John Adams, impatient of inaction, threw off the ambassador and hurrying up from his cabin, placed himself with the sailors at the side of a cannon—a moment for the young son to gather that enthusiasm, that intrepid patriotism and personal courage that belonged to descendants of the Puritans, and which have characterized his history at all subsequent periods of his life.

Certainly, no person in this country was ever favored with such an education as fortunate circumstances gave to the youth of John Quincy Adams. The voyages and residences with his father in Europe were precisely adapted to nurture and bring into a vigorous and comprehensive development, all the desirable qualities and attainments of mind and heart of one destined to act a great and patriotic part in the history of his country. He witnessed the private and familiar intercourse of his learned and accomplished father with all the great dignitaries of foreign courts, and with the most eminent and celebrated scholars and philosophers of that age. He often listened also to the sober and solemn discussions of the great champions and friends of the liberty and independence of his country, in that trying time. Franklin and Lee, and other leading Americans, were frequently at his father's lodgings, and the intelligent and ardent boy entered into the spirit of the anxious debates in which they were absorbed, in reference to the prospects of America, and the vibrating issue of the fearful and most momentous conflict in which she was engaged. His mind and heart were wrought upon most deeply by the "dread uncertainty" that hung over the destinies of his distant country, and by these influences the sources were early deepened and purified of that patriotism which is a passion in his breast, and, in its solemnity and fervor, rises frequently, in his writings and speeches, to the elevation of a religious sentiment.

He had the advantage, too, of becoming familiar—as he could not otherwise have become, while so young—with the history, resources, interests, and prospects of America. It was his father's business to secure favor and aid from the governments of Europe, for the American States, in the unequal contest with the power of Britain—a business which he accomplished with a success and efficiency that entitles him to be considered as the preserver and saviour of the inde-

pendence of his country. Without foreign aid, the colonies could not have triumphed—that foreign aid John Adams was the great instrument in securing. His diplomatic services, in this regard, have never been fully appreciated. Bravery, skill, fortitude and patriotism did all that they could do, on the battlefield and in council, here in America; but, without supplies of money and munitions from abroad, so that

“War might, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and
gold,
In all her equipage”—

without these, the cause would have been lost. Young Adams was, doubtless, often a witness and listener to the earnest appeals, and convincing statements, and minute exhibitions of the means, and extent, and natural resources of the revolted colonies, by which his father persuaded cabinets and capitalists that the revolution was not a chimerical, and visionary, and impracticable struggle, but a movement in pursuit of independence by a country worthy of their respect and of their aid, and which, if seasonably and sufficiently aided and encouraged, would soon vindicate her right to demand admission into the family of nations. A better school for a young statesman cannot be imagined, than his experience while with his father on his mission to foreign courts.

In the meanwhile the lessons of virtue and religion were reiterated to his mind and heart in the letters of his mother. The strains in which that noble woman addressed him, have often been presented to the public; a single passage here is sufficient:—“It is your lot, my son, to own your existence among a people who have made a glorious defence of their invaded liberties, and who, aided by a generous and powerful ally, with the blessing of heaven, will transmit this inheritance to ages yet unborn; nor ought it to be one of the least of your excitements towards exerting every power and faculty of your mind, that you have a parent who has taken so large a share in this contest, and discharged the trust reposed in him with so much satisfaction as to be honored with the important embassy that now calls him abroad. The strict and inviolate regard you have ever paid to truth, gives me pleasing hopes that you will not swerve from her dictates; but add justice, fortitude, and every manly virtue

which can adorn a good citizen, do honor to your country, and render your parents supremely happy, particularly your ever affectionate mother.”—His character and his attainments, while in foreign countries, during this portion of his youth, gave evidence that his opportunities and privileges were not thrown away.

In going to Europe the second time, the frigate sprung a leak in a gale of wind, and was forced to vary from her port of destination, which was Brest, and to put into the port of Ferrol in Spain. From there they traveled to Paris—from Paris they went to Holland. The lad was put to school, in Paris; afterwards in Amsterdam, and finally, in the University of Leyden. In July, 1781, Mr. Francis Dana, (father of the poet, R. H. Dana,) who had been secretary to the embassy of John Adams, was commissioned as Plenipotentiary to Russia, and he took with him John Quincy Adams, then fourteen years of age, as his private secretary. His letters from St. Petersburg to his friends in America, betray a marked intelligence and power of observation early awakened. He remained in Russia, with Mr. Dana, until October, 1782, when he left St. Petersburg, and returned alone, through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg and Bremen to Holland, spending the winter in the route, and stopping some time in Stockholm, Copenhagen and Hamburg. In Holland he remained some months, until his father took him from the Hague to Paris, where he was present at the signing of the Treaty of Peace in September, 1783, and from that time to May, 1785, he was with his father in England and Holland, as well as France. At London he had rare opportunities for the early formation of the future statesman, being introduced by distinguished members of Parliament upon the floor of the House, and listening many times to the eloquence of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and other eminent orators, whose great talents at that time adorned the British nation. In his eighteenth year his father yielded to his solicitations and allowed him to return to his native country. He entered Harvard University at an advanced standing, and was graduated as Bachelor of Arts, in 1787, with distinguished honor. He then entered the office, at Newburyport, of the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts. Upon completing the study of the law, he entered the profession and established him-

self in Boston. He remained there four years, extending his acquaintance with the first principles of law, and taking part in the important questions which then engrossed the attention of the people. In the summer of 1791 he published a series of papers, widely circulated and much spoken of, under the signature of *Publicola*, in the *Boston Centinel*, containing remarks upon the first part of Paine's *Rights of Man*. In these articles, he showed his sagacity in being among the first to suggest doubts of the favorable issue of the French Revolution. These pieces were reprinted in England.

Notwithstanding Mr. Adams' previous extraordinary life, and the unquestioned attainments he had made in various knowledge, he seems at this time to have been dissatisfied both with what he had done and with what lay before him. A passage from his *Diary* at that period, furnished by his son, finely illustrates the severe opinions he had formed of the laborious diligence to be practiced by a young man, of whatever abilities, who may be desirous of effectively serving his country, or of acquiring for himself any honorable name.

"Wednesday, May 16th, 1792. I am not satisfied with the manner in which I employ my time. It is calculated to keep me forever fixed in that state of useless and disgraceful insignificance, which has been my lot for some years past. At an age bearing close upon twenty-five, when many of the characters who were born for the benefit of their fellow creatures have rendered themselves conspicuous among their cotemporaries, and founded a reputation upon which their memory remains and will continue to the latest posterity—at that period, I still find myself as obscure, as unknown to the world, as the most indolent, or the most stupid of human beings. In the walks of active life, I have done nothing. Fortune, indeed, who claims to herself a large proportion of the merit which exhibits to public view the talents of professional men, at an early period of their lives, has not hitherto been peculiarly indulgent to me. But if to my own mind I inquire whether I should, at this time, be qualified to receive and derive any benefit from an opportunity which it may be in her power to procure for me, my own mind would shrink from the investigation. My heart is not conscious of an unworthy ambition; nor of a desire to establish either fame, honor or fortune upon any other foundation than that of desert. But it is conscious, and the consideration is equally painful and humiliating, it is conscious that the ambition is

constant and unceasing, while the exertions to acquire the talents which ought alone to secure the reward of ambition, are feeble, indolent, frequently interrupted, and never pursued with an ardor equivalent to its purposes. My future fortunes in life are, therefore, the objects of my present speculation, and it may be proper for me to reflect further upon the same subject, and if possible, to adopt some resolutions which may enable me, as uncle Toby Shandy said of his miniature sieges, to answer the great ends of my existence.

"First, then, I begin with establishing as a fundamental principle, upon which all my subsequent pursuits and regulations are to be established, that the acquisition, at least, of a respectable reputation is (subject to the overruling power and wisdom of Providence,) within my own power; and that on my part nothing is wanting, but a constant and persevering determination to tread in the steps which naturally lead to honor. And, at the same time, I am equally convinced, that I never shall attain that credit in the world, which my nature directs me to wish, without such a steady, patient and persevering pursuit of the means adapted to the end I have in view, as has often been the subject of my speculation, but never of my practice.

'Labor and toil stand stern before the throne, And guard—so Jove commands—the sacred place.'

"The mode of life adopted almost universally by my cotemporaries and equals is by no means calculated to secure the object of my ambition. My emulation is seldom stimulated by observing the industry and application of those whom my situation in life gives me for companions. The pernicious and childish opinion that extraordinary genius cannot brook the slavery of plodding over the rubbish of antiquity (a cant so common among the heedless votaries of indolence), dulls the edge of all industry, and is one of the most powerful ingredients in the Circean potion which transforms many of the most promising young men into the beastly forms which, in sluggish idleness, feed upon the labors of others. The degenerate sentiment, I hope, will never obtain admission in my mind; and if my time should be loitered away in stupid laziness, it will be under the full conviction of my conscience that I am basely bartering the greatest benefits with which human beings can be indulged, for the miserable gratifications which are hardly worthy of contributing to the enjoyments of the brute creation.

"And as I have grounded myself upon the principle that my character is, under the smiles of heaven, to be the work of my own hands, it becomes necessary for me to determine upon what part of active or of

speculative life I mean to rest my pretensions to eminence. My own situation and that of my country equally prohibit me from seeking to derive any present expectations from a public career. My disposition is not military; and, happily, the warlike talents are not those which open the most pleasing or the most reputable avenue to fame. I have had some transient thoughts of undertaking some useful literary performance, but the pursuit would militate too much at present with that of the profession upon which I am to depend, not only for my reputation, but for my subsistence.

"I have, therefore, concluded that the most proper object of my present attention is that *profession itself*. And in acquiring the faculty to discharge the duties of it, in a manner suitable to my own wishes and the expectations of my friends, I find ample room for close and attentive application; for frequent and considerate observation; and for such benefits of practical experience as occasional opportunities may throw in my way."

Following out these sentiments—which we have given as presenting, like a mirror, the forecast of all his subsequent long and active, yet always studious life—Mr. Adams applied himself with renewed effort to whatever most strongly demanded his attention. In April, 1793, before Washington had published his proclamation of neutrality, or it was known that he contemplated doing it, Mr. Adams published in Boston three articles, signed Marcellus, strongly arguing that the United States ought to assume such a position, in the war then begun between England and France. In these papers he laid down his creed, as a statesman, in two great central principles, to which he has always steadfastly adhered—*Union among ourselves, and Independence of all entangling alliance, or implication, with the policy or condition of foreign states*. In the winter of 1793-4, he published another series of papers, vindicating the course of President Washington in reference to the French minister, Genet. These writings, in connection with Mr. Adams' previous career, attracted the marked regard of Washington, and in 1794, he was appointed, without any intimation of such a design to him or to his father, Minister of the United States to the Netherlands. It appears that Mr. Jefferson, also, recommended him for this appointment. For a period, now, of seven years, from 1794 to 1801, he was in Europe, in diplomatic missions

to Holland, England and Prussia. Just before Washington retired from office, he appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal. On his way to Lisbon, he received a new commission, changing his destination to Berlin. He continued there from November, 1797, to April, 1801, and concluded an important treaty of commerce with Prussia. At the close of his father's administration he returned home, arriving in Philadelphia in September, 1801.

In 1802, he was elected from Boston a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and soon after, by the legislature of that State, a Senator in Congress from the 4th of March, 1803. While a Senator in Congress he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, and his lectures were published in two octavo volumes, delivered in the recesses of Congress, attracted great attention, and gathered crowded and admiring audiences, in addition to academical hearers. His powers of elocution have always been pre-eminent, and the published lectures have been very widely read and admired. He resigned his seat in the Senate in 1808. In 1809, Madison sent him as Plenipotentiary to Russia.

While in Russia he furnished the *Port Folio*, edited in Philadelphia by the celebrated Joseph Dennie, and to which, from first to last, Mr. Adams was a frequent contributor, a series of letters, entitled, "*Journal of a Tour through Silesia*." They were republished in England, in an octavo volume, reviewed in the leading journals of the day, and afterwards translated into French and German.

While in Russia, his services were of vast importance, and produced effects upon our foreign relations, felt most beneficially to this day. By his instrumentality the Emperor of Russia was induced to mediate for peace between Great Britain and the United States, and President Madison named him at the head of the commissioners sent to negotiate the treaty which brought the war of 1812 to a close. This celebrated transaction took place at Ghent, in December, 1814. Henry Clay, and Albert Gallatin were in the same commission: after its conclusion he proceeded, accompanied by them, to London, and negotiated a convention of commerce with Great Britain. He was then appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of St. James. There is a coincidence here

quite worthy of remark. As the father, John Adams, took the leading part in negotiating the treaty with England at the close of the Revolutionary war, and was the first American ambassador in London, after that event, so the son was at the head of the negotiators who brought the second war with Great Britain to a close, and presented his credentials, as the first American ambassador at that court, after the restoration of peace. In 1817, he was called home by President Monroe, to what is really the second office in the government, to be in the cabinet as Secretary of State.

This was the close of Mr. Adams' career as a foreign minister. It was, perhaps the most brilliant, as it certainly was the most varied and interesting portion of his life. No representative of our country abroad has at all approached him, whether in the length of time his services were continued, the number of courts at which he attended, or the variety and importance of the advantages he achieved for the Republic. The fortunes of the commonwealth were just shaping themselves—a new nation was to assume a definite position and character by the side of other great powers, and it was a matter of moment to whose hands the foreign relations of the country should be committed. It was fortunate that the *early* Presidents of the United States entertained some adequate idea of what belonged to the dignity of the Government, and had discernment to see with whom so great interests abroad might safely be entrusted. Mr. Adams' first appointment, as Minister Plenipotentiary, was conferred on him by George Washington, and in accordance, moreover, with the strong recommendation of Thomas Jefferson. Madison, during his whole administration, committed to him the most important trusts, appointed him to represent the United States at the two most powerful courts in the world, St. Petersburg and St. James', and assigned him as the chief of that distinguished embassy, which arranged the treaty of peace with Great Britain. The encomium, in brief, which Washington pronounced upon him, when as early as 1797, he declared him "the most valuable public character we have abroad, and the ablest of all our diplomatic corps," is but the judgment that belongs to the whole long period of his public service in Europe.

The act of Mr. Monroe in placing him at the head of his cabinet, met with the

fullest approval of the country. General Jackson, who had not yet learned to suffer headstrong prejudice to blind the eyes of a candid discernment, gave expression to that approbation in pronouncing him "the fittest person for the office; a man who would stand by his country in the hour of danger." The department of State was held by Mr. Adams during the whole of Monroe's administration, a period of eight years; and the duties of it were discharged with such ability and success, as greatly to increase the public confidence in him as a statesman and a patriot. Of the adjustment of the claims of Spain, the acquisition of Florida, and the recognition of the South American Republics, with many other important issues, effected under his influence and the vast amount of labor, generally, which he expended in the service of the country, it will belong to his future biographer to present an adequate view to posterity.

In the Presidential election, which took place in the fall of 1824, Mr. Adams was one of four candidates. As no one of them received a majority of electoral votes, it was, of course, flung into the House of Representatives. On the 9th of February, 1825, the two Branches of Congress convened together in the hall of the House, to open, count, and declare the electoral votes. Andrew Jackson was found to have 99 votes, John Quincy Adams, 84 votes, William H. Crawford, 41 votes, and Henry Clay, 37 votes. In accordance with the Constitution, the Senate then withdrew, and the House remained to cast ballots till a choice should be made. It was required to vote by States; the Constitution limited the election to the three candidates who had the highest electoral vote; and the balloting was to continue till a majority of the States had declared for one of the three. Mr. Adams having received as many popular votes as Gen. Jackson, the fact that the latter had obtained a larger electoral vote did not have so much influence as would otherwise have belonged to it; so that at the moment of balloting it was entirely uncertain which would be successful. Thirteen States were necessary to a choice, the whole number being twenty four. The ballots were thrown, and it was found that the six New England States, with New York, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Louisiana, thirteen States, had declared for "John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts;" and he was therefore duly elected

President of the United States for four years from the 4th of March, 1825. A Committee was then appointed to wait upon him with information of the result; who, the next day reported the following in reply.

"GENTLEMEN:—In receiving this testimonial from the representatives of the people and States of this Union, I am deeply sensible of the circumstances under which it has been given. All my predecessors in the high station to which the favor of the House now calls me, have been honored with majorities of the electoral voices in their primary colleges. It has been my fortune to be placed, by the divisions of sentiment prevailing among our countrymen on this occasion, in competition, friendly and honorable, with three of my fellow-citizens, all justly enjoying, in eminent degrees, the public favor; and of whose worth, talents, and services, no one entertains a higher or more respectful sense than myself. The names of two of them were, in the fulfilment of the provisions of the Constitution, presented to the selection of the House in concurrence with my own; names closely associated with the glory of the nation, and one of them further recommended by a larger minority of the primary electoral suffrages than mine. In this state of things, could my refusal to accept the trust, thus delegated to me, give an immediate opportunity to the people to form and to express, with a nearer approach to unanimity, the object of their preference, I should not hesitate to decline the acceptance of this eminent charge, and to submit the decision of this momentous question again to their determination. But the constitution itself has not so disposed of the contingency which would arise in the event of my refusal; I shall therefore repair to the post assigned me by the call of my country, signified through her constitutional organs; oppressed with the magnitude of the task before me, but cheered with the hope of that generous support from my fellow-citizens, which, in the vicissitudes of a life devoted to their service, has never failed to sustain me; confident in the trust, that the wisdom of the Legislative Councils will guide and direct me in the path of my official duty, and relying, above all, upon the superintending Providence of that Being "in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways."

"Gentlemen: I pray you to make acceptable to the House the assurance of my profound gratitude for their confidence, and to accept yourselves my thanks for the friendly terms in which you have communicated their decision.

"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Washington, 10th Feb., 1825."

The administration of Mr. Adams, like every other portion of his life, was too crowded with matter for history to admit of comment here. That it met with severe opposition, open and secret, all know, who are conversant with the records of the times. That, in reality, it was eminently dignified, moderate, conciliatory towards foreign powers, and wisely regardful of the future welfare of the country, will be made manifest, we are equally certain, by the pens of historians in another generation.

Retiring from the Executive Chair in 1829, Mr. Adams, for the first time in a period of thirty-six years, passed into the quiet of a private life. It is impossible, however, for such men to hide away from the public eye. In 1831, the suffrages, nearly unanimous, of his native Congressional district, remanded him back to the service of the Commonwealth, electing him to a seat in the House of Representatives. The venerable ex-president accepted the appointment, and has since filled the office for fourteen successive years—not more, perhaps, from a fervent desire to serve the Republic, than from the fact, that his whole life, from the merest boyhood, having been passed before the world, among stirring movements and events, it has become to him, in a manner, the mode of existence. It might very well be doubted if he would enjoy half as good health or spirits in complete retirement.

But though thus, in his 78th year, still actively engaged in the public service, Mr. Adams yet pays the most diligent every-day attention to books. He has practised this, indeed, at all periods of his life, in the midst of the most important and engrossing occupations. A striking illustration, among many others, may be taken from the period of his administration. Harassed, as he was at that time, in addition to the usual Executive duties, with unremitting and violent opposition, distracted with various dissensions at home, as well as very difficult foreign relations, Mr. Adams still found time to draw up, for the improvement of his son, then a student at law, the most elaborate abstracts of the chief Orations of Cicero, and the *Provençal Letters of Pascal*. With such diligence, joined to a mind discursive yet perpetually observant, it is not wonderful that he should have acquired so vast a store of various information. The fields of knowledge which his intellect has traversed, and to

which his memory can recur—especially in ancient literature, in history, and the many forms of philosophy—are immense. He has, above all, the most wide and thorough acquaintance with the social and political progress of the human race. It may safely be affirmed, that Mr. Adams knows more of the public and secret politics of all nations for the last hundred years than any man living.

As we have not attempted to write the biography of this remarkable man, so we would not attempt to portray his character. These belong to the future historian. Posterity will take sufficient care that these be not neglected. Whether every particular act of his, in a public life of half a century, any more than the whole career of any other man who has moved many years before the people, is completely defensible, may then be determined. That, however, notwithstanding the various jealousies, the personal and party asperities—ripening too often into bitter animosities—which have arisen from time to time in the turmoil of political contests, Mr. Adams has a larger share, than any man among us, of the affectionate respect of his countrymen, has been evinced, we think, by the universal public voice. Men who warmly differ with him, on great national or sectional questions, cannot fail to venerate him for his extensive knowledge, his eminent abilities, his long public services, his earnest integrity, and the fervent purity of his moral character.

No better proof of this could be adduced, than the welcomes which greeted him everywhere, from city to city, on his journey to the West, some months since, to take part in a scientific celebration.

Mr. Adams is still in equable health and vigorous, walks with a short but firm and elastic step, and remains in perfect possession of all his intellectual faculties. No person who should see him breasting at sunrise the waters of the Potomac, as is his custom every day from the middle of spring till the middle of autumn, or traversing on foot, as he frequently does in the morning, before the sitting of the House commences, the entire distance of a mile and a half from his residence, near the President's, to the Capitol, would suppose that nearly eighty years of a most laborious life have passed over him. Certainly, any one listening to him speaking, fluently and clearly, an hour at a time on the floor of Congress, or conversing a whole evening without cessation, must be convinced that the powers of his mind are altogether unimpaired. He has a residence in Washington, and generally stays there till May, though the session may have closed before. In the summer and autumn he remains in his ancestral mansion, at Quincy. May he continue yet many years in the land he has so long honored, and go down to future time under that affectionate and venerable title, accorded him by his country—"THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT."